

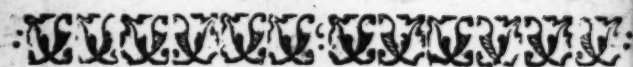
THE
WORKS
OF
PUBLIUS
VIRGILIUS
MARO.

George: Asby: Printer

Translated by
JOHN OGILBY.

Claud. de Bel. Get. & in Alethium.
Respice judicium quod grave Musa subis!
Nec tua securum te (Maro) fama vehit.

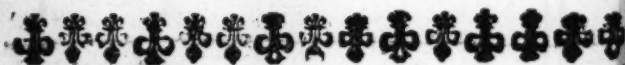
LONDON,
Printed for Andrew Crook at the
Green Dragon in S. Pauls
Church-yard 1665.



PUB. VIRGILII MARONIS
Opera, Anglicè reddita
accuratiùs.

Imprimatur,

JO: LANGLEY,



my
the
pre



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

My very good Lord,

WILLIAM

Marquiss and Earl of Hartford,
Viscount Beauchamp, and
Lord Seymour.

My LORD,



I hath been the custome of the most knowing men, to dedicate their labours to persons of that quality, from whom with justice they might expect both protection and honour. Our Nation hath not been unfruitfull of such, with some difference of degrees, though at present under a cloud: And it cannot be thought flattery, while I make my humble address to your Lordship, my ambition enjoye the best; since You are not onely descended from Scattered Ancestors: (from whose influence I may derive a

The Epistle Dedicatory.

modest security) but endowed with those abilities of Judgment and Science, to know, and place an exemplary value upon Dedications of this nature: so that I may take up that of the famous Lyrick in my just application to your Lordship:

Mæcenâs aravis edite Regibus,
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum.

And that it might not be thought a stain to so great a Patron, I have presumed (which is the second part of my bold Undertaking) to wait on your Honour with no lesse then the Prince of Latin Poets; though in relation to my self, I call it but the shadow, and cold resemblance of Virgil. And although this Translation (for its hard to render weight for weight, and measure for measure) may relish more of Thrace then Greece, having been bred in phlegmatick Regions, and among people returning to their ancient barbarity: And that our English Wooll may seem but an unworthy habit for that Muse, which from her conception was adorn'd with all the gold and Spoyles of Italy, the most glorious Mistress of the World: Yet, if your Lordship shall be pleas'd to smile upon the dress she now wears, it may live to be received (when time shall ripen more ornament of Sculpture and Annotations) with none of the meaneſt attempts of this nature; And the Translator, though unworthy, encouraged by Your gracious acceptance, shall most gratefully acknowledge himself

(My Lord)

The most humble Honourer

of your NAME
and VERTUE,

John Ogilby

VIRGIL'S
BUCOLICKS.
The first ECLOG.

TITYRUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sad Melibæus, banished, declares
Those miseries attend on Civil Wars:
But happy Tityrus, the safe defence
People enjoy under a settled Prince.*

TITYRUS. MELIBÆUS.

Melibæus.

Under the spreading Beech, at ease from cares,
Thou (*Tityrus*) playst on slender reeds soft airs:
We must our Land, and pleasant fields forsake,
Our Country fly: thou in cool shades dost make
The Woods fair *Amaryllis* to resound.

Tityrus.

This peace from God we (*Melibæus*) found,
(For he shall ever be my God,) a soft
Lamb from our folds shall bathe his Altars oft:
He grants my herds to range; and what I will
(Thou seest) I play upon a rural quill:

Melibæus.

I envie not, but Wonder thou art so blest'd,
Since all with *Sequestrations* are oppress'd.
Lo! I undon, away my goats must drive;
And scarce I lead, O *Tityrus*, this alive;
For 'mongst thick hazels th' hope of all my flock,
Yeaving, she left (ah!) on a naked rock,
Oft this mischance (had we not senseless been),
By thunder-struck Oakes I had fore-seen,
And on the hollow Elm by th' ominous Crow.
But who this God may be, pray let us know.

The first Eclog.

Tityrus.

That City they call *Rome*, I did account
(Fondly) like this of ours, where Swains are wont
Yeerly with care to wean their tender lambs;
So I conceiv'd Whelps equall to their Dams;
And judg'd that Kids were as their Mothers tall;
So us'd I great things to compare with small.
But she 'bove other Cities lifts her head,
As o're the shrubs the lofty Cedars spread.

Melibæus.

What to see *Rome* did so thy journey haste?

Tityrus.

Freedom: which lookd on me, though mean, at last,
When first my downy chin the razor shav'd:
She look'd at last, and with her smile she sav'd.
When me first *Amaryllis* did possess,
And *Galatea* left; for (I'll confess)
Whilest me that *Galatea* did enjoy,
My freedom lost, no stock I did employ.
Although my folds then many off rings spar'd,
And for th' ingrateful City I prepar'd
The Richest cheese I could, yet never brought
My right hand home again with money fraught.

Melibæus.

I muse why *Amaryllis* Gods implor'd,
For whom she keeps her tree with apples stor'd.
Tityrus was absent, *Tityrus*, the Pines,
For thee the Fountains call, and tender Vines.

Tityrus.

What should I do? thralldom I must not leave,
Nor could elsewhere Gods so propitious have,
And here that shepherd first I saw, for whom
Twice six dayes annually our altars fume:
He answering first my suit, said, Shepherds, now
Your cattell feed, and let your oxen plow.

Melibæus.

O happy man! since large enough for thee
Thou fields enjoy'st, though all thy pastures be
With stones, with plashy fenns, and rushes spread.

Not

The first Eclog.

Not thy big females, in strange commons fed,
Shall suffer, nor sick cattell taint their blouds:
O happy man! here by the well-known founts,
And sacred fountains, thou fresh air shalt take;
Then quick-fets, which our neighbouring limits make,
Whose fallow flower *Hyblean* Bees invade,
Oft with soft murmurs shall to sleep perswade.
Then shall the Woodman under high rocks chant;
Nor thy delight, sad Stock-doves, shalt thou want,
Nor Turtles cease to grone from elmy bows.

Tityrus.

In emptie skies first nimble Deer shall browse,
The Ocean leave his naked fish on shore,
The confines wandred of both Lands before,
Parthians drink/*Arar* *Germans* *Tigris* taste,
That his *Idæa* shall forsake our breast.

Melybeus.

But we must go to thirstie *Lybian* Realms,
To *Scythia*, or *Oaxes* chalkie streams,
And, from the world-divided, *Britany*.
Shall ever I again my Country see,
And my poor house which I with turf did rear.
My Seats admiring after many a year?
Shall th' impious Souldier have these new plow'd fields?
Barbarians reap this corn? what discord yeelds,
See wretched Citizens! See for whom we plow,
Set Pears, *Mel'beus* and plant Vine-yards now!
Fare-wel, my Goats; fare-wel, once happy flock,
I, stretch'd on verdant banks, you of a rock
No more shall see hang on the shrubby top;
Nor Verses sing, nor fed by me to crop
Sharp Sallows, and the spreading *Cyrbisus*.

Tityrus.

But here, this night, you may repose with us
In this green Bow'r: Here are ripe Apples, we
Soft Chestnuts have, and store of cruds there be:
The Villages do smoke, and from the tall
Mountains, far off, now larger shadows fall.

The second ECLOG.

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT:

Coridon moans how learned men are bent
To honour those of place and high descent :
But often they like to Alexis prove,
And nothing but disdain return for love.

POOR Coridon for fair Alexis burns,
Joy of his Lord ; nor hopes for love returns,
But yet he daily came, where a cool shade
The spreading tops of the tall Beeches made :
And there in these unpolish'd lines alone,
In vain, to Woods and Mountains makes his moan.
Cruel Alexis doth my Verse disdain,
And without pity me with scorn hath slain.
The catel now in cooling shades abide,
And the green Lizards in the Bushes hide ;
And *Thestylis*, for Reapers, tyr'd with heat,
With strong herbs Betony doth and Garlick beat :
Whilest I am seeking where thou maist be found,
Amongst the shrubs hoarse Grasshoppers resound,
Were it not better that I should have born
Proud *Amaryllis* wrath and haught y scorn ?
Were it not better for *Menalcas* smart,
Though he is brown, and thou so beauteous art ?
Sweet youth, in beauty not such trust repose ;
White blossoms fall, when black berries are chose.
Scorn'd me, Alexis not desires to know,
How rich in flocks and how my pails ore-flow :
My thousand Lambs *Sicilian* mountains haunt,
Summer nor Winter new milk do I want,

The second Eclog.

5

I sing those notes which once *Amphyon* did,
Calling his Herds to *Aracynthus* Mead :
Nor am I so deform'd ; late I beheld
My self in the calm sea, with winds unswell'd ;
And wert thou Judge, I should not *Daphnis* fear,
If any shadow true resemblance bear.
O that with me thou in these homely parts
And humble cotes would'st stay, and shoot swift Harts
There with a green wand drive the flocks of Goats,
Then in the Grove wee'l imitate *Pan*'s notes.
Pan taught us joyn first many quils vvith wax,
Pan minds our sheep, and Masters of the flocks.
Nor shalt thou e're repent this Pipe to use,
For which *Amyntas* nothin' would refuse.
Composed with seven differing reeds I have,
A Pipe, which once to me *Damet* gave.
And dying, said, This thee now second knows;
At which *Amyntas*, fond, his envy shows,
Besides, two Kids I have, I lately found
As they vvere straying in a dangrous ground;
Their skins with white already dapled be,
Two Yews they suck : these I preserve for thee :
Which *Thestylis* would fain have got, and shall,
Since you our presents not regard at all.
Sweet youth, draw neer : for thee whole Baskets full
The beauteous Nymphs of unstain'd Lillies cull :
For thee fair *Nais* gathers Violets,
Tulips *Narcissus*, and sweet Poppy gets ;
Blossoms of *Annis* joyns, hath intermix'd
Cassia, with other pleasant flowr's betwixt ;
Soft Cowslips with bright Marigolds are deck't :
I shall the tender wool-skin'd Peach select,
And Chesnuts, which my *Amaryllis* lov'd :
Ripe Plums I'll add ; this fruit shall be approv'd.
And you, O Laurels, cull ; thou Mirtle, next,
Because, so plac'd, your smell is best commix'd.
Coridon's rude, nor doth *Alexis* grace
His gifts, nor to thee gives *Iolas* place,

The third Eclog.

What wouldst thou, wretch! I have let tempests spoil
 My flowers, and *boars* my crystal fountains loyl.
 Whom fly'st thou, fond? The Gods have dwelt in bowrs;
 So *Paris* liv'd: Let *Pallas* keep her towers:
 But let cool Groves 'bove all things please us best.
 Stern Lions, Wolves; Wolves have the Goat in quest,
 The wanton Goat fresh *Cythisus* invites.
 Thou me; *Each one pursues his own delights*.
 Behold, they now unyoke the weary Steer,
 And the Sun setting, larger shades appear:
 Still Love burns me: Is there no mean in Love?
 Ah *Coridon*! what madness doth thee move?
 On the green Elm hangs my half-pruned Vine.
 But rather now some needful task design,
 Prepare soft twigs, the limber Bul-rush winde.
 And if *Alexis* scorn, some other finde.

The third ECLOG.

PALÆMON.

The ARGUMENT.

*These Swains present, how Vertue and the Arts
 Still emulation breed in men of parts.
 But grave Palæmon doth their passions calm,
 Both praising, yet to neither gives the Palm.*

MENALCAS. DAMETAS. PALÆMON.

Menalcas.

ARE these (*Dametas*) *Melibæus* sheep?

Dametas.

No: *Ægon's*, *Ægon* gave them me to keep.

Menalcas.

Still hapless flocks! whilst that *Neera* he
 Courts and suspects, the more affecteth me.

For

The third Eclog.

7

For twice this stranger hourly drains the Dams,
Robbing the *Ews* of strength, of milk the *Lambs*.

Dametas.

Henceforth such crimes more sparingly object:
We know what you did, if we would detect,
And how the hee-Goats (vex'd) look'd on the while;
And in what place: but th' easie Nymphs did smile.

Menalcas.

Sure, 'twas when I in *Mycon's* ground was took,
Pruning his Vines with an unwelcome hook.

Dametas.

Or when you *Daphnis* Bow and Arrows brake
At the old Beech, which thou so ill didst take
To see bestow'd upon the Boy from thee;
For couldst thou not do mischief, thou wouldst die:

Menalcas.

What will not Masters, when the Servants dare
So bold attempts as these? When thou didst snare
Poor *Damon's* Goat, vile Swain, did I not mark,
Though all the while at thee his Dog did bark?
And when I cry'd, Hold thief, where doth he rush?
Swain, count thy Goats, thou skulk'st behind a bush.

Dametas.

Vanquisht in singing, why should he refuse
To pay the Goat, won by my Pipe and Muse!
That Goat (if you must know) was mine, no less
Damon, who could not pay it, did confess.

Menalcas.

Thou him in singing? Hadst thou ever yet
A pipe with wax conjoyn'd? didst thou not sit
In high-ways, thou lewd Piper, and there use
On hissing quills to spoil a wretched Muse?

Dametas.

The skill that either hath, let us now try,
I'll lay this Heifer (lest thou shouldst deny,
Twice she to milking comes, and at her teats
Two Calves she feeds.) Then say, what are thy bears?

The third Eclog.

Menalcas.
 I dare not from my flock a wager lay;
 I have a Sire and Step-dame, twice a day
 Both tell the *Sheep*, the *Goats* another counts.
 What you shall grant thy *Heifer* far surmounts:
 (Since thou art pleas'd to rant.) *Beech* Cups I will
 Stake down, carv'd by divine *Alcymidons* skill:
 On which with a smooth turn soft *Vines* he shapes,
 And with pale *Ivie* cloathes the spreading *Grapes*.
 Amidst two *Signes*, *Conon* — (who's th' other then?)
 He with his Art describes *Earth's Globe* to men;
 What time the *Plow-men* and the *Reapers* have;
 Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I save.

Dametas.

Also for us two *Cups* *Alcymidon* made
 The handles round, with soft *Acanthus* laid,
Orpheus amidst, and following woods they have:
 Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I save.
 But if that well my *Heifer* thou dost weigh,
 In thy *Cups* praise so much thou wouldst not say.

Menalcas.

Thou shalt not scape: I'll meet where thou dar'st please,
 Call when you will. Let him be judge of these
 That next we meet; *Palamon* see before.
 I'll make thee that thou ne'r shalt challenge more;

Dametas.

Say what thou hast; in me is no delay,
 Nor shun I any. Friend *Palamon*, stay;
 No trifle's laid, thy best attention fit.

Palamon.

Begin, since now on the soft grass we sit;
 Now every field, all trees now fruitful are;
 Now flourish Groves, the season is most fair.

Dametas first, *Menalcas* next rehearse,
 For still the *Muses* love alternate Verse.

Dametas.

With *Jove* begin: All things are full of *Jove*;
 He keeps our fields, and doth my Verses love.

Menalcas.

The third Eclog.

9

Menalcas.

And *Phœbus* me; and I have for him *Amint*
His own Bay, and sweet blushing *Daffadil*.

Dametas.

Light *Galatea* me with fruit would win,
Then flies to the willows; but would first be seen.

Menalcas.

My flame *Amintas* courts me oft alone;
Nor to our dogs is *Delia* better known.

Dametas.

Gifts for my Love I have, and by my search
I know the place where her swift Pigeons perch.

Menalcas.

Such as I had, choice Apples half a score
The youth I sent, to morrow I'll send more.

Dametas.

What *Galatea* oft to us did say,
You windes apart unto the Gods convey.

Menalcas.

That thou not scorn'st me, Am I better yet;
If whilest thou huntst wild Boars, I keep the Net?

Dametas.

Phyllis, *Iolas* send my birth-day 'tis;
Thy self come, when for fruit I sacrifice.

Menalcas.

Her I lov'd best, for tears (she parting) shed.
And long Fare-wel, Fare-wel *Iolas* said.

Dametas.

Stern Wolves the Stalls, winds trees, ripe fruit the shows,
Me *Amaryllis* ruins if she lows.

Menalcas.

Soft dew the Corn, low shrubs the Kids,
Small Sallow Goats, but Me *Amintas* feeds.

Dametas.

Pollis, though she be rustick, loves our Muse;
A Calf, you Muses, for your reader chuse.

Menalcas.

The third Eclog.

Menalcas.

Pollio rare Verses makes, a Bull he fed
That strikes with horns, with feet the sand doth spread.

Dametas.

To joyes like thine, who loves thee *Pollio*, come;
For him flows honey, thorns bear *Amomum*.

Menalcas.

Who hates not *Bavius*, may love *Mavius* notes;
The same may Foxes joyn, and milk hee-Goats.

Dametas.

Fly, who cull Flow'rs, and earth-born Strawberries,
For in the grass a cold Snake hidden lies.

Menalcas.

Drive not your Sheep too far, nor banks draw nigh,
For now the Ram himself his fleece did drie.

Dametas.

Thy fed Kids, *Tyrirus*, from the river bring.
And when 'tis time, I'll wash them in the Spring.

Menalcas.

Lead home the Ews, lest heat the milk detain,
And you, as lately, press the teat in vain.

Dametas.

How poor my Bull is in a fertile field?
One Love the Herd, and the herds Lord hath kill'd.

Menalcas.

Sure love is not the cause: How lean they show!
Nor what eye witch'd my tender Lambs I know.

Dametas.

Say (and my great *Apollo* be), what shore
The Skie extends three fathoms, and no more.

Menalcas.

Say in what Land the names of Princes signe
The springing flowers, and *Phyllis* shall be thine.

Palaemon.

'Tis not in us this difference to compose:
You both deserve the praise, and each, who knows
Or fears sweet love, or hath the bitter try'd.
Swains shut your Springs, the Meads are satisfy'd.

The

111
The fourth ECLOG.

POLLIO.

The Argument.

*Here Sibil is apply'd to Pollio's son,
Her Prophecies his Genethliacon :
But Christs birth he by happy error sings,
The Prince of Poets crowns the King of Kings.*

Sicilian Muses, sing we one note higher,
All like not Tam' risk nor the humble Brier :
If Woods we sing, Woods worthy Consuls be.
Last times are come, *Cumæa's* Prophecie,
And times great Order now again is born.
The Maid returns, *Saturnian* Realms return :
Now from high Heaven springs a new Progenie.
To th' Infant, chaste *Lucina*, favouring be,
Who ending iron ages, through all Lands
Shall golden plant : Thy *Phœbus* now commands.
Thou childe being Consul, *Pollio* shall possess
This fame of th' Age, great Months themselves address :
If any prints of our old vice remain'd,
By thee they'r void, and fear shall leave the Land,
He a Gods life shall takē, with Gods shall see
Mixt *Heroes*, and himself their object be.
Rule with paternal power th' appeased earth,
Which shall to thee (sweet childe) undrest, bring forth
Berries, wild Ivy, and shall pay first-fruits
Of mixt *Acanthus*, with *Egyptian* roots.
The Goats themselves shall home full udders bear,
Nor shall the Herds the mighty Lions fear.
Flowers shall thy cradle sprout, the Serpent shall
And the deceitful herb of venom fall.

The fourth Eclog.

In each place Roses of *Assyria* grow.
 As soon as thou the *Herbes* same shalt know,
 And thy *Siregacts*, vertue thy self attain;
 The fields shall mellow wax with golden grain :
 The blushing Grape shall hang on thorns unset
 And boystrous Oke with dewy hony-sweat.
 Some steps of ancient fraud shall yet be found,
Themis to tempt with ships, and to surround
 Cities with walls, bids earth in-furrows tear.
 A second *Typhis*, a new *Argo* bear
 Choice *Heroes* ; and another War, imploy
 Again a great *Achilles* sent to *Troy*.
 Here when full years shall make thee perfect man,
 The Saylor shall forsake the Ocean ;
 Nor Navigable Pines shall traffick Ware ;
 But each part of the world shall all things bear ;
 Nor Earth feel harrows, nor the Vine the hook,
 Nor shall his Steers the rustick tiller yoke :
 Nor Wool with various colours shall deceive,
 But in the meadows Rams shall Skarlet have.
 And changing, sometimes golden fleeces wear,
 And feeding Lambs shall native Purple bear,
 The Fates conspiring with eternal doom
 Said to their Spindle, Let such ages come.
 Attempt great honours, for the time draws near,
 Dear race of Gods, great stock of *Jupiter*.
 Behold ! the world shakes on its pondrous axe,
 See Earth and Heavens immense and th' Ocean tracts,
 How all things at th' approaching age rejoyce !
 Oh that my life would last so long, and voyce,
 As would suffice thy actions to rehearse :
 Not *Orpheus* then shall vanquish me in Verse,
 Nor *Linus*, though their Parents present be ;
Phæbus got this, and that *Calliope*.
 Should *Pan* with me strive, by *Arcadia's* doom,
 Although a God, *Pan* should be overcome.
 Pegin sweet childe, with smiles thy mother know,
 Whoten long moneths did with thy burthen go,

The fifth Eclog.

13

Sweet childe begin, cheer'd by no parents look,
To's board no God, t'her bed no goodness took.

The fifth E C L O G.

D A P H N I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Poor Swains mourn Cæsars losse, husbandmen may
At Princes Obsequies their sorrow pay;
And it concerns them, when the death of Kings
Oft murrains, rots, and mighty famine brings.*

MENALCAS.

MOPSUS.

Menalcas.

May we not, *Mopsus*, (both being skillful met,
Thou on small Pipes to play, I Verse repeat)
Here amongst Elms commix'd with hazels sit?

Mopsus.

Thou eldest art, whom me t' obey is fit,
Whether to trembling shades light *Zephyrs* wave
We goe, or take some Grot; See, how yon Cave
Hath from wilde spreading Vines a Canopie!

Menalcas.

In our hills only *Aminas* strives with thee.

Mopsus.

What if t' excell *Phæbus* in song he aims?

Menalcas.

Say, *Mopsus*, if thou hast, or *Phyllis* flames,
Or *Alcons* praise; or *Codrus* brows begin,
And *Tityrus* shall thy feeding Kids keep in.
I'll try those strains on the green Beech I wrote,
And with alternate change did warbling note.
Then boldly bid *Aminas* strive with me.

Menal-

The fifth Eclog.

Menalcas.

As the bright *Olive* stains the *Sallow* tree,
 As blushing *Roses* humble *Lavender*,
 So thee before *Amyntas* we prefer.

Mopsus.

Dear Swain, no more, here is the Caves descent
 The Nymphs lost *Daphnis* funeral did lament,
 Witness you Hazels, Nymphs, and purling Streams;
 When the sad mother rais'd the mangled limbs
 Of her dear son, Gods, Stars, the cruel calls.
 Not any then, oh *Daphnis*! from their stalls
 The Cattel drove to cooling Springs, the flood
 No herd did taste, nor touch sweet grass for food.
 Rough hills, and Groves with echoes did resound
 (*Daphnis*) thy death, and *Lybian* Lions groan'd:
Daphnis *Armenian* Tygers first conjoyn'd
 In's Chariot, and to *Bacchus* rites design'd,
 Did trembling Spears with gentle leaves combine.
 As Vines the Woods adorn, as Grapes the Vine,
 As Bulls the herds, as Corn the fertile field,
 Thou thine didst grace: when thou to Fates didst yield,
 Both *Pales* and *Apollo* left our Plain.
 In furrows where we oft sow'd largest grain,
 Sad Darnel, and wild Oats o'respread: and where
 Purple *Narcissus* and soft Violets were,
 The Thistle and rough pricking Brambles spring.
 Swains strew fresh bows, shades to your fountains bring
 Such honours *Daphnis* for himself did doom.
 His Monument rear, and this write on his Tomb;
I Daphnis known in woods unto the Skie,
Kept a fair Flock, and yet more fair was I.

Menalcas.

O divine Poet! such thy Verse to me,
 As to the tir'd, in grass sweet slumbers be,
 Cool streams in heat the thirsty so rejoyce.
 Thou, both the Pipe dost match, and Masters voyce;
 O happy Swain! thou shalt his second be.
 Our song whafere it is, I shall to thee

Begin,

The fifth Eclog.

15

Begin, and to the Stars thy *Daphnis* bear :
Daphnis lov'd us, *Daphnis* to th' Stars wee'll rear.

Mopsus.

What gift more welcome unto us? the Swain
Was worthy to be sung, and every strain
Stimichon lately did to us approve.

Menalcas.

Fair *Daphnis* wonders at strange courts above,
Who Clouds and Stars beneath his feet beheld.
Joy ravisht *Pan*, the woods, and every field,
The Shepherds, and the Virgin *Dryades*.
No Wolf laid wait for sheep, no nets to seize
By craft the Dear; good *Daphnis* peace did love.
The unshorn hills glad Echoes raise above
The highest Stars, Rocks in a cheerful Ode,
And shrubs *Menalcas* sound, The God, the God.
Be good and blest to thine; four Altars see,
For *Daphnis* two, and *Phœbus* two for thee!
Two Bowls with new milk frothing yearly we,
And with the fat of Olives, two decree,
Rejoycing feasts with plenteous *Bacchus* made,
If cold, with lusty fire, if hot, in shade.

Arviscan Wine, brisk *Nectar* I shall bring.

To me *Dametas* shall, and *Ægon* sing,

And *Satyre* like *Alphesibæus* Dance.

These shall be ever thine; and when w' advance

Our rites to Nymphs, fields purge with th' annual rite.

Whilst Boars on hills, whilst Fish in streams delight,

Grashoppers dew, and Thyme the Bees repast,

So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

As Swains to *Bacchus*, and to *Ceres* pay

Their yearly vows; so they to thee shall pray.

Mopsus.

Now for such Verse, what present shall I find?

Nor murmurs of th' approaching Southern wind,

Nor shores more please me, which the waves assail;

Nor rivers gliding through a stony vale.

Menalcas.

The sixth Eclog.

Menalcas.

This slender Pipe we give, our love returns;
 This Corydon for fair Alexis burns.
 To this I sung, *These Melibæus* sheep?

Mopsus.

Take thou this hook which hardly I could keep,
 From dear *Antigines* who well deserv'd,
 With Knots and Brass (*Menalcas*) neatly carv'd.

The sixth ECLOG.

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*These Sells which promise sensuall delights,
 Soonest infect, and gain most Profelytes;
 But oft those Tenets which are held divine,
 Rise from full bellies, and heads charg'd with Wine.*

First our *Thalia* plaid *Sicilian* strains
 In Verse, nor she to dwell in woods disdains.
 When Kings, and War I sung, *Apollo*, thus
 Nipping my ear, advis'd: O *Tityrus*,
 Shepherd's should feed their flocks, and tune soft layes.
 Now I for thee (O *Varus*, and thy praise
 Others, shall strive to sing, and wars rehearse)
 On slender Reeds shall tune an humble verse.
 I Chant not things unbid; if struck with love
 Any shall read, the Shrubs, and every Grove
 Shall sing thee *Varus*; what can more ingage
Phœbus, then thy name on the Title-page?
 Say *Muses*; *Chromis* and *Mnasylus* too
 Stretch'd in a Cave, sleeping *Silenus* view
 With last night's *Bacchus* sweld (his usuall guise)
 Far off, fain from his head his Garland lies;

The sixth Eclog.

17

On a worn handle, his great bottle hung. —
 They went (for when the old man should have sung,
 He mock'd their hopes) and with's own Chaplets bound,
 With them joyn'd *Ægle*, whom she timorous found,
Ægle the fairest Nymph. This fraud he spies,
 Whil'st she with Mulberies his Temples dies,
 And smiling said, Why bind you me? Let go;
 It is enough that you have seen me so:
 My promis'd Verses take, they now are done;
 Her otherwise I'll please: Then thus begun.

Then thou might'st see wilde beasts, and Fauns advance,
 Sporting in troops, and the tall Okes to dance.
 Nor so in *Phæbus*, joyes *Parnassus* spire.
Ismare nor *Rodope* *Orpheus* so admire.
 For he sung how collected seeds did come
 Of Earth, Air, Sea, through the huge vacuum,
 And liquid fire: how all things first commenc'd
 From these, and the worlds tender Orbe condens'd:
 Then Earth grew hard, and *Nereus* did exclude,
 And by degrees the forms of things indu'd.
 That a new Sun did shine, the Lands admire;
 And that showers fall from Clouds now mounted higher;
 When first the sprouting woods began to appear,
 And beasts in unknown hills graz'd here and there;
 Next *Saturn's* reign, and stones that *Pyrria* flung,
Caucasus fowl, *Prometheus* theft, he sung:
 Adds *Hylas* lost, where Sailors neer the Spring
 Call *Hylas*, *Hylas*, till the shores did ring.
 And with a white Bulls love did please the Queen
Pasiphae, happie, if no herds had been.
 Unhappy maid why didst to madness yeeld?
 And *Prætidæ* launs, with fain'd lowings fil'd;
 Yet such foul lust, not any of the herd
 Pursu'd, although their necks the yoeak had fear'd.
 And oft had horns sought in their tender brow.
 Unhappie maid, in woods thou wander'st now,
 His snowie side upon soft Daffadils laid,
 Chewing the Cud, under an Oken shade:

Or Courts some other in the ample Drove :
 Shut Nymphs, *Dilean* Nymphs, shut close your Grove.
 If any tracts, as he shall wandering pass,
 By chance we find, or took with verdant grass,
 Or following cattel, other Heifers call,
 And they intice him to *Gortina's* Stall.
 Next, her pleas'd with *Hesperian* fruit he shews :
 Then *Phaeton's* Sisters did with mosse inclose
 Tall Alders, raised from the ground : And sings
 Of *Gallus* wandering by *Permessian* Springs ;
 How him a Muse led to th' *Aonian* top ;
 And how to th' man, *Phæbus* whole Quire stood up.
 In divine Verse how *Linus* these exprest,
 His hair with flowrs and bitter *Apium* drest.
 These Pipes the Muses give thee, take, behold !
 These ancient *Hesiods* were ; with which he could
 Singing, wild Asses from the Mountains move :
 With these thou mayst describe *Apollo's* Grove :
 Lest *Phæbus* should in any Woods more pride.
 What shall I say of *Scylla*, whose white side
 (As Fame reports) with barking Monsters bound,
 Vexing *Dulichian* Ships, ah ! in that Sound
 She trembling Sailers with her Sea hounds tears ?
 And *Tereus* limbs transform'd ? He next declares
Philomels banquets, and what gifts she brought,
 And with what speed she wretched, desarts sought ;
 And with what wings once o're her Court she flew :
 He sung all these, which blest *Eurotas* knew
 From *Phæbus* once : and bade the Laurel sing,
 And to the Stars the Vales with echo ring :
 Till night bid house their Flocks, their numbers tell,
 And from unwilling Skies the evening fell.

The seventh ECLOG.

MELIBÆUS.

The ARGUMENT.

*The vulgar like the worst, and make their choice
Not from best Language, but the loudest voyce :
And oft those men get fame, and win the prize,
Who guard with boldness weak abilities.*

CORYDON.

THYRSIS.

AS Daphnis sate under a spreading Oke,
Thyrsis and Corydon drove on the flock.
Sheep Thyrsis, Corydon milch Goats did bring :
Arcadians both, in youth both flourishing,
Both match'd to sing, to answer both prepar'd,
Here whilst soft Myrtle me from cold did guard,
The Goat chief of the flock stray'd; and I spide
Daphnis : When he beheld me, straight he cride,
Melibe, here, safe is thy Goat and Kids;
Rest in this shade, if no affair forbids :
The herds themselves, to drink here, passe the Meads,
Green Mincius herewith soft reeds Couched spreads;
Now from the sacred Oke the swarms resound.
What should I do? no Maid was to be found,
That carefully my new wean'd Lambs should watch,
When Corydon and Thyrsis sung their match.
Yet for the sport, my business I laid by,
Then, both in Verse strove for the victory;
The Muse their parts alternate did divide;
These Corydon sung, and Thyrsis thus replide.

Corydon.

*Libethrian Nymphs, our love, or grant me Verse,
As to my Codrus, who did strains rehearse*

Like

The seventh Eclog.

Like *Phæbus* : but, if such cannot be mine.
This Pipe shall hang upon the sacred Pine.

Thyrsis.

Your rising Poet crown (*Arcadian Swaines*)
With Ivie, and let spight burst *Codrus* veins,
Or if he'll praise too much, let *Baccar* arm
My brows, lest an ill tongue your Poet harm.

Corydon.

This rough Boars head young *Mycon* doth impart
(*Delia*) to thee, and branch'd horns of th'old Hart.
Thy Statue shall be in fine Marble plac'd,
If this thou grant, with purple buskins grac'd.

Thyrsis.

Priapus, only Cream and Cake expect
Yearly, thou our poor Gardens dost protect.
We, for a time, thee but in Marble mould :
But if our flocks increase, thou shalt be gold.

Corydon.

Galate me doth more then *Thyme* delight,
Bright *Ivie*'s not so fair, nor Swans more white,
When the fed Cattel first to stalls repair ;
Come, if thou hast of *Corydon* a care.

Thyrsis.

I bitterer to thee than *Sardan* grass,
More rough then *Holm* may seem, then *Owse* more base ;
If this day shews not longer then whole yeers,
Go, if y'have any shame, go home, fed Steers.

Corydon.

You mossie Springs, and grass more soft then sleep,
And verdant boughs, which you with shadows keep,
In Summer save my flocks ; great heat comes now,
And pregnant Grapes swell on the glad some bough.

Thyrsis.

A hearth, fat Pine, nor ample fire we lack,
With daily smoke our Chimney peece is black :
The cold of *Boreas* here we fear no more,
Then Wolves our Cattel, or fierce streams the shore.

Corydon.

The eighth Eclog.

21

Corydon.

Here *Junipers* and downie *Chestnuts* be,
And tempting Apples under every tree :
All things now smile ; but if *Alexis* flie
Our Mountains, thou shalt see the rivers drie.

Thyrsis.

In scorch'd fields th' air infected herbage kills
Bacchus his viney shade denies the hills :
When *Phyllis* comes all shall wax green again,
And *Jove* descend in joyful showers of rain.

Corydon.

Alcides poplar, *Bacchus* Vines doth grace.
Fair *Venus* Myrtle, and *Apollo* Baies,
Phyllis love *Hazels* ; if she these allow,
Myrtle and Laurell both to *Hazels* bow.

Thyrsis.

The *Ash* in woods, in Orchards *Pines* are fair,
Poplar in streams, *Firrs* in high Mountains are ;
Fair *Lycida*, if oft thou visit me,
The lofty *Ash* and *Pine* shall bow to thee.

Melibeus.

These I record, and *Thyrsis* vanquish'd, thus
From that time *Corydon* ; *Corydon* for us.

The eighth ECLOG.

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

The ARGUMENT.

Nothing can ease the pangs of cruel love,
Though a base object do the fancie move :
And when they feel the power of Cupids dart.
They will not stick to use the blackest Art.

DAMON ALPHESIBEUS.

A *Lphesibe*, and *Damons* Muse we sing,
At whose contention young *Steers* wondering.

B

Forgot

The eighth Eclog.

Forgot to feed, Lynces their Verse amaze,
 And in his course the flowing River staies.
Alphesibe and *Damons* Muse we sing
 Whether thou pass by great *Timaeus* Spring,
 Or cut *Illyrian* waves, shall once the day
 Appear, when 1 thy victories shall display?
 It shall; and I thy praise through earth rehearse,
 Fit only for a *Sophoclean* verse.

These sprung from thee, in thee must end. Take layes
 Begun by thy Commands; 'mongst Conquering Bayes,
 Suffer this Ivie round thy brows to spread.
 Scarce nights cold shadows from the skie were fled,
 When dew, the herds delight, had pearl'd the Mead,
 On a smooth Olive, leaning, *Damon* said.

Damon.

Lucifer, rise, usher the joyful day,
 Whil'st I complain, me *Nisa* doth betray
 With fained love; and yet at my last hour,
 The Gods (who knew I gain'd not) I implore.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Menalus never wanted murmuring Groves,
 And whispering Pines: it alwayes heard the loves
 Of passionate shepherds, and great *Pan*, who still
 Suffer'd not Swains to have an idle quill.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Mopsus hath *Nisa*! Then all love may speed!
 And now wing'd *Griphins* may with Horses breed;
 And timorous Deer in following times be found
 Fearless to water with the cruel Hound.

Mopsus new torches cut, now thou art wed,
 Strew nuts, for thy sake *Hesper* goes to bed

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Oh nobly match'd! Whil'st thou didst all despise,
 My Pipes and Goats not pleasing in thy eyes,
 My hairy ey-brows, and my untrim'd beard,
 Nor think'st that any God for mortals car'd.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

The eighth Eclog.

23

I, thee a little one, with thy mother found
Once gathering mellow apples in our ground ;
I was your guide, at twelve years from my birth,
And then could slender boughes reach from the earth.
Soon as I saw, as soon I perished ;
Alas, how great an error me misled !

And now my Pipes begin Menalcan strains.

Now Love I know, *Ismarus* him hath sed,
Or *Rodope*, or farthest *Afrigue* bred,
'Mongst wild forsaken Rocks, those places cou'd
Produce no Off-spring of our Stock or Bloud.

And now my Pipes begin Menalcan strains.

Dire love a mother taught her hand t' embroe
In her sons blood ; thou a stern mother too :
Has she more rage, or the boy lesse desert ?
He's stubborn, and thou cruel mother art.

And now my Pipes begin Menalcan strains.

Let Wolves now of themselves avoid our Flocks,
And golden Apples grow on stubborn Oaks ;
From the base Alder sprout the Daffadil,
And Amber from low Tamarisk distil :
Owls strive with Swans, lets *Tit'rus Orpheus* call,
Orpheus in Woods, *Arion* on a Whale.

And now my Pipes begin Menalcan strains.

Let all parts now be Sea ; fare-wel you Woods ;
From airy Hills I'll leap into the floods ;
T' accept a dying man's last present dain.

Leave Pipes, leave off now, the Menalcan strain.

Thus *Damon* : what *Alphesibe* answered, you
Muses relate : All cannot all things do.

Alphesibe.

Bring water, with soft wreaths the Altars dress,
Rich Gums, and juicy Vervain sacrifice.

The eighth Eclog.

That I my Love with Magick may disarm
Of his disdain : there only wants a Charm.

My Verse, bring from the Town, bring Daphnis home.

Charms can command the Moon down from the skie ;
Circes charms chang'd *Ulysses* companie :
A cold Snake being charm'd burst in the meads.
I walk a round with these three several threads ;
'Bout th' Altars thrice I shall thy Image bear :
Odd numbers to the gods delightful are.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

Knots, *Amaryllis*, rye, of colours three ;
Then say, these bonds I knit, for *Venus* be.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

As with one fire this clay doth harder prove,
This wax more soft : So *Daphnis* with our love.
Season a cake with pitch, make *Laurel* blaze ;
Proud *Daphnis* burns me, I for him this Bays.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

So *Daphnis*, as a wearied Heifer loves,
Seeking a Steer in woods, and shade groves ;
Shee near a stream, laid on green sedge, doth mourn,
And when night calls, regards not to return :
So may I love, and I his cure not minde.
He once a pledge, his garments left behinde,
Which now in th' entrance, Earth, I give to thee :
This pledge for *Daphnis* is engag'd to me.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

Mæris for me these herbs in *Pontus* chose,
And curious druggs, for there great plenty grows.
I many times, with these, have *Mæris* spide
Chang'd to a Wolf, and in the woods to hide :
From sepulchres would souls departed charm,

The ninth Eclog.

27

And corn bear standing from anothers farm.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home:

Bear th' ashes (*Amaryllis*) forth, and them

Cast o're thy head, into a running stream;

Nor look back : These for *Daphnis* I prepar'd;

For he doth neither gods, nor Charms regard.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

See, th' ashes of themselves on th' Altars blaze,

Whil'st I to bear them out did make delays.

I know not what it means : Oh, may it thrive ;

And *Hylax* barks at door ! Do We believe,

Or those who love Dreams to themselves still fa'ine ?

Now Charms forbear, Daphnis comes home again.

The ninth ECLOG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Best Princes Peace affect, and more delight

Their Subjects to preserve, than their own right :

But those who follow war, no power can aw :

Swords make oppression, just, and madnesse Law.

LYCIDA S. MOERIS.

Lycidas.

Moeris, where go'st ? to Town the common way ?

Moeris.

We, *Lycidas*, live to hear a Stranger say,

(Which we ne'r thought) who now the fields doth own

These Lands are mine : old Rustick swains be gone.

B 3

Van-

Vanquish'd and sad, since chance sways all things, we
Send him these Kids : May they unlucky be.

Lycidas.

Truly, I heard, where th' Hill begins to bend,
And with a gentle stooping to descend
Towards the brook, where th' old torn Beech doth stand,
Menalcas, by his Song, had all regain'd.

Mæris.

Thou heardst, and so 'twas fam'd : but our Verse proves
'Gainst Martial arms ; as the *Chaonian* Doves
When the Eagle comes ; If from the hollow tree
The ominous Crow had not premonish'd me
To cut off new debates, nor more to strive,
I, nor *Menalcas* had not been alive.

Lycidas.

Alas ! can any man so impious be ?
Menalcas, all our Joys are lost with thee.
Who shall the Nymphs record ? who with sweet flowers
Strew earth, and Springs surround with shady bowis ?
Or who such Verse I had from thee shall write,
When thou court'st *Amayllis* our delight.
Whil'st I return, dear *Tityrus* (I'll not stay)
Feed thou my Goats : and having fed convey
To watering ; and whil'st they driving are,
Look how you meet the Goat, he'll strike, beware.

Mæris.

He sung to *Varus* this unpolish'd strain,
Varus, thy name (if *Mantua* ours remain,
Mantua to sad *Cremona*, ah ! too nigh)
Harmonious Swans shall carry to the skie.

Lycidas.

So from the *Cyrnean* Ewes thy Bees retreat,
So *Cythisus* extends the Cows full tear :
Begin if thou hast ought ; the Muses me
A Poet made, and I can versifie ;
And me a Poet too the Shepherds deem,
But I want confidence to credit them.
I've nought worth *Varus* yet, or *Cinnas* choice :

But

The ninth Eclog.

27

But like a Goose 'mongst Swans, I make a noise.

Mæris.

And so do I, and to my self rehearse
(Could I remember) no unworthy Verse.

Come hither *Galate*, what sport is there
Amongst the streams? The purple spring is here :
The River's bank Earth decks with many a flower,
And silver poplar hides this pleasant Bow'r,
And tender Vine-twigs weave into a shade.
Com hither, let wild floods the shores invade.

Lycidas.

What was't I heard thee sing the last fair night?
I have the tune, could I the words recite.

Mæris.

O *Daphnis*, why observ'st thou ancient signs?

Dionean *Cæsar*'s star (behold) now shines :

The star which fields with fruit and gladnesse fills,
And colours vines upon the sunny hills.

Daphnis, set pears, thy race shall fruit enjoy.

Age all things wastes, the minde too. I, a boy,

With song have often tir'd the Summers Sun;

Now all those strains are lost, my voice too gone.

A Wolf saw *Mæris* first. *Menalcas* yet

At large to thee shall oft these lines repeat.

Mæris.

Thou by delays our longings dost increase :

Through all the Plains is spread a silent Peace,

The air is still, the middle path is here,

And see, *Bianor*'s Tomb begins t' appear.

Here where the shepherds have their havins ty'd,

Mæris, let's sing, and lay thy Kids aside :

Timely we'll reach the Town : and if we fear

The night should gather rain ere we come there,

Singing lets go, the way shall better please :

That I may sing, thee of thy load I'll ease.

Lycidas.

Shepherd, no more : Let's do what next remains,

When our Chief comes we'll fancie better strains.

The tenth E C L O G.

G A L L U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Both wise and valiant men oft feel the flames
Of cruel Love, and follow wanton dames :
Yet scornful Ladies still this curse pursues,
To slight the better, and the worse to chuse.*

THis my last work, O *Arethusa*, speed
For *Gallus* (which *Lycoris* self might read)
Strains must be sung : Who *Gallus* will denie ?
So gliding under *Sicilie*,
May not with *Adonis* mix her stream !
Begin, let *Gallus* sad love be our Theam,
Whil'st flat-nos'd Goats shall crop the tender buds
To deaf we sing not, answer'd by the woods.
In what woods were you, *Naiades*, what Grove,
When *Gallus* perish'd by unworthy love ?
Parnassus to ps, nor *Pindus* have delay'd,
Nor you *Aonian* *Aganippe* stay'd.
Laurels for him, and Tam'risk tears did pay ;
And *Menalus*, whil'st by a Rock he lay,
With cold *Lycæus* clifts did him lament.
That sheep stand round us, we do not repent,
Nor, divine Poet, do thou flocks condemn :
The fair *Adonis* fed sheep near the stream.
The shepherds came, dull herdsmen too made haste,
And moist *Menalcus* came from Winter maste :
All ask whence sprung this love. *Apollo* came,
And said, what madnesse *Gallus* doth inflame ?
Thy deer *Lycoris* wanders through the snows,
And through rough ways after another goes.
Sylvanus comes adorn'd with rural boughs,
Lilies and Fennel dangling on his brows.

The tenth Eclog.

29

Pan comes, *Arcadia's* God, whom we have spy'd
 With *Synople* and blushing berries dy'd.
 Betwixt extremes is there no mean? He sayes,
 Love hath regard to no such things as these.
 Not Love with tears, nor Grass with streams, nor *Bee*
 With thyme are satisfi'd, nor Goats with trees.
 Pensive, he said, O you *Arcadians*, chant
 About our hills; for you no cunning want:
 Oh! then my ashes shall finde peaceful rest,
 When by your quill my passions are exprest.
 I would with you a shepherds life were mine,
 To follow sheep, or prune the swelling Vine:
 Then *Phyllis* or *Amintas* were mine own,
 Or some Love, (though, I grant, *Amintas* brown:
 Dark are the Violets, so the Bil-berrie)
 Would 'mongst soft Vines and ~~flowers~~ rest with me,
Phyllis would wreath me flow'rs, ~~flowers~~ sing,
Lycoris, here are Meads, here the cool Spring,
 Here coverts are, and here I could with thee
 Spend my whole life. Now senselesse love doth me
 Detain 'gainst foes amongst the fierce alarms
 Of cruel *Mars* invironed with arms.
 Thou far from home (I wish it were not so)
 Seest, without me, cold *Rhine* and *Alpine* snow:
 May thee no bleak windes, nor rough tempests meet;
 Ah! may no sharp ice wound thy tender feet.
 I'll go and play in a *Chalcidick* strain,
 My notes on reeds of a *Sicilian* Swain.
 Rather in Desarts I resolve to live,
 And in the dens of savage beasts to grieve,
 There on the tender barks to carve my Love;
 And as they grow, so shall my hopes improve.
 Mean-while, commixed with the Nymphs, I'll view
Menalus; or the cruel boar pursue:
 Nor will I be with hardest frosts withstood
 With dogs to traverse the *Parthenian* Wood:
 Through rustling Groves and Rock (me thinks) I go,
 Pleas'd to shoot arrows from a *Parthian* bow.

The tenth Eclog.

As if this were a medicine for our Love!
 Or by mens harm *Cupid* would milder prove!
 Wood-Nymphs displease, Verses are in disgrace;
 And now again, you shady Groves give place.
 Nor can our troubles work him to a change,
 Should we drink *Hebrus* in mid-winter range
 Amongst huge frosts, and *Scythian* snow; should we,
 When on high Elms the parch'd Vines dying be,
 The Southern Flocks under hot *Cancer* move:
Love conquers all, let us give place to love.
 Let this suffice your Poet to have said,
 Whil't he a basket of fine bul-rush made:
 Muses, you shall great things for *Gallus* do,
 Whose love to me as much doth hourly grow
 As the green Alder shooteth in the Spring.
 Let us arise; shades off hurt those who sing:
Juniper shades are to our fruit a foe;
 The evening comes, go home, my fed Kids, go.

 THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF
Virgil's
 GEORGICKS.

The ARGUMENT.

*What times are best to sow, what natures are
 Of differing grounds; what industry and care.
 What hurts the Corn, the Plowmans several Rules:
 Who musters up innumerable tools.
 Who first the World with th' Art of Tillage blest.
 Summer and Winter Swains must take no rest.
 Plowmen must learn the Stars; which frost and snow,
 Fair and foul weather, rain and windes foreshew.
 Clashing of Nobles, Tumults, and of late
 Popular fury, and great Cæsars fate.*

¶ *What makes rich grounds (Mœnas) in what signs
 ¶ W. 'Tis best to plow, and marry Elms with Vines:
 ¶ What care of sheep; with Cattel what agrees:
 And how much skill belongs to frugal Bees,
 Now I shall sing. You glorious Lights, who bear
 In your swift motion round the sliding year:
 Bacchus, blest Ceres, if from you we gain
 For poor Chaonian acorns, golden grain,
 And wine t' enrich our watery cups: and you
 Fauns, who to Swains your bounty still allow:
 Together Fauns, and virgin Dryads come;
 Your gifts I sing: and Neptune thou to whom
 Earth trident-struck, brought forth a generous steed;
 And woods protector, thou, whose snowie-breed
 Three hundred graze on Cæas fertile grounds.
 Pan, the Flocks Guardian, leaving native beans
 And Lycian Groves, if Menalus thou prize,
 With Pallas come, who th' Olive did devise:
 And the Inventor of the crooked Plow,
 And thou Sylvanus and thy Cypre's Bough.*

All Gods our fields protect; and those who feed
 The tender grain, still cherishing our seed,
 And who from skies on Corn send plenteous rain;
 Thou *Cæsar*, whom what seat shall entertain.
 In Heaven's unknown: whether thou take the care
 Of Realms, and Cities, or the World declare
 Thee Lord of Fruit, to whom the Seasons bow,
 And with thy Mothers Myrtle wreath thy brow;
 Or rule vast waves, alone thy Deitie
 Sea-men adore, and farthest *Thule* obey,
 Or *Thetys* with the Ocean purchase thee:
 Or to slow moneths a new sign added be;
 Whom *Libra*, and *Frigone* may embrace,
 Whil'st burning *Scorpio* shrinks to give thee place,
 And doth his anapler part in Heaven forsake.
 What ere thou'lt be (let not the Stygian Lake
 Accept thee Lord, nor have thou such desire:
 Although the Greeks *Elyxium* fields admire,
 Nor for her Mother car'd, sought *Proserpine*.)
 Grant a free course, and aid my bold design;
 Pity the ignorance of Swains, with me;
 And to b' invoc'd with prayers accustom'd be.

When the warm Spring dissolves the Mountains snows,
 And the fat soil with West winds softer grows,
 Then let my Steers at plow to groan begin,
 And by the furrow my worn Coulter shine.
 The greedie Husbandman likes best that mold;
 Hath felt two Summers heat, two Winters cold:
 That mans great Harvest doth his Garners burst.
 But ere thou break the unknown fallow, first
 Observe the winds, and mark Heavens various face,
 Old custome, and the nature of the place,
 What every soyl will bear, and what refuse:
 This corne, that Vines, more kindly doth produce;
 Here, plants best thrive, and there rank herbage grows;
 Seest not how *Saffron Tmolus* still bestows?
India sends Ivorie, sweet *Sabea* Gummes:
 From the nak'd *Chalybs*, steel; from *Pontus* comes
 The Beaver stone, from *Epire* Mares for race;

For

For nature hath impos'd on every place
Eternal Laws, since first *Deucalion* hurl'd
Stones to repair the populated world;
Whence men, a hard race, sprung. Therefore go on,
And thy rich soyl with the first warming sun
Let thy strong Oxen turn, when *Phœbus* makes
Long dayes, and humid clods with ardor bakes;
If poor thy soyl, before *Arcturus* rise,
To break a shallow furrow will suffice.
Here, lest the corne should harm from weeds receive;
There, lest small moisture barren akers leave.
And let thy furrow lie each year untill'd,
And to grow hard with rest thy worn-out field:
Or where in Season thou didst Barly sow,
And pleasant pure with dangling cods dost mow,
Where brittle stalks of woful *Lupins* stood,
Or slender *Vetches* like a whispering Wood.
The field, flax, oats, and sleepe Poppie, burns,
But easie is the labour made by turns.
Nor a dry soyl with rich marle spare to feed,
And uncleans'd ashes on poor grounds to spread.
Sow with chang'd seed, *Swains*, rest give to the fields,
And Land lest fallow no less profit yields;
From burning sterile Plains oft plenty comes,
And brittle stubble crackling fire consumes;
Whether from this new force and nourishment
The Earth receives; or else all venome spent
By fire, and forth superfluous moisture sweat;
Or many dark hid breathings lax'd by heat,
By which, fresh sap the springing corn sustains,
Or more condens'd, it binds the gaping veins,
Lest soaking shows, or *Sol's* more potent beam,
Or *Boreas* piercing cold should wither them.
And much he helps his field, who barren mould
Breaks, harrows then: nor *Ceres* doth behold
That Husband-man from the high Heaven in vain,
And who the gleab athwart runs ore again,
Turning his plow, and crossing breaks the soyl,
Making the field obedient with his toyl.

Swains.

Swains pray for winters fair, and summers wet,
 Winter dust joys the earth, and glads the wheat:
 Not *Mæsia* then shall harvests boast like these,
 Nor *Phrygian* hills admire their own encrease.
 What shall I say of him hath sow'd his land,
 Then streight goes on, casts heaps of barren sand,
 And streams to's corn in flowing Rivers turns?
 And when scorch'd fields with dying herbage burns,
 From rising ground conducts a crystal lake,
 Which'mongst smooth rocks doth gentle murmurs make,
 And bubbling forth, refresh the parched field.
 Or those, lest too large ears the stalk should yeeld,
 The ranck corpe, and soft stemme eat down again,
 When first it hides the earth; and those who draine,
 With thirstie sand the plashe in their ground,
 Most when in doubtful months the floods abound,
 Whence slimie mud hath cover'd all the Vale,
 Mak'ng the ditches a hot steam exhale.
 But yet (for all mens toyle and Oxens pains,
 Skilful in tillage) the *Strymonian* Cranes,
 Geese, and shade harme, or bitter *Succorie*.
 Nor was *Jove* pleas'd tillage should easie be:
 And first commands with art to plough the soyle,
 On mortal hearts imposing care, and toyle;
 Nor lets dull sloth benumb men where he reigns.
 Before *Jov's* time, no ploughman till'd the plains,
 None mark'd ont *limits* or a *meer* set forth;
 But all in common: then the liberal earth
 Without compulsion brought each kind of grain.
 He first black *Se pents* arm'd with deadly bane;
 Commands stern Wolves to prey, the Sea to swell;
 From Leaves shakes Honey, and did Fire conceal:
 To Wine, then Rivers, gave a stricter bound,
 That several arts by labour might be found;
 And men in furrows seek the grain that fell,
 And hidden Fire from veins of flint compel.
 Then *Alder-Boats* first swom, then Mariners
 Gave names and told the number of the Stars:

The *Pleiades*, *Hyades* and the *Northorn Bear*.
 Then Birds they catch with Lime, and Beasts in snare,
 And with their Dogs, the mighty Woods beset.
 This strikes broad Rivers with his casting Net;
 At Sea his humid Lines another draws :
 Then force of Ir'n, and blades of grating Saws :
 (For first they Wedges to soft Wood did use)
 Then came strange Arts, fierce labour all subdues.
 Inforc'd by bold *Necessity*, and *Want*,
 First, *Ceres* mortals taught the earth to Plant :
 When Mast, and Acorns sacred Groves supply'd,
 And *Dodon's* Forrest nourishment deny'd.
 Then was more sweat for Corn, lest mildews spoil
 The Grain, and Thistles over-run the soyle :
 The crop then fails, destructive weeds appear,
 Briers and Burs suppress the golden ear :
 Then hapless Darnel, and Wild oats command,
 Unless with rakes thou daily break thy land,
 Fright birds with noise, and cut the shade boughs
 Off thy dark ground, and call for rain with vows,
 Thou shalt in vain see others store increase,
 When shaken Okes thy hunger must appease.

The hardy Plowmans tools we next must know
 Which wanting, we can neither reap nor sow.

A hevie plow of crooked oke, a share,
 And with slow wheels th' *Elusine* mothers carre,
 Sledges and flails, makes ponderous enough,
 Fine osier Baskets, countrey householdstufte,
 Hurdles, and last, *Iacchus* mystick Van;
 All which, If th'art a careful husband-man,
 Remember to provide, if the divine
 Glorie of tillage thou intendest thine.
 Soon in the woods with mighty labour bow
 An Elm, and form it to a crooked Plow.
 To this a Teem beneath of eight foot cut;
 To th'double back two Ears, and Dentials put :
 Of lofty Beech your Plowtail ? but the yeaak,

Let that be from the gentle Teile tree took,
Which from behinde should the deep turnings guide,
And Oke with hanging in the Chimney tride.

Here many ancient rules I could declare,
Unlesse thou shunst, and scorn'st so mean a care.
With a great Rowler first, thy Barn-floor lay,
Smooth'd with the hand, confirm'd with binding clay,
Lest grasse spring up, or it should dustie grow,
Then many mischiefs chance; for oft below
The little Mouse her store hath and abode :
And the blinde Mole her bed; in holes the Toad
Is found; much vermine from the earth are born,
The Weezel plunders the great heap of corn,
And the Ant fearing age and want to come.
Observe when first the nut begins to bloom,
Gracing the woods, bending the fragrant tree :
If they exceed, such thy increase shall be,
And with great heat a mighty harvest sound;
But if with swelling leaves the shades abound,
Then thou shalt thrash a chaffie stalk in vain.
I have seen many to annoint their grain
With Nyter first, then Lees of Oyl to spread,
That husks deceitful should have larger seed :
Then with soft fire they swell the hasten'd grain;
Seed long pick'd I have seen, and culd with pain,
And yet degenerate; unless yearly we
The largest choose. *Each thing by destiny
So hastens to grow worse and backward goes,*
As one against the stream his Vessel rows,
Who if by chance his arm a little slack,
The Boat in the swift channel hurries back;
They observations from the Stars should make,
Mark rising Kids, and note the glittering Snake,
As those who homewards through rough *Pontus* trade,
And straights of narrow *HelleSpont* affaid.
When *Libra* in just ballances shall weigh
Darkness with Light, and Shadowes with the day,
Then exercise your Steers, and Early sow,

But

Till too extream the cruell Winter grow.
Flax, Poppie then cover with earth, and plough
Whil st the Clouds hang and thirsty grounds allow,
Beans sow in Spring: then *clave grasse* rich earth takes,
And *Miller* then your Annuall care awakes,
When *Taurus* golden horns open the year,
And *Syrins* leaves to other Stars the Sphear.
But if for Wheat and stronger Corn thy ground;
Thou exercise, and but a Crop propound;
First, let the *Eastern Pleiades* go down,
And the bright Star of *Ariadnes* Crown:
Commit dew-seed to furrows then, and here
Trust earth with hope of the ensuing year.
Many begin ere *Maia* sets, but them
Expected corn mocks with an empty Stem.
Wouldst thou thy ground should *Vetch*, and *Fessels* bear,
Nor shalt despise *Egyptian Lentils* care?
Boots fall no obscure sign will shew?
Begin and sowing to mid-winter sow.
Therefore the golden Sun in equall lines
The great Orb governs, through the Worlds twelve signs.
Five Zones the heavens infold, one still is beat
With scorching beam and burnt with mighty heat:
On either hand th'extreams extend their track,
Bound still with cruel ice, with tempests black:
Between the midst, and these, two more there are,
Which seats the Gods for mortals did prepare:
Through both of these a passage doth divide,
Through which the signs in oblique order glide.
As to *Ryphean* hills the world ascends,
So to the South of *Lybia* down it bends:
To us the Pole is elevated still,
But Ghosts see them beneath, and dismal hell:
Here in huge bendings glides the winding *Snake*,
And like a River doth Meanders make
Through both the *Bears* incircling them about,
Who to be dipt in th'Oceans billows, doubt.
Here, (as they say) either is lasting night,

And

And gloomy shade for ever hindring light :
 Or else from us to them *Aurora* speeds
 Ushering the day : and when with panting Steeds
 The *Orient* breaths on us ; there Purple night
 Ascending adds late Tapers to the light.
 Hence from no doubtful signs we Seasons know
 What time is best to Reap, and when to Sow,
 And when the faithless Sea we may again
 Row with tough Oares, when venture to the Main
 An armed Fleet, or sell the lofty Pines.
 Nor vain we mark setting and rising signs,
 Which in four Seasons th' equall year divide.
 But if cold shows force Swains within to bide,
 Much work asks haste, which 'gainst the weather's fair
 Is to be done : to whet the blunted share,
 And of a tree to make a hollow bark,
 To measure Corn or else their Sheep to mark ;
 These sharpen Forks and Stakes, the tender Vine
 Others infold with bonds of *Amaine* :
 And some with *Rubean* twigs, neat baskets binde,
 Now dry their corn at fire, and then they grinde.

Some works on Holidayes are to be done :
 To draw out water, no Religion
 Nor Law forbids us ; nor to hedge our Corn,
 And Snares to lay for Birds, to burn the Thorn,
 To wash the bleating Flocks in curing Floods.
 The driver of the slow *Ass* often loads
 His Back with Oyl, or Fruit, or else doth fetch
 From Town a handmill, or black mass of Pitch.

The Moon grants severall days should be imploy'd
 Luckie for severall Works : The first, avoid :
 Hell, and the Furies then were born ; and Earth
 Gave mighty *Typhon*, and the Gyants birth,
 Which covenanting Brethren thrice assay
 To pull down Heaven, *Pelion* on *Ossa* lay :
 On *Ossa* green *Olympus* to have thrown ;
 Thrice *Jove* with thunder cast those mountains down.

The seventeenth day is best to plant the Vine,

Oxen to break, threds to the Web to joyn :
The ninth is best for flight, and bad for theeves,
Cold night to many works perfection gives ;
Or at Sun rise, when fall the early dews :
Night to mow Stubble, or dry Meadows, choose :
For suppling moisture wants not in the night.
Some by late fires will watch, and Winter light,
Sharpening a Stake, mean while his task, though long,
His dear wife shortens with a pleasing Song,
Running her sounding Shuttle through her Frame,
Or she decocts sweet Must with gentle flame,
And scums with leaves froth from the boyling Pot.
But blushing *Ceres* best at noon is cut;
A midst the heat, the dry corn thrashes best.
Plow and sow naked, Winter is for rest :
Then Husbandmen injoy what they did gaine,
And with glad Feasts each other entertain :
The Geniall time invites, and frees from care ;
As Wealthy Ships, when mur'd within the Bar,
The Sailors on the Sterns fresh Garlands set.
But you may Mast, and Lawrell Berries get,
With Oyl and bleeding Myrtle then, and snare,
Cranes by the feet, and nets for Bucks prepare,
Course timerous Hares, shoot fallow Dear, or swing
With hempen whip the *Balearian* sling,
When Snow lies deep, when Ice the River bars.
What shall I say of the Autumnall Stars,
When lesser heat gives day a swifter wing;
Which must be watch'd? so must the showrie Spring.
Of I have seen, when corn from golden lands,
Ready to house, just when the strawie hands
Should binde the sheaves, in war the windes contend,
And from the root the yellow harvest rend;
The tempest with so black a whirlwinde flew,
And the light straw, and flying stubble blew.
Of from the skie a mighty deluge powrs
And black storms muster with condensed showers.
Clouds from sea gather, the arch'd skies resound,

And

And Oxens labour, the rich corn is drown'd.
 Then dikes are fill'd, and swelling waters raise
 Loud murmurs, and Seas roar in stormy Baies.
 Then in the hideous night *Jupiter* takes
 In's hand bright lightning, which discharging, shakes
 The mighty Earth; beasts flie, and Mortal hearts
 Base fear dejects. He, with his blazing darts
 Down *Athos*, *Rhodope*, or *Ceraunia* throws;
 South-windes arise, blacker the tempest grows:
 Now woods complain wth winde, and now the shore.
 This fearing, know Heav'n, Stars, and Signes before;
 Where melancholy *Saturn* doth retire,
 And through what Orb wanders *Cylenian* fire.
 But first the Gods adore; to *Ceres* yield
 Rites yeerly, working in the gladfom field:
 When the soft Spring rough Winter shall succeed,
 Then wine grows mellow, Lambs begin to feed,
 Then sleep is pleasant, shades spread Mountains ore.
 Let all the jocund Swains *Ceres* adore;
 Honey to her with milk and wine compound,
 Let the blest off'rings thrice new corn surround,
 Which all thy friends attending, let thy mates,
Ceres, with shouts, invite unto thy gates;
 Nor one presume fickle to thrust in corn,
 Till Oken wreaths, for her, his brows adorn,
 Dance Country-measures, and like Verses sing.

What most sure signes may to our knowledg bring
 Drouth, rain, and winde, which ushers in the cold,
Jove hath decreed what new Moons should unfold,
 When South-winds rest, what Swains so oft perceive
 When neerer to their stalls their herds they leave.
 Then straight with rising gusts the Ocean swells,
 And a loud Frigor's head in lofty hills:
 Or far off shores resound with raging seas,
 And mighty murmurs in the woods increase.
 From tallest Ships, then billows scarce refrain,
 When *Cormorants* with clamour from the main
 Flie to the shore, and when the Sea-soul sports

On the dry Strand, and from the Fen resorts,
 And mounting 'bove the lofty clouds, the Herne.
 Oft before windes thou shalt the Stars discern,
 Shoot swiftly through the skie, and in the night
 To leave behinde a train of blazing light,
 And often chaff to flie, and falling leaves
 With floating feathers sport on bounding waves.
 But when it thunders from the cruel North,
 And when the East and Western winds draw forth,
 All dikes are fill'd, the Sailor at th' Alarms
 Strikes his wet sail, *no storm the wise man harms*;
 From which the soaring Crane to Valleys flies;
 Or else the Cow viewing the open skies,
 At her wide nostrils the perception takes.
 Or chattering Swallows flie about the Lakes;
 Or in the mud Frogs sing their old complaint.
 Oft through straight path to secret roofs the Ant
 Conveys her Eggs; deeps drink the mighty bow:
 And from their food in a great flight. the Crow
 Makes his retreat, and sounds his fanning wings.
 Various Sea-soul, with those haunt pleasant Springs,
 And Asian Medows of *Cayster* use,
 Busie, their shoulders bathe with sprinkling dew,
 Now under water thou mayst see them dive,
 And in their sportful washing vainly strive:
 The wicked Crow alone then rain demands,
 And all alone stalks proudly on dry sands.
 Nor at Nocturnal wheels the Maidens be
 Of storms unskillful, when they shining see
 The oyl to sparkle in the shining lamp,
 And the hard snuff to make the light grow damp.
 Nor less from stormes mayst thou fair weather learn,
 And long before by surest signes discern:
 For then no Star an obtuse beam displays,
 Nor is the Moon estrang'd from *Phæbus* rays,
 Nor fine wool fleeces driven through the skie;
 Nor to warm Sun ashore with spread wings lie
Ha'cyons, below'd of *Theris*: nor loose straw

Foul Swine remember in their mouths so draw:
 But clouds sink lower, and to Vales retreat:
 And from high roofs, observing *Phœbus* set,
 The Owl in vain late notes doth exercise.
Nisus appears high in the crystal skies,
 And *Scylla* punisheth for th' purple hair.
 Where ere she flying cuts the yeelding air,
Nisus (behold) her stern foe, through the skies,
 Sounding, pursues: where through the Heaven he flies,
 On swift wings shunning through the clouds, she bends.
 And then the Crow her wat'ry throat extends,
 Redoubling notes; oft in their towrie nest
 (With what unwonted joy I have not ghest)
 Sport 'mongst the leaves, the storm past, glad to see
 Their ancient buildings, and fair Progenie.
 Nor think I heaven on them such knowledg states,
 Nor that their *prudence* is above the Fates:
 But when a tempest, and the fleeting rack
 Have chang'd their course, and the moist air grows black
 With Southern-windes, which thicken in the skies
 Thin vapours, and the grosser rarifies;
 Their thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their mind
 Inconstant are, like Clouds before the winde:
 Hence 'tis that birds chaunt forth melodious notes,
 The beasts are glad, and Crows stretch joyful throates.
 If the swift Sun whose Horses never swerve,
 And *Moons* in order following thou observe:
 Th' ensuing day shall never thee deceive,
 Nor Nights fair Promises of hope bereave.
 When first the *Moon* renewin' flame adorns,
 If a grosse aire obscure her blunted horns,
 Great showres, for Sea, and Husbandmen prepare:
 But if her face a Virgin blush declare,
 It shall be winde, 'gainst winde she blusheth still.
 If the fourth day her Orbe with silver fill,
 (For that by long experience hath been tride)
 Nor with blunt horns through crystal Heaven shall glide
 That day, and all that follow, you shall finde

Virgil's Georgicks.

43

To the moneths end, free both from rain and winde.
 To *Milecert*, *Glaucus*, *Panapæa* now
 Sailors preserv'd, from danger, pay their Vow.
 Also true signes the *Sun* at rising shewes,
 And when he doth in *Thetis* lap repose,
 For the most certain on the *Sun* attend
 Both in the morn, and when the stars ascend.
 When rising he with many spots growes pale,
 Drown'd in a Cloud, and half his Orb doth vail :
 Then Stormes expect, then South-winds rise from Sea,
 To trees, and corne, and cattel, enemy.
 Or when amongst thick Clouds before the day
 Many refracted beams themselves display;
 Or when forsaking *Tythons* Saffron bed,
 Much paleness hath *Auroras* cheek ore-spread ;
 Ah ! then but ill, the Vines defend their grapes,
 Such horrid haile on house-tops rattling leaps.
 This to remember it will profit thee :
 When he high Heaven forsakes, (for oft we see
 Strange colours wandring in his visage, joyn'd)
 The duskie threatens rain, the fiery winde.
 But if the spots red flashes shall unfold,
 All vext with rain, and winde thou shalt behold,
 That night shall none perswade me to the sea,
 Nor yet advise that I my Anchor weigh.
 But when he gives, or takes the day again,
 His Orbe be clear, thou fear'st a showr in vain,
 Then thou mayst see soft gales to move the woods ;
 What *Vesper* next, (whence winds drive empty clouds)
 What *Auster* plots the *Sun* doth signifie ;
 And who so bold to give the *Sun* the lye ?
 Clandestine tumults he doth oft foreshew,
 And open war from secret plots to grow :
 He pitying *Rome* at *Cesars* Funerals spread
 A mourning vail ore his Illustrious head.
 The Impious age then fear'd eternal night,
 Though in that time *Earth* and vast *Amphitrite*,
 Fierce dogs, and cruel foal strange signs did yield ;
 We, smoking *Ætna* i'th' *Cyclopian* field

Of

Oft saw to rage, and from broke tunnels came
 Huge liquid stones, and mighty globes of flame
 Germany heard from Heaven a found of arms,
 And the Alps trembled at unus'd Asarms:
 A mighty voice in silent groves was heard,
 And gassy spirits, wonderous pale, appear'd
 Before 'twas night: and Beasts (O wondrous) spake;
 Swift Rivers stand, and yawning earth did quake:
 Brasse in the Temples sweat: sad Ivorie weeps,
 High woods, Eridanus, King of Rivers, sweeps;
 And on the Plains with hostile billows falls,
 Bearing with him the cattel and their stalls.
 Nor then sad entrails threatning ceast to shew,
 Nor through the channels putrid blood to flow;
 And then the populous Cities did resound
 With howling Wolves which walkt their nightly round
 Nor from cleer skies ever more lightning came,
 Nor such dire Comets oftner seen to flame.
 Again, Philippi, Roman Squadrons saw
 With equal arms, for dreadful battel draw.
 Twice with our blood the gods did not disdain
 To enrich Æmus, and th' Æmathian Plain.
 Time comes, by Swains, when turning up their ground
 Eaten with rust, large Javelins shall be found:
 Or boisterous rakes, from emptie helmes strike fire,
 And shall huge bones dig'd from their Tombs admire
 Great Vesta, Romulus, and our native gods,
 Who losty Rome preserve, and Tuscan floods,
 Ah! for young Cesar now your selves ingage,
 That he again repair this ruin'd Age.
 Long since enough we with our bloods did pay
 For sacrilegious perjuries of Troy.
 Cesar, long since Heavens court envi'de us thee,
 Griev'd thou shouldst pleas'd with mortal triumphs be
 Wrong was turn'd right, and war through all the world
 So many shapes of wickedness had hurl'd.
 To the scorn'd Plow, no man doth honour yield,
 Swains prest to arms, waste lies th' uncultur'd field:

And crooked Sythes to swords transformed are.
Euphrates here, there *Germany* makes war :
 The neighbouring Towns in Civil arms engage,
 And impious *Mars* through all the world doth rage.
 As when the Chariots starting from the bar.
 Straight through the list'd Champaign hurried are :
 The Charioteer is born away in vain,
 Checking their speed, who now condemn the rein,

C

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF *Virgil's* G E O R G I C K S

THE ARGUMENT.

*How trees by nature grow, some from the root,
Some from the seed, some of themselves do sprout,
As many ways of Art experience grants:
The Gard'ner graffs, inoculates, transplants,
What fruitful Trees in several Countreys are;
But none with happy Italie compare.
How to discern the goodness of each ground.
Where choicest Olives and best Vines are found.
What safety in the harmlesse Countrey lies:
What dangers from rebellious Cities rise.*



Hus much of tillage, and the Planets sway,
I'll thee now, Bacchus, & wild plants display
And the slow Olives race. Father, draw near
(All things are full of thy great bounty here)
Thou pregnant fields deck't with Autumnal
Till foaming Presses over-flow with wine: (Vine,
O Father come, and lay thy Buskins by,
With me in Must then stain thy naked thigh.

*Trees in their growth of different natures are:
Some spring themselves unforc't by humane care,
As in the fields where winding Rivers flow,
The gentle Broom, Poplar and Sallow grow,
And Willows with fresh branches flourishing.
Some from their seed being set, as Chesnuts spring,
And Jove's great Æsculus, which all Groves excell'd;
And Oaks, which Grecians still oraculous held.*

In mighty Groves some spring from their own root,
 So Cherries, Elms, *Parnassian* Laurel, shoot,
 Which small, in great shade of their Mother rise.
 These ways first Nature gave : by these all trees
 In Ort-yards, Woods, and sacred Forrests grow :
 Others there are which use and custom show.
 Here, from the tender Parent, this man gets
 The sprouting twigs, and in a furrow sets.
 There, in the earth, another covers stocks
 O ancient trees, pales, posts, and cloven blocks :
 Some trees require their boughs be set arch wise,
 And make their own soyl living Nurseries.
 Some need no root, nor doth the Gard'ner doubt
 That sprigs set in the ground shall timely sprout.
 And (wondrous to be told) the Olive-root
 From a dry stick, cut at the end, will shoot.
 And oft without empairing we may see
 The boughs of one, chang'd to another tree ;
 And Pears from grafted Apples for to spread
 And stonie Cornel with ripe plums wax red.
 Therefore, O Husbandman, the best means trie
 To improve wilde fruit, lest waste your Ort-yards lie.
 To plant the Vine in *Ismare* we are glad,
 And that *Tabernus* verdant Olives clad.
 Help, O *Mecenas*, and this work review,
 My glory and my chief fame springs from you :
 Swell thou my Sail, now venturing to the Main,
 Nor all things would I in my Verse contain :
 Had I an hundred mouthes, an hundred tongues,
 A voice of Steel : Help me to coast along
 The task is easie : nor I'll thee detain
 With full descriptions, nor with fables vain.
 Those trees which of themselves are fostered,
 Infertile be, but strong, and fair they spread,
 Because they draw their nature from the soyl :
 But these if any sow, or shall with toyl
 Transplant, and then in cultred Ort-yards set,
 Their wilder disposition they forget ;

With often pruning they not slowly will
Answer thy labour, and obey thy skil.

So those which spring from roots like profit yield,
If you transplant them to the open field ;
These, boughs before, and parent-branches shade,
Which stops their growth, and makes the body fade.
Plants which from seed arise, of slow growth are,
And shades for our Posterity prepare.
Apples grow wilde, and lose their former taste,
And vines harsh clusters bear, for birds to waste ;
All labour ask, and covering in rich soyl,
And must be conquer'd with much art and toyl.
Th' Olive from trunks, vines prosper best from stocks,
And *Paphian* Myrtle springs from solid Okes :
Tall Ash and Hazel best from Scions takes,
And Poplar, which *Herculean* Garlands makes :
So *Jove's Chaonian* Oke, and high Palms grow,
And Firr, which must the Sailors fortune know.
Arbutis from Nuts, the sterile Plane tree bears
Best Apples ; Chesnuts, Beech ; blossoms of Pears
The wilde Ash silvers with a snowie flower,
And under Elms rough Swine the mast devour.

T' *Inoculate* and *Graffe*, are several Arts :
For where the bud shoots from the tender parts,
And breaks the gentle film, just where they binde,
They make an orifice i'th' knotty rinde,
Imprisoning there the sprig of th' other tree,
And with moist bark they teach them to agree.
Or else the knotless trunk they cut again,
And with a wedg deep wound the solid grain ;
After the slip, so valued, there inclose ;
Nor long's the time, when sprouts with fruitful boughs
A mighty tree to Heaven, at leaves unknown
Admiring, and strange Apples, not her own.
Nor of one kinde strong Elms and Sallows be,
The Lotus, nor th' *Idæan* Cypress tree .
Nor in one manner the rich Olive comes,
Orchites and Radies, and sour *Pausian* plums,

Alcinous Apples, nor such branches bears
 Wardens, *Crustumians*, and the *Syrian Pears* :
 Nor the same Vintages our clusters grant
 Which *Lesbos* hath from the *Mcthymnian Plant* :
Thasians there are, and silver *Mariots* ; these
 Fat ground affect, and those the lighter please :
 And *Psythian Grapes*, best dry'd ; *Lageos* strong
 Which soon will try your feet, and tie your tongue ;
 Purple and early *Grapes* there are. What Verse,
 You *Rhetick Vineyards*, shall your praise rehearse ?
 But yet contend not with *Faternian Vine* :
 There are *Aminian grapes*, a most sound Wine :
Tmolus to this, and King *Phanaeus* give,
 And less *Argitis* homage ; none will strive
 With this to fill the Press with cheering juice,
 Nor last so many years, and fit for use.
 Nor *Rhodian*, gracing Feasts and Rites, shall scape.
 Nor the *Bumaste*, that so swelling grape :
 Their names and kinds innumerable are,
 Nor for their catalogue we need not care ;
 Which who would know, as soon may count the sands
 The Western winds raise on the *Libyan* strands.
 Or when East-windes at sea more violent rore,
 Reckon *Æonian* waves, which rowl to shore.
 All grounds not all things bears ; the *Alder tree*
 Grows in thick Fens, with *Sallows* brooks agree,
Ash craggie Mountains, shores sweet *Myrtle* fills,
 And lastly *Bacchus* loves the *Sunnie hills* :
 The *Yew* best prospers in the North and cold.
 The conquer'd worlds remotest Swains behold,
 Where *Arabs* painted *Gelonie* are found ;
 Each Land shews several plants, the *Indian* ground
 Bears *Ebonie*, *Sabea*, *Frankincense*.
 What shall I say to thee sweet Wood ? from whence
Balsame distills, and Berries ever green
 Of bright *Aeanthus* ? How shall I begin
 Of trees in *Æthiopia*, white with Wooll ?
 Where from the leaves the Natives fleeces cull

Or

Or of those groves in utmost *India* bred
 Neer the worlds border, whose aspiring Head
 No arrow could by Archers skill surmount :
 And yet good Bowmen we those men account;
Media brings wholesome apples of harsh juice,
 'Gainst step-dames poison nothing more in use :
 When baneful herbs they mix with deadly charmes,
 This helps, and vital spirits 'gainst venome arms.
 This, a large tree, *Laurell* resembles well,
 But that it casts abroad another smell ;
 No windes offend the leaves, the flowers indure :
 With this, their tainted breaths the *Medians* cure,
 And it to old mens Tyfficks medicine yeelds.
 But *Median* groves, nor all those plenteous fields,
 Nor *India*, *Ganges*, *Hermes* sandie gold.
 May strive with *Italie*, nor *Baſſrians* bold.
 Nor great *Panchaia* rich with *Frankincense*.
 This place not Bulls whose Nostrils fire dispense
 Have tild, nor teeth of the fierce *Hydra* there
 Set, did thick crops of Spears, and Helmets bear.
 But luscious fruit, and rich wine fill the Press,
 And *Olive* plants, and joyful herds possess.
 Here warlike Steeds trot proudly through the fields,
 This snowie flocks, and Bulls prime offering yields ;
 Which bath'd *Clitumnus* in thy sacred floods,
Romes triumphs draw, to Temples of the gods.
 A lasting Spring, and Summer all the year ;
 Our flocks twice teem, our plants twice Apples bear.
 This no fierce Tygers, nor stern Lyons breeds,
 Nor *Simplers* here deceiv'd with poisonous weeds,
 Nor scalie Dragon quarters in this soyl,
 Wreathing himself to a prodigious pile.
 To these so many famous Cities adde,
 Works of great care, with art, cost, labour made;
 So many seats cut from the quarries side,
 Under whose ancient wals sweet rivers glide.
 What shall I say of both those Seas which lave
 Our Coasts? or of those many lakes we have?

Or speak of thee great *Lavis* and thy waves
Benacus, which so like the Ocean raves?
 Or Ports, or *Lucrine* Sluces shall I sing?
 Whose raging floods with mighty murmur ring.
 Where *Julian* streams thunder in troubled Seas,
 And *Tyrrhen* waters fill th' *Avernian* bayes.
 Here we have silver rivers, brazen Mines,
 And with much gold this happy Countrey shines;
 Here a bold race, the valiant *Marsians* are,
 Stout *Sabels*, and *Ligurii* us'd to war;
 The long-spear'd *Volscei*, *Decii*, *Marii*, hence,
 And the *Camilli* draw their old descents.
 This the bold *Scipioes* and thee *Cæsars* bore;
 Who Conquerour now in utmost *Asia's* shore,
 Driv'st from the *Roman* Tow'rs th' unwarlike Land
 Of *India*. Hail, great *Sarurnian* Lands,
 Parent of fruit, and men of noble parts:
 To undertake thy ancient Fame and Arts,
 Boldly I'll open now the Sacred Spring,
 And through *Rome's* Seats *Ascrean* Verses sing.

Now several kindes of ground we must declare.
 Their colour, strength, and what they willing bear:
 And first your harder soyl and barren hills,
 Where stone and thin clay, mix'd in shrubby fields,
 Fresh Groves of living Olives. these rejoyce;
 And by wilde Olives of that Land make choice;
 And where sower Berries through the Countrey spread.
 But a rich ground with pleasant moisture fed,
 Where store of grass and verdant *Champaigns* be,
 Such as in wanton Vales we use to see;
 Where Rivers from the lofty Rocks descend
 With fruitful mud, and to the Southward bend,
 Nourishing Fern, which so much hurts the Plow:
 Here, for thee (*Bacchus*) strongest Wine shall grow,
 To swell the Press: this the rich Grape shall bear
 Such as in Gold for off' rings we prepare,
 When the swoln *Tuskans* on their Cornets play,

And we on Altars smoking entrails lay.
 But if thou Herds and Steers delight to keep,
 Or Goats that burn the corn, or fleecy sheep,
 Seek pleasant Groves, and rich *Tarentum's* Coast,
 And Plains which woful *Mantua* hath lost,
 Where silver Swans hear flowry Rivers plant;
 Where chrystal Springs, not grass, the Cattel want;
 How much thy Herds eat in the longest day,
 So much cold dews in the short night repay.
 Black grounds which under heavie Plows are rich,
 A brittle soyl (for tillage makes it such)
 Is best for Corn; upon no ground appears
 More Carrs returning home with weary Steers;
 Or where the angry Swain cuts down a Wood,
 And fruitless Groves, which many years had stood,
 And by the roots Birds ancient seats orethrew,
 Who to the skies, their nests forsaken, flew.
 But a rough Champaign soon improves with toyl;
 For hungry grounds, and a rough stonie soyl,
 Scarce Bees with *Cassia* and sweet dew supply;
 In whose dark hollow Rocks foul Serpents lie:
 No Land, they say, with better choice is stor'd
 Of food for Snakes, nor better nests afford.
 That Earth exhales thin clouds, and flying mists,
 And moisture drinks, repaying when it lists;
 Which alwayes her own verdant livery wears,
 Nor hurts with coomings and foul rust the shares.
 Where Elms with joyful Vine are interwove,
 Where Olives grow; that soyl you may approve
 Both for your Cattel, and the heavie Plow.
 For they such Plains near wealthy *Capua* sow:
 And those which borders nigh *Vesuvius* heights;
 And *Clavius*, who oft poor *Acerra* frights.

I'll teach thee now moulds differing to discern;
 That what's too thick, or looser thou mayst learn.
 Since one Corn best affects, the other Vines;
 To *Ceres* thick, to *Bacchus* thin inclines.

First with great diligence let a place be found;
 There let a pit be made deep in the ground;
 This done, cast in the thrown-out mould again,
 And with thy feet tread the whole surface plain.
 If there want Earth, 'tis loose; that most inclines
 Cattel to feed, and cherish prospering vines
 But if t' its bounds 'twill not be brought again,
 And the pit fill'd, some earth shal yet remain.
 That soyl is thick: plough with thy sturdie yolk
 There the hard gleab, let that tough soyl be broke.
 Land that is salt, and which we bitter finde,
 Is bad for fruit, to tillage not inclin'd,
 All plants shall here degenerate, and the Vine
 Loseth the name, and this shall be the sign.
 From smokie roofs an Osier basket take,
 And such a strainer as for Wine they make:
 There Earth with Streams drawn from a chrystat Spout
 Commix; and all the water will run out,
 And in great drops shall through the Strainer flow,
 But soon the taste will clear distinction shew;
 And straight thou mayst with bitterness espie,
 The taster's mouth displeas'd, be drawn awrie.
 And lastly we thus rich soyl understand,
 It will not moulder kneading in your hand.
 But to your fingers it will cling like pitch.
 Moist ground hath weeds, and that which is too rich.
 Ah! Let not mine too fertile prove, nor bear
 Upon a heavie stalk a ponderous ear.
 Mould that is sad, that, silently by weight
 It self betrayes; and so we finde what's light.
 Black, and all colours, straight our eyes discern.
 But cursed cold, is wondrous hard to learn.
 Yet sometimes pithey Firr, and Fatal Yew,
 Or winding Ivie will sad tokens shew.
 This known with care, thy Earth plough long before,
 And raise the ridges of thy furrows more:
 And let thy turn'd up Glebe stern Boreas face,
 Before thou set the Vines rejoycing race.

Brittle is best, which winde and frost indure;
 And rustick Swains with turning off manure.
 But those men who no care or labour fie,
 Chuse places fit both for a Nursery,
 And where they may transplanted after grow,
 Lest they their Mother, sudden chang'd, not know.
 Also Heavens Quarters on the bark they score,
 That they may coast it as it was be'ore,
 Which Southern heat sustain'd, which view'd the Pole.
Such strength hath custom in each tender Soul.

First know, if hils or dales best please the Grape:
 - Wouldst thou the plenty of rich Vine-yards reap?
 Sow the Vale thick, then will thy press abound:
 But if it hilly be, and rising ground,
 Set thin thy ranks, nor less in every tract,
 Range ordered Vines, the Walks drawn out exact.
 As when a mighty Battel's to be fought:
 Up to the Front the ordered Files are brought,
 Troops hide the Fields, and ready for Alarms,
 All the vast Champaign shines with glittering arms,
 Before in horrid Fight the Battel joynes,
 And doubtful Mars to neither part inclines:
 So let thy ranks in equal number grow.
 Not that vain fancie should be fed with show;
 But else th' earth grants not equal nourishment;
 Nor can their branches have their full extent.

Perhaps how deep to furrow thou wouldst know.
 In shallow trenches I my Vines dare sow.
 But the huge *Æsculus*, that mighty tree
 Must in Earths bosom deeply fixed be:
 How much to Heaven her spreading branches shoot,
 So much toward Hell extends her fixed root:
 Therefore, not her, shows with huge tempests mix'd,
 Nor cruel Winter harms, but remains fix'd;
 And many years and ages she endures,
 Of short-liv'd man, whom her own strength secures.
 Tall branches guard her, and huge boughs displaid
 Protect her round with her own mighty shade,

Nor make thy Vineyard where the Sun declines ;
Nor plant rough Hazels 'mongst the tender Vines,
Nor pull the lofty branches, nor empair
The sprouting boughs ; for great must be thy care :
Nor rustie pruners harm the hopeful seed,
Nor let wilde Olives in thy Vineyard breed.

'Mongst careless Swains oft happens fire : which first
Under the sappie rinde is closely nurst :

Then by degrees to the high branches flies,
And spreading sends loud siager to the skies :
A Victor straight from bough to bough aspires ;
And the Crown seis'd, involveth all with fires ;
To Heaven black clouds and pitchy mists are sent,
And dismal vapours scale the firmament.

But more, if from the North a tempest rise,
And in the Groves winde makes the flame increase,
This happens, then their flocks decaid no more
Sprout fresh again, nor flourish as before :
Nor from the earth like nourishment receives :
But curst wilde Olives grow with bitter leaves.

Let none however skilful thee advise
To turn hard grounds, when Northern winds arise.
Winter binds earth with frost, nor grants the seed
To take firm root, nor tender plants to feed.

Then set thy vines when the white Bird appears.
In blushing Spring, which the long Serpent fears :
Or in first *Autumns* cold, before the Sun
Hath cool'd his Steeds in Winter, Summer done.
Spring cloaths the woods with leaves, and groves attires,
Earth sive ls with Spring, and genital seed requires,
In fruitful shows th' Almighty from above
Descends i'th' lap of his delighted love :
And gear, he with the mighty body joyn'd,
Both propagates, and fosters every kinde.
Harmonious birds then sing in every grove,
And cattel taste the sweet delights of love.
Earth blest, now teems : soft winds dissolve the Meads,
With cheering warmth through al sweet moisture spreads

To

To the new Sun the tender herbage dare
 Open their leaves, nor Vines rough *Auster* fear,
 Nor thundring *Boreas* ushering dreadful showers;
 But all things bud with blossom, leaf, and flowers.

Sure I beleeve when first the World was made,
 So shone the day; and such bright conduct had.
 That was the Spring; the Spring made all things fair,
 And blustering *Eurus* did cold tempests spare.
 Then cattel breed: in unplow'd fields began
 First to appear that iron race of man:
 Wilde Beasts possess the woods, and Heaven the Stars:
 Nor tender creatures could indure such cares,
 If not those breathings were 'twixt heat and cold,
 And Heavens indulgence did the Earth uphold,

What ever plant thou in the earth dost set,
 First dung it well, and deeply cover it.
 Let shels and Lime-stones guard it with a pale:
 That streams may glide betwixt, and may exhale
 A gentle vapour that may cheer the plant.
 Some stones and potsheards use to lay upon't:
 Which a defence 'gainst rising tempests yield,
 And when hot *Syrinx* chops the parched field.
 Thy plants being set, next often draw the mold
 About the root, to break the clods be bold:
 And with a thwarting Plow turn cross thy ground:
 And let thy labouring Steers thy Vines surround.
 Then take smooth reeds, and wands, and sticks prepare,
 With ashen poles, and stakes that pointed are.
 Supported thus, the winds they will contemn,
 And boldly clime the high Elms tallest Stem.
 But whilst in tender Infancy they are,
 Sprouting new leaves, the gentle off-spring spare:
 Nor when the verdant branches do arise,
 And with loose reins are posting to the skies:
 Use not thy sharper knife, but gently pull
 Th' ambitious boughs and haughty branches cull.

But when grown strong, th'imbrace the Elms high top,
 Then shave their locks, and dangling tresses crop :
 Before they fear'd the knife : more rigorous now
 Use thy commands, upon the stubborn bough,
 And from all cattel strongly them immure,
 Whil'st the soft boughs disturbance not indure ;
 T' whom Cows, and Goats, and Sheep more harm have
 Then freezing Winter, and the scorching Sun : {done,
 Cold not so much, nor white congealing frosts,
 Nor vexing beams, which beat on sandy coasts,
 As cattel harm, when with a venom'd tooth
 They wound the branches, in their tender youth.

Only for this crime we on Altars pay,
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient play.
 Then from great villages *Athenians* haste
 And where the high-waies meet the prize is plac'd.
 They to soft meads, heightned with wine advance :
 And joyfully 'mongst oyled bottels dance.
 Th' *Ausonian* race, and those from *Troy* did spring,
 Dissolv'd with laughter rustick verses sing :
 In Visards of rough bark conceal their face,
 And with glad numbers thee, great *Bacchus*, grace :
 Hanging soft pictures on thy lofty pine.
 Then vineyards swell pregnant with cheering wine,
 The shadie Groves and the deep vales oressow,
 Where eie the God shews his illustrious brow.
 To *Bacchus* then, let us due praises sing
 In ancient verse; wafers, and Javelins bring.
 A sacred Goat to th' Altars draw by th' horn ;
 On Hazel spits then the fat entrails turn.
 But other toyles in dressing Vines are found,
 And ne're enough : three or four times thy ground
 Turn yeerly, and with forks reverst, the clods
 Constantly break : and cleanse from leaves the woods.
Labour returns in circle to the Swain,
And years revolve in their own steps again.

But when thy vineyard her last leaves removes,
 And cold North-winds dispoil the glorious Groves ;

Then

Then the industrious Husbandman takes care
 T' extend his labour to th' ensuing year ;
 To lop the Vine which hitherto escapes,
 And with old *Saturns* hook he pruning shapes.
 First dig thy ground, and shreds and refuse burn,
 And under roofs the poles and stakes return. -
 Gather your vintage last ; vines twice have shade,
 And twice the corn thick Briers and Weeds invade.
 Both toyls are painful : A large Farm commend :
 A little, till. Thorns that to woods extend,
 And reeds, which clog the Banks, to cut prepare :
 And on wilde Sallow take especial care.
 The Vines are bound, pruners no more they want,
 And round the empty walls the Gard'ners chant.
 Yet still must labour be, and toyl in dust,
 And grapes being ripe, a tempest they mistrust.

On th' other side ; Olives you may neglect,
 They need no care, nor crooked Sythes expect,
 Nor the tentacious Rake: once set they rise
 Shooting luxurious branches to the skies.
 Those grounds supply, turnd with the crooked Plow,
 Moisture enough, and large increase allow.
 Th' Emblem of Peace, thus the rich Olive grows.
 So Apples when they feel extending boughs,
 And growing strength, suddain the stars invade
 By their own vertue scorning humane aid.

Nor lesse with Fruit are laden every bush,
 And wilder Forrests with red Berries blush,
 There shrubs are cut, and Firr in tall woods breed
 Nocturnal fires, and Torches thence proceed.
 And shall men doubt to plant and careful be ?
 Why urge I these ? Broom and the Sallow tree,
 Or seed the sheep, or else the shepherd shade,
 Yceld honey, or for corn are hedges made.

What pleasure is't to view *Cyturus*, rich
 With waving Box, and groves of *Murick* pitch ?
 How am I pleas'd to see those fields that are
 Glorious undrest, nor us'd to humane care !

Those

Those barren trees high *Caucasus* do crown,
Which storms oft tear, and often tumble down,
Are of great use : There Pines for Masts are feld,
And Cypres, and tall Cedars towres to build :
Here coverings for their Cars, and spoaks for wheels,
Husbandmen get, and ships find crooked Keels.
Sallows have boughs, the tall Elms leavie are,
Myrtle for Spears, and Cornel fit for war.

And Yewes are bent into Ityrian bowes :
Smooth Tile and Box the skillful *Turner* knowes
How to compleat, and with his tools to trim,
And down the *Poe* in rough streams *Alders* swim.
In rugged bark the Bees conceal their stocks.
And hoard in hollow wombs of ancient okes.
Can *Bacchus* blessings like to these dispense?
'Twas *Bacchus* first proud quarrels did commence.
He in cold death did those hot *Centaurs* tame,
Hylæus, *Rhætus*, *Polus*, overcame :

As threatening *Lapiths* he a Goblet threw.

Oh happy *Swaines* if their own good they knew,
To whom just Earth remote from cruel wars
From her full breasts soft nourishment prepares :
Although from high roofs through proud Arches come
No floods of Clients early from each room :
Nor Marble pillars seek, which bright shels grace,
Gold woven vestments, nor Corinthian brasse ;
Nor white wool staine'd in the Assyrian juice,
Nor simple oyl corrupt with Cassias use :
But rest secure, a fraudless life in peace,
Variously rich, in their large Farms at ease ;
Tempe's cool shades, dark Caves and purling streams,
Lowings of Cattel, under trees soft dreams :
Nor lack they woods and dens, where wilde beasts haunt,
Youth in toil patient, and inur'd to want.
Their Gods and parents sacred ; Justice took
Through those her last steps whom she Earth forsook.
Let the sweet *Muses* most of me approve,
Whose Priest I am struck with almighty Love.

They shall to me *Heavens* starrie tracts make known,
 And strange *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*.
 Whence *Earthquakes* are, why the swoln *Ocean* bears
 Over his banks, and then again retreats :
 Why *Winter Suns* haste so to touch the main,
 And what delaies the tardy night restrain.
 But if these gifts of *Nature* I not finde,
 And cold blood beleaguers my dull minde,
 Then *Ple* delight in vales, neer pleasant floods,
 And unrenown'd, haunt rivers, hils and woods ;
 Thy banks sweet *Sperchius*, and *Taygeta*, where
 The *Grecian* virgins stately feasts prepare.
 How shall *I* be to *Hemus* vale convaide,
 And crown my temples with a mighty shade ?
 Happy is he that hidden causes knowes,
 And bold all shapes of danger dares oppose,
 Trampling beneath his feet the cruel *Fates*,
 Whom *Death* nor swallowing *Acheron* amates :
 And he is blest who knows our *Country Gods* ;
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the *Nymphs* aboads :
 He fears no *Scepters*, nor aspiring *States*,
 Nor treacherous brethren stirring up debates :
 Nor *Dacians* *Covenant*, at *Isters* streams :
 Nor *Romes* affairs, and nigh destroyed *Realms*,
 Or poor men pities, or the rich envies.
 What nourishment the bounteous field supplies,
 What trees allow, he takes : nor ever saw
 Mad *Councils*, *Acts* of *People*, nor sword-*Law* ;
 Some vex the *Sea*, and this to war resorts.

Attend on *Kings*, and wait in *Princes Courts* ;
 This would his *Country*, and his *God* betray
 To drink in *Jems*, and on proud scarlet lye.
 This hides his wealth, and broods on hidden gold,
 This loves to plead, and that to be extold
 Through all the *Seats* of *Commons*, and the *Sires*.
 To bathe in's brothers blood this man desires.
 Some banish'd, must their native seats exchange,
 And *Countries*, under other *Climates* range.

The Husbandman turns up his fruitful plains ;
Whence he, his children, and poor house sustains,
His herds, and labouring Steers : no rest is found ;
Either his trees with blushing fruit abound,
His folds with Lambs, or else his stacks with corn :
Or plenty loads his field, or cracks his barn.
In Winter he *Lycanian* Olives mils,
And the fat Swine with mast and akorns fills.
All sort of fruits in plenteous *Autumn* falls,
And milder Vines grow ripe on sunnie walls.
Whilst 'bout his neck his prettie Children cling,
His house kept modest : home his heifers bring
Extended tears : in meads his fat Kids rest,
And with their horns in wanton sport contest.
He keeps the festive dayes on grasse laid down,
And friends about the fire the Goblets crown.
Bacchus implor'd ; then for his Hinds sticks fast
A prize ; at which, they nimble Javelins cast ;
Stripping their hardned limbs for rustick strife.

Of old this was the ancient *Sabins* life,
Rhemus, and *Romulus*, and *Tuscans* fierce :
And *Rome* great Mistresse of the Universe,
Who seven proud hills did then with wals surround,
Before *Dixean* *Jupiter* was crown'd,
Ere impious man on slaughterd cattel fed,
This was the life which golden *Saturn* led ;
Or sounding Trumpets heard, or any made
To ring on anviles the imposed blade.

But we have past now through a spacious plain,
And 'tis high time our smoking steeds t' unrein.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK OF
Virgil's
 GEORGICKS

THE ARGUMENT.

*How to chuse Cattel, and best wayes to breed,
 To train a Horse, for labour, war, or speed.
 The power of Love: whose fire consumes the Males,
 Makes Bulls to fight, and Mares court Western gales.
 Of Sheep and Goats: of milk what profit's made,
 Of hair, and wool, which drive a mighty trade.
 Of Dogs for hunting, or a watchful Guard.
 Serpents and Flies from Beasts must be debar'd.
 With what diseases Cattel are annoid,
 How rots and murrains have whole Realms destroyd.*

♦♦♦♦♦ Reat Pales, and th' Amphrysian Swain re-
 noun'd,
 ♦ G ♦ Lycæan streams, and woods, I'll now resound.
 ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ All things that took up id'e minds are shewn;
 ♦♦♦♦♦ For who hath not cruel Euristheus known?
 And bloody altars fierce Busiris rear'd,
 Or nor of Hylas, or of Delos heard?
 Of swift Hypodame and Pelops fam'd
 For's Ivorie shoulders, who proud horses tam'd:
 To raise my self a way must now be found,
 That through all Nations I may be renown'd.
 First to my Country (if I live) I will
 Conveigh the Muses from th' Aonian hill;

And *Idumean* palms to *Mantua* bear :
 Then in green fields a Marble Temple rear,
 Where the great *Minicius* slowly winding glides,
 And borders with a tender reed his sides.
 Amidst the fane, shall *Cæsars* statue be,
 Who shall in purple me triumphing see,
 Driving a hundred Chariots to the floods,
 Leaving *Alphæus*, and *Molyrchian* woods :
 All Greece shall strive with whirlbars and the race,
 And offering Olive leaves, my brows shall grace.
 How it delights to see the solemn train
 March to the Temples, and the Bullocks slain !
 Or as the ſcean with fronts reverſt ſhall ſhift,
 And painted *Brittians* purple hangings liſt.
 There, I'll in Gold and Ivorie draw th' alarms
 Of *India*, and conquering *Cæsars* arms ;
 And huge *Nile* ſwelling both with waves, and war.
 On brazen beams I'll naval Trophies rear,
 Next conquer'd *Aſia* and *Niphates* ſhow,
 And *Parthians* flying, bold to uſe their bow.
 In *Parian* Marble, and reſpiring braſs,
 Shall ſtand the Statues of the *Dardan* race ;
 And all their titles, who from high *Jove* came ;
 Old *Tros* and *Phæbus*, who did *Ilium* frame.
 Let curſed envie at the Furies ſhake,
 And tremble at the dreadful *Stygian* Lake,
 And at *Ixions* twiſted Serpents groan,
 His rackling wheel, and never reſting ſtone.
 Mean while let us ſeek Groves, where *Sylvane* Gods
 Their dwellings have, and ſearch untracked woods,
 Your hard commands (*Mæcenæſ*) to purſue ;
 Our Muſe no lofty flight takes wanting you.
 Ah quickly come, nor make delay at all,
 For now *Cytheron* with loud voice doth call.
 Horſe-taming *Epire*, and *Tagetian* hounſts,
 And woods the clamor echoing reſounds :
 Next I ſhall *Cæsars* mighty wars proclaim,
 And through as many years extend his fame :

As hath been since bright *Phœbus* did adorne
The world with light, till thou great Prince wert borne

Who ere *Olympick* games admiring, Steeds,
Or for the Plow his sturdy bullocks breeds,
To chuse wel-bodied females must have care;
Of the best shape the sower-look'd Heifers are,
Her head great, thick her neck, and to her thigh
Down from her chin her dewlaps dangling lie;
Long-sided, all parts large, whom great feet bears,
And under crooked horns her bristly ears:
Those best I like whom spots of white adorn,
Or shun the yoke, oft butting with the horn;
The whole Cow fair, and visag'd like the male,
Sweeping the ground with her long bushie tail.
The fourth year past, *Lucina* they implore,
And after ten, tast joyes of love no more.

Their strength to plow, or procreate, then fails:
Whil'st wanton youth thy herds boast, free thy males,
Thy flocks, whil'st they are young, to *Venus* bring,
That from the old, new progenies may spring.
The best dayes first from mortal wretches flye,
Disease, sad age, labour and death supply.
But alwaies there are some, which rather you
Would wish to change, then still your breed renew:
Lest thou for lost things seek, begin before,
And let a yeerly race supply thy store.

Nor chusing horse, from the like precept swerve,
Those thou intend'st must their great stock preserve;
They at the first thy special care require:
For the fair issue of the generous Sire
Walks proudly round about the spacious field,
Whil'st his soft thighs in supple flexures yeeld:
First dares the way, and threatening Rivers takes,
And ore an unknown Bridge at full speed makes,
Nor fears vain sounds: one hath a lofty neck,
A handfom head, short belly and broad back,
Luxuriant swellings on his valiant brest:
White, forril, worst; Bay, or bright gray is best.

But Both

Virgil's Georgicks.

65

born But when from far a sound of arms he hears,
He knows no Stand, he shakes, and pricks his ears,
And fierce to charge, fire from his nostrils flies,
And his thick main on his right shoulders lies :
His back-bone broad, he bears the earth, and proof
With thundring stroaks) makes his solid hoof.

Such was swift *Cyllarus*, whom bold *Pollux* t^h ;am'd
Mars and *Achilles* Chariot-horses, sam'd
Mongst *Grecian* Poets : *Saturn* chang'd, had such
A flowing main, and at his wives approach
Flying high *Pelion*, thunders with his neighs.
But when diseases shall his body craze,
And struck in years, his sinews weaker are,
Keep him at home, his age not sordid spare.
Aged, they coldly *Venus* entertain.

And the ingrateful work prolong in vain ;
And if to joyn loves battel they ingage,
Like fire in straw, they vainly spend their rage.
Therefore their yeers and courage chiefly learn,
Next, other qualities, and breed discern.

Beat, how they grieve ; how joyful when they win :
When through the fields they flie, hast thou not seen
How they swift Chariots hurry to the Bar ?

Twixt hope and fear mens hearts distracted are ;
They ply the whip, bending, give the rain,
The burning ax flies thundring through the Plain ;
Now low they are, now up they seem to rise,
And easie air dividing, scale the skies :
Nor the least breathing use, nor make delays,
But a dark cloud of duskie sand they raise ;
With foam, and followers breath, bedew'd they are ;
So love they praise, of Conquest so much care.

First *Erythronius* Chariot-horses joyn'd,
And on swift wheels triumphing, dar'd the winde.
Lapithes first the art of Riding found,
And horsemen taught t^o insult ore trampled ground,
Armed cap-a-pe, and thick proud steps to use ;
But Both tasks alike ; and skilful Riders chuse

One young as well as swift, and fierce for fight,
 Though he hath often put the foe to flight;
 And *Epire*, or *Mycene* his Country call,
 Or boast from *Neptune* his original.
 This being known, take thou especial care
 To feed them high when they must serve the *Mare*.
 Whom for the Stud a Lord they have decreed,
 They give sweet grass, clear streams, and strongest bread,
 Lest strength they want love's task to undergo,
 And their Sires failing a poor off-spring show.

But carefully they make the female lean;
 And when known lust provokes to *Venus*, then
 They keep from food, and drive them from the streams,
 And often chase and tire in *Phæbus* beams,
 When with thrash'd corn the beaten barn floors grone,
 And the light chaff by Western winds is blown.
 These arts they use, lest that the field of love
 By too much wanton ranknesse barren prove,
 And oylie fatnesse make the furrows thin,
 But greedy take the seed and keep it in.

The Sires care past, now is the Dams begun,
 When neer their time, with reck'ned months th'ave gone,
 To draw a laden carr let no man force,
 Or to leap ditches, or in speedy course
 Run through the meads, or in swift floods to swim,
 But feed in large groves, neer some pleasant stream,
 Where banks with mosse and verdant grasse arraid,
 Are with caves sheltred, and a rockie shade.

A flie about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
 And high *Alburnus*, green with stately plants,
Asylus call'd by *Romans*, but the same
 The *Greeks* stile *Æstron* by an ancient name:
 Loud-sounding, fierce, from which, affrighted, flie
 The herds, and with loud bellowing shake the skie,
 And groves, and thirsty *Tanger's* banks; Heavens queen
 This Monster sent to wreak her deadly spleen
 On *Jo*, then transform'd into a Cow.
 This (for 'tis worst when hotter it doth grow)

beat from thy herds, and feed thy pregnant Mares,
When *Phæbus* drives, or night brings on the Stars.
But when th'ave teem'd, on th' off-spring place all care,
Which straight they name, and mark what breed they are,
Which to increase, their stock they most allow,
Or sacred Altars serve, or draw the Plow;
Or those thou would'st to Country uses frame,
Instruct them young, and with much custome tame,
Whil'st pliant are their joynts, and soft their mind;
And first, about their necks loose collars binde,
Made with soft twigs: Next, when the free-born are
To service us'd, them in fit couples pair,
And let them joyn their equal steps with art,
And often use to draw an empty cart,
To print a small tract in the dusty road;
Then groans the beachen axe with ponderous load;
Next a brasse teem with mighty wheels he draws.
Mean while th' unbroken Steer, not only grass,
And fennie rushes must with Sallow feed,
But bring him corn thy self: nor let thy breed
Their Snowie milk pailles, as the old custome fill,
But the full teat give their dear off-spring still.
If thou in war and cruel Arms dost pride,
Or neer *Alphæus* streams delight'st to ride,
And drive swift Chariots through the sacred Grove;
First make thy horse, arm'd men and arms to love;
Make him shril Trumpets suffer, and to hear
The groaning wheels, nor lashing whips to fear;
And at th' applauses and his masters voice,
And sounding of his clap't neck, to rejoyce.
This from the mothers teat he must indure,
And to soft headstals him you must inure,
Whil'st weak, and trembling, sturdie age unknown:
The third year spent, the fourth now drawing on,
Let him begin to ride the ring, and all
His Aires to learn, Curvet, and Capriol.
Let his swift thighs alternate flexures bend;
Then with the windes in nimble course contend,

And

And with loose reins fly through the open strands,
Scarce leaving any print upon the sands.

As from the Northern shores, when *Boreas* fierce,
Doth *Scythian* storms, and airy clouds disperse,
When with loud blasts, the waving Champaign crown'd
With rank corn shakes, and the tall woods resound,
Huge billows charge the shore with all their force,
Winds fly, and Sea and Land scow in their course.

This at the games of *Elis* swiftly flies
Through the great lists, sweating to gain the prize,
From's mouth foaming with blood, or else allots
His soft neck for the Belgick Chariots.

Then let the large limb'd grow, nor feeding spare
When they are broke; before they stubborn are;
When taken up, their haughty souls disdain
The gentlest stroke, nor will indure the rein.

No art more keeps their strength then to remove
Venus, and cruel shafts of blinded Love;
Whether in herds thou dost, or horses pride.
Far off the Bulls alone are feeding tide
Behinde a mountain, or beyond some flood,
Or at full stalls, shut up with plenteous food;
The female in their fights, consumes their strength,
Who burning, minde nor food, nor groves at length;
Shee with her sweet inticements oft provokes
Proud Rivals, till their fury turn to strokes.
In pleasant groves the beauteous Heifer feeds;
But they joyn battel, and in Warlike deeds
Gain many wounds; their bodies bath'd in gore,
Closing their horns most dreadfully they rore;
The mighty woods and heavens vast Court resound
Nor more these warriors pasture in one ground;
Exil'd to coasts unknown, the vanquish'd goes,
Moaning his shame, and the proud Conqueror's blows,
That unreveng'd from him his love was took,
And looking back his native Realm forsook.
Then he improves his strength with all his care,
Amongst hard rocks all night his lodgings are:

There he rough leaves and bristly *Carix* eats,
 And striving with his horns, his anger whets
 Against a tree; his blowes the winde excite,
 Raising the sand a Prologue to the fight.
 Strength once regain'd, he doth to battel go,
 And sudden chargeth his forgetful foe.
 As when amidst the Sea billows grow white;
 Rowling from th' Ocean, gather to a height,
 And now at Land, 'gainst rocks it strangely roars;
 Nor lesse then Mountains break upon the shores,
 The deep waves boil, whirl'd with a foaming tide,
 And working cast up sand on every side.

All men on earth, and beasts both wilde and tame,
 Sea-monsters, gaudy fowle, rush to this flame:
 The same love works in all, which love ingag'd.
 The Lioness mindlesse of her Whelps, inrag'd
 Wanders the fields; nor fowl bears oftner take
 So many lives, nor greater slaughter make;
 Nor cruel *Tygers*, nor the raging *Boar*:
 Ah! 'tis ill wandering then dry *Lybias* shore.
 Seest thou how horses will all over shake,
 When in their nostrils the known sent they take?
 Nor they with curbs, nor stripes can be debar'd,
 Nor Rocks, nor Rivers can their course retard,
 Though down they sweep whole Mountains with their
 The *Sabel* Boar whetting his tusks, then raves (waves)
 Rubbing against a tree, and tears the ground,
 Hardning his shoulders 'gainst th' insuing wound.

How was that young man took, when fierce desire
 In his hot blood kindled so great a fire!
 For he, when all the Elements did fight,
 Through Seas turn'd Mountains swom in hideous night,
 When at him Heavens artillery thund' red round,
 And broken billows 'gainst the rocks rebound:
 Nor could his woful Parents him recal,
 Nor she whose Fate attends his Funeral.

Should I of Lynces, and of fierce Wolves write,
 Of Dogs, and how the timorous Deer will fight?

D.

But

There

But the *Mares* furie above all is fam'd ;
 For *Venus* with such rage their minds inflam'd,
 When *Glaucus* Chariot *Mares* with fury stirr'd,
 Did with revenging teeth devoure their Lord.
 Beyond high *Gargarus*, loud *Ascanius* stream,
 O're hils, and deepest floods, Love carries them,
 And straight with hidden fire their marrow burns :
 But most i'th' Spring, when heat of blood returns.
 Then all to courting *Zephire* turne their face,
 And plac'd on Rocks, lascivious gales imbrace,
 And oft they pregnant prove without a mate,
 Big with the windes and (wonderous to relate)
 Then over hils and dales are carried on ;
 Not to thee *Eurus*, nor the rising *Snn*,
 To *Boreas*, nor whence *Auster* doth arise,
 And with black showers in mourning cloaths the skies.
 Hence comes that poyson which the *Shepherds* call
Hippomanes, and from their groin doth fall
 The woful bane of cruel stepdames use,
 And with a charme 'mongst pow'rful drugs Infuse.
 But time irreparable hasts away,
 Whil'st we with love transported waste the day.

Thus much for herds ; Next be your care to keep
 The shaggie Goat, and drive the fleecie sheep :
 From this expect your glory, rustlick Swaines :
 Nor am I ignorant how great a paines
 It is low things with glorious words to praise,
 And slender arguments to such honour raise.
 But me, love of *Parnassus* doth invite
 To hils untracted, there is my delight ;
 Where no old path is to *Castalia* found.
 And now great *Pales* thee I shall resound.

First in warme Coats preserve thy flocks, and feed
 Till fresh Spring give new livories to the Mead :
 Let straw and litter keep their lodgings warme,
 Lest cruel cold, the gentle off-spring harme,

Breeding

Breeding the scab and rot; but *Arbutus* bring
To wanton Goats, and water from the spring.
Then free from winds against the winter sun
Place thou their stals, where *Phæbus* warms at noon.
When cold *Aquarius* shall no more appear,
Sprinkling chil dewes on the concluding year.
And to keep Goats, take thou no smaller care,
Nor lesse shall be thy gain, then if they were
In rich *Milesian* fleeces cloath'd, and sold,
Blushing in *Tyrian* purple for much gold.
These stil will breed, hence store of milk you get:
The more the paille foames with the drained tear,
The more sweat streams from the prest udder spin.
Besides they cur the beards and hoarie chin
Of the *Cyniphan* Goats, and brisly hairs,
Useful for Camps, and woful Mariners.
But they in woods and high *Lycaus* rove,
Feeding on briers, and bramble berries love:
Then home return, leading their own fair strain,
And scarce with full teats o're the threshold gain.
But careful keep from them cold winds and snow:
Because they less the want of mortals know.
And bring sweet food, for them green branches cur,
Nor from the hay-stack all long winter shut.
But when the Spring the Western winde invokes,
To Groves and Meads invite then both thy flocks:
At the first dawn in cold grounds let them feed,
Whil'st day is young, and pearled is the Mead;
When dew to Cattel deer, on soft grassie lies,
And the fourth hour heat musters from the skies,
And amongst shrubs the murm'ring Grasshopper sings,
Command thy flocks then to the Lakes or Springs:
Or let them taste sweet streams in pipes convey'd:
And when grown hot, to seek some cooling shade,
Or *Jove's* great Oke, preserved long from harms
By ancient Rites, stretching his mighty arms:
Or where dark Groves are with thick branches made
Awful, and sacred with a horrid shade

To water then, and feed again, prepare
 At Sun-set, when sweet *Vesper* cools the air,
 When the bright Moon relieves the thirsty ground,
 Halcyons on shores, and birds on trees resound.

Why should I thee of *Lybian* Shepherds tell,
 Their Pastures, and how scatteringly they dwell?
 Oft, night and day for a whole month they feed,
 And unhous'd cattel through vast desarts lead.
 In open field the *Lybian* Shepherd lies,
 With him his flock, his house, and Deities,
 His arms, his *Spartan* Log, and *Cretan* Bow:
 So doth the armed *Roman* Souldier show,
 Loaden in 's march; then stands in well pitch'd tents,
 Before the foe could have intelligence.

But *Scythians*, who *Mæstic* Lakes command,
 And stormy *Ister* rouling golden sand,
 Where *Rhodope* doth to the pool extend,
 There in close Stalls the cattel they defend.
 The fields no grasse, the trees no leaves do boast;
 But snowie mountains, and an horrid frost
 Hides all the earth, at least seven Cubits high;
 For ever cold, North-winds eternally:
 Nor can the Sun those gloomie shades displace,
 Nor when his horse mount the Meridian race,
 Nor when he cools them in the Western Main,
 Their icie fetters straight swift rivers chain:
 Wheels shod with iron the strong-bac'kd water bears,
 And where Ships sail'd, now safe go laden Cars:
 It breaks hard brasse, cloaths freez upon their backs,
 And Wine, oncel liquid, suffers now the ax:
 And mighty Lakes transform'd to ice; soon hard
 Grow drops of water on their uncomb'd beard.
 Mean while all heaven is dark with snow, Sheep die,
 And under mighty drifts fair Cattel lie:
 Whole herds of Deer, new Mountains there infold;
 That scarce you may their lofty crests behold.
 Nor these with nets they snare, or seiz with hounds;
 Nor are they frighted when the arrow sounds;

But as they struggle under hills in vain,
Kill with their Swords, whil'st they aloud complain,
Then bear them home, triumphing with a crie.
These under ground, in Caves securely lie.
Whole Elms, and loads of mighty Oke are layd
Upon the hearth; when the huge fire is made,
They spend the night in sport; strong Ale they quaff,
And wanting Wine carouse sharp Cervice off.
People so fierce nigh *Hyperborean* hills
Under cold stars of th' *Artick* Region dwells;
Still beaten with the sharp *Ryphaean* blasts,
Their body cloath'd with *Sable* Furs of beasts.

But if thou wool esteem, from thorns thy sheep,
From burs and briers preserve: from rank grasse keep.
And with soft fleeces snowie flocks elect;
But him (although the Ram be white) reject
Whose mouth is always moyst, with a black tongue,
Lest he should change the colours of the young.
But choose another through the spacious plain,
With a white fleece (if it may credit gain.)
Arcadian Pan, thee *Luna* to the Grove
Calling intic'd; nor didst thou scorn his love.

Is milk thy care? then *Lotus*, *Cythesus* bring,
And in ther coats store of salt herbage fling.
This makes them drink, which more the teat extends,
And with a quicker taste the milk commends.
Some from the Dams hinder the tender Kids,
And with hard muzzels from the pap forbids.
What they at morning milk, they presse at night,
What they at evening gain, when day grows light
The Swains to Market bring, or sprinkled o're
With salt, they keep it for their winter store.

Nor of thy Dogs have thou lesse care; but feed
Fleet *Spartan* Whelps, and thy *Molossian* breed
With store of whey; commanding such a guard,
Gainst thieves by night, or wolves, thou art prepar'd:

Nor shall the fierce *Iberian* thee afrighr.
 Thou the wild timerous *Ass* shall put to flight;
 Oft hunt the Hare and Deer with full-mouth'd hounds;
 And thrust forth *Bears* shelter'd in wood-land grounds;
 And from high Mountains with loud shouts beset
 Sometimes huge *Stags*, and drive them to thy net.

Next learn to burn sweet *Cedar* in their roomes,
 And smoke out *Serpents* with *Galbanian* gums,
 For oft amongst the plancks a *Viper* lies,
 Deadly to touch, and light affrighted flies.
 Or else a *Snake* in sheltering roofs doth use,
 Which will on Cattel cruel bane infuse,
 Hid in the ground: take thou a stake, or stone,
 And as he swells, and hisserh, knock him down.
 But if he threatend, yet thou mayst be sure,
 He will by flight his Coward head secure.
 His armed ribs being bruised, and harness'd train,
 Scarce rallying up his broken rear again.
 In the *Galabrian* Groves there haunts a snake,
 Wreathing a haughty Crest, and scalie back,
 And mingled spots on his long bellie shew,
 Who whilst the Rivers from the Mountains flow,
 Earth with the Spring dew'd, and the showrie South,
 He lives in fence, glutting his greedy mouth
 With fish, and croaking frogs; but when earth gapes,
 And Lakes are drain'd with heat, to Land he scapes:
 Rouling his flaming eyes; then far and wide
 Rages with thirst, with heat much terrified.
 Then let not me under heavens Canopie
 Sweet slumber seize, nor in the meadows lie
 Neer murmuring Groves, when he hath cast his skin,
 And rouling shines in wanton youth agen;
 Leaving in's nest his eggs, or else the young,
 And dares at *Phæbus* shake his tripple tongue:

The signs and causes now of each disease,
 I'll thee inform: foul scabs thy flock will seize
 When chilling shewers invade lifes strongest hold;
 And horrid frosts wax grim with bitter cold;

Or when foul sweat sticks to them lately shorn,
 And with rough briers their naked bodics torn.
 For wiser Shepherds the whole flock will take,
 And deeply plunge them in some cleansing Lake:
 Far in to drench his fleece the Ram is thrown,
 Who with the gentle Stream comes gliding down.
 Or when they'r shorn, the lees of oyl apply,
 Or silver spunne, commix'd with *Mercurie*,
Idean pitch, and store of oylie Tar,
Scylla, *Bitumen* and black *Hellebor*.
 And no indeavour shall finde more successe,
 Then if the skilful Swain an orifice
 With a sharp Launce shall open on the head;
Corruption lives, and is by covering fed,
 Whil'st th' idle Swain neglects to dresse the sore,
 And from the Gods doth better things implore.

When in the Bleaters marrow aches breed,
 And putrid fevers on his spirits seed,
 It will be good t' avert the raging pain,
 By opening in his foot the beating vein.
 So the *Bisaltians* were accustomed,
 And the most fierce *Gelonians*, when they fled
 To *Rhodope*. or *Getan* wildes, to quaff,
 Mix'd with thick milk, the blood of horses off.
 If thou seest any to the cool shales draw
 And sweet grasse nibble, as they had no maw,
 Or lag behinde, or grazing to lye down,
 And ere they fold, to march away alone,
 Straight kill the guilty, ere the dire disease
 Infect the flock, and carelesse vulgar seise.
 Nor oftner is the flood disturb'd with winde
 Then Sheep with rots, nor doth the sicknesse finde
 One to destroy, but suddenly doth fall
 On roor and branch, stock and original.
 If any th' *Alps* and *Norick* Cattles knowes,
 Plac'd on high hills, and where *Tymavus* flowes;
 Deserted Realms now he may see of Swains,
 And every where Groves, and forsaken plains.

Here, once the air infected did beget
 A plague, which raged through the Autumnal heat :
 All kind of Catrel, and of wilde beasts di'de ;
 The grasse was tainted, rivers putrifi'de ;
 Nor was one way for death ; but when the flame
 With burning thirst through feav'rous bodies came,
 Cold Rheums again abound ; and the disease
 Their feeble limbs consumed by degrees.

Oft Sacrifices at the Altars plac'd
 With snowie wreaths and flowerie Garlands grac'd,
 Ere Sacrifices could dispatch, fall dead :
 Or if before the Priest one slaughtered,
 The bowels on the Altar will not burn,
 Nor the diviner answers can return ;
 And scarce their knives with blood are sprinkled o're,
 And the top-sand be stain'd with watery gore ;
 Then the fat Calf in richest pasture falls,
 And his sweet life gives up at plenteous stalls,
 Hence Dogs run mad, and sickly Boars perplex'd
 With a short cough, and with swoln jaws are vex'd :
 The conquering Steed, mindless of war, or food,
 Unhappy, falls, and leaves the cooling flood,
 And with his feet the hard ground often bears ;
 His ears now hang, and faint with troubled sweats,
 Which neer his death grows cold, his skin growes dry,
 And to be handled roughly doth comply.
 These signes of death will at the first be seen,
 But in the process if it grow more keen,
 To burning eys short breathings grant no rest :
 Sometimes they groan, and deeply from the brest
 Fetch a sad sigh ; blood from their nostrils flows,
 And in lank jaws their tongue now rougher grows.
 To drench them with a horn of Wine, be sure ;
 For to them dying 'tis the onely cure.
 Sometimes it kills ; for thus refresh'd, they burn
 (God bleſs good men, on bad this errour turn)
 With greater rage : and as cold-death draws neer,
 With cruel teeth they their own members tear,

The smoaking Ox is taken at the Plow,
 And from his mouth blood mix'd with foam doth flow,
 Groaning his last; whilst the sad Plow-man here
 Unyokes (mourning his brothers death) the Steer,
 And 'midst his work, the Plow leaves in the field:
 Nor shady Groves, nor soft Meads pleasure yeild, [glide,
 Nor streams which through the vales from Mountains
 And are more clear then Crystal purifi'd:
 His sides grown lank, darknesse his eys o're-spread,
 And to the ground he falls on's drooping head.
 What avails toyl or profit? what to turn
 Th' unwilling glebe? These not with rich wine burn,
 Nor surfers at high banquets taint their blood;
 But leaves, and simple herbage are their food:
 They drink pure Fountains and the running Streams,
 Nor vexing care disturbs their healthy dreams;
 Then onely in those Realms, as fame hath taught,
 The Cattel were for *Juno's* off'ring sought,
 And unmatch'd Steers her Chariot did convey
 To the high places, where they honours pay.
 The Earth they dig themselves, and set the Corn;
 Nor from the Mountains with their own neck scora
 To draw the groaning Car. No Wolf did plot
 By stratagem to take some wealthy Coat,
 Nor walk nocturnal rounds about the Sheep;
 A cruel sicknesse him at home did keep.
 And now the nimble Buck and timorous Doe
 Amongst the Dogs about the houses goe.
 And then the Oceans numerous race, and all
 Those kindes that boast from thence original,
 Wash'd with the floods, as ship-wrack'd bodies come
 To shore, and Sea-calves up fresh waters swom.
 No lurking hole the Viper now avails,
 Nor dreadful Serpents with erected scales.
 Nor safety from sweet air could birds receive,
 But falling, in the clouds their spirits leave.
 All food, all arts harm, wise Physicians fail;
Chiron, Melampus, know not what they ail.

Pale *Tifiphon* rages, set from *Stygian* shades
 In open light, and fear and sicknesse leads
 Her greedy jaws by day rais'd high from ground.
 The Rivers, hills, and sandy banks resound
 With bleating flocks, and loud complaining Steers,
 And carcases in mighty heaps she rears ;
 Whole Flocks she kills, with gore the Stalls are drown'd ;
 Till they had learn'd to lay them in the ground.
 Their skins unuseful, water could nor rense
 Their bowels, nor the fire their entrails cleanse,
 Nor shear (for the disease) their fleeces, full
 Of filthinesse, nor touch the raintred wooll :
 And those durst wear the loathsome garments, get
 Inflamed Carbuncles, a clammy sweat
 Seiseth their noysome limbs, and in few hours
 Th' infected bodies sacred fire devours.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF

Virgil's

GEORGICKS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*How for the Bees fit stations to contrive :
Of what, and how to build the stately hive.
In settling Realms, they oft divided are,
And for their Kings contend in mighty War.
Their Diets, Customs, Laws, and Chastity ;
Their toyl and rest : they winds and rain foresee.
Their Stocks, their age, and loyalty to Kings :
What their invention to perfection brings.
What cures against diseases to afford :
And how th' whole Nation lost, may be restor'd.*

NEXT to *Aethereal* Honey I'll proceed,
Heaven's choicest gift : this too (*Mæcenas*) read.
Wonders admir'd, to thee, of lowly things,
In order their whole Stocks, magnanimous Kings,
Wars, Labours, Manners, Nations I'll recite :
Slight is the Theam, but not the glory slight,
If pleas'd Powers grant, and call'd *Apollo* hear.
First, for thy bees seek a fit Station, where
No winds approach, for them each gale forbids
To bring home food) nor Sheep and wanton Kids
Tread down the grasse, or Heifers shake the dews
(Wandering the Plains) and tender herbage bruise.
Thence speckled Lizards with pite shoulders drive
Wood-pecks, and other birds from the rich hive,

And

And *Progne* who a bloodie hand did smear :
 For all things these devaste, in their mouths bear
 The winged Bee, sweet food for cruel nests.
 Let springs be neer, and Lakes green mosse invests ;
 And a pure River gliding through the Mead,
 Where Palm their Gates, and branching Olive shade :
 That when new Kings shall forth their Colonies bring,
 And youth drawn out, sport in the wanton Spring,
 The neighbouring banks may them from heat invite,
 And willing trees with courteous boughs delight.

Amidst, whether the water stand or runs,
 Lay twigs across, and cast in mighty stones,
 That they on many bridges safe may stand,
 And to the warming Sun their wings expand,
 When stormy *Eurus* hath them tardy found,
 And scatter'd, or endanger'd to have drown'd.
 Let verdant *Cassia* round about them dwell,
 And *Betony*, which gives so large a smell ;
 And of sweet-breathing *Succory* store be set,
 And let them drink the dews of *Violet*.

Whether of hollow bark thou dost contrive,
 Or else with limber twigs compose the hive,
 Make straight the gate : for cold congeals the wax,
 And heat by melting doth again relax ;
 Both which extremes the Bees alike do fear.
 Nor they in vain those breathing crannies smear
 Of their low roofs with wax, endeavouring still
 Th' edges with balm, and pleasant flows to fill.
 And for this use a glew they gather which
 Excels all bird-lime and *Idæan* pitch.

Oft in deep Caves, (if same a truth report)
 Low underneath they vault their waxen Court ;
 And oft discover'd in a hollow Rock,
 Or in the bellie of an aged Oke.
 But thou their rooms with clay well-temper'd, seal ;
 And with leaves cover, that no cold they feel.
 About their Court let no Yewes grow, nor bake
 The fiery crab, nor trust too deep a Lake :

Or where bad smells, or hollow rocks rebound,
And angry Ecchoes of the voice rebound.

Next when bright *Sol* makes Winter to retreat
Behinde the Earth, and opens Heaven with heat,
Straight they draw out, and wander Groves and Woods,
Reap purple flowers, and taste the crystal floods,
By what Instinct I know not, then they flie
To their own Courts, and their dear Progenie.
Next with great Arr, their waxen *Cels* contrive;
And the elaborated honey stive.

But when thou seest a troop aspiring, flie,
Drawn from their Winter-quarters through the skie ;
And curious haste with admiration spide
A sable cloud through crystal *Spheres* to glide ;
Then to sweet Springs, and pleasant shades they go :
Here odorous flower, and beaten *Milfoyl* strow,
With honey-*Suckles*, make a brazen sound,
And beat the Cymbals of the Goddess round :
They on charm'd boughs will stay, or else retreat,
As is the custome, to their parents seat.

But if they draw to battel, (oft between
Two Kings great discord and sad wars have been)
And straight thou mayst foresee the vulgar rage,
Wilde for mad War ; for those who not ingage,
The Martial note provokes, heard is th' Alarm,
Like dreadful Trumplers when they sound to arm.
They list proud troops in haste, their Spears they whet,
Their light shields furnish, and their arms they fit,
Guarding their King thick to the Court they go
And with loud clamour challenge out the foe.
Then when 'tis fair, the open field they take,
They joyn their battel, and their joyning make
A noise scales Heaven, and in close order all
Strongly imbodied charge, then head-long fall.
Nor thicker hail doth in a tempest pour,
Nor shaken Okes more plenteous akorns shour.
The Kings amid't the Bands in armour shine,
And mighty souls in narrow breasts confine.

Both resolute not to yield, till these or they
Ate to proud Conquerors forc'd to give the day :
These huge commotions, and so mighty war,
Sudden with thrown-up dust appeased are.

But when both Princes you from battel call,
Who seems the worst, lest he a Prodigall
Should waste the stock ; command him to be slain ;
And let the best in th' emptie palace reign.
One shines with gold, whom glorious colours grace ;
Two sorts there are : the best, his noble face
Hath blushing cheeks ; with sloth the other pale,
His sagging bellie after him doth traile.
As their two Kings, such their two Nations are ;
For one's deform'd, as when a Traveller
Through clouds of dust extreemly thirstie gets, ;
And from's dry mouth a sullied water spits.
The other shines with gold, and glory grac'd ;
And equal spots upon their bodies plac'd.
This Progenie is best, from these you may
Sweet Honey at the certain time conveigh
Not only sweet, but also shall be fine,
And which shall qualifie your sharpest wine.

But when they wander sporting through the skies,
For sake their hives, and cooling roofs despise,
Let not their stragling minde seek idle things ;
Nor hard's the task ; but cut their Princes wings,
They staying at home, none dares to scale Heaven's arch
Or with spread Ensigns from their Camp to march.
Them, let sweet Gardens with fresh flowers invite,
And old *Priapus*, who the Theeves doth fright,
And spoiling birds from thence with's awful look,
All's safe-preserving with his Sallow hook.

Set Thyme about their roofs, and Pines remove
From lofty Hills, if thou such labours love ;
Weary thy hand with toil, and pleasant bowrs
Plant round, and dew the earth with friendly showers.
And did not I now to my Port draw near ;
And striking sail my prow to shore did steer ;

How

How to adorn fair Gardens I would sing,
 And *Pestum* where there is a double Spring;
 Why Succorie in pleasant streams delights,
 And verdant *Parie* cy swelling banks invites:
 And Cucumers grow plump along the grais,
 Nor would I *Daffadils* long in growth, ore-passe;
 Or soft *Acanthus*, winding *Ivie* s store,
 And *Myrtle* so inamourd on the shore.

I call to minde neer high *Oebalias* towrs,
 Where slow *Galesus* waters *Ceres* bowrs,
 I saw an old *Corycian*, who enjoy'd
 Few akers not for Pasturage employ'd,
 Nor was it fit for corn or Vineyard found;
 Yet he, 'mongst thorns, choice Herbs and Lillies round
 His garden *Vervain* did, and *Poppie* finde,
That wealthieft Kings he equal'd in his minde:
 And late at night returning home well-stor'd,
 He with unpurchas'd banquets lades his board.
 He in the Spring did first sweet *Roses* pull;
 And could in *Autumn* apples soonest cull;
 When stones with cold the cruel Winter cleaves,
 And bridles up with Ice the flowing waves;
 His soft *Acanthus* now he gently twinde,
 Chiding the rardie Spring, and lingring winde.
 Therefore huge swarms his Bees first pregnant brought,
 And his full combs rivers of honey fraught;
 His Pines and barren *Lindons* fruitful were,
 As many blossoms as his tree did bear,
 So many Apples it in *Autumn* grac'd:
 And he the lofty *Elms* in order plac'd.
 Wardens and Thorne, which now a damson made
 And Planes which to Carousers are a shade;
 But these excluded by a narrow straight,
 I leave to others after to relate.

Now I'll declare those gifts which are confer'd
 On Bees by *Jove* himself; for what reward
 They follow'd tinkling Brasse, and *Curets* sound,
 And sed the King of Heaven under ground.

In common only they maintain their race,
 And like a Citie rang'd their houses place;
 And under strictest Laws they aged grow,
 Their native Countrey, and fix'd mansions know,
 Mindful of Winter, labour in the Spring,
 And to the publike store their profit bring.

For some provide, and by a compact made
 Labour abroad; others within are staid
 To lay *Narcissus* tears, and yielding gum
 As the first ground-work of the honey-comb:
 And after they tenacious honey spread;
 Others the Nations hope, young Colonies breed.
 A second part the purest honey stives,
 Until the liquid *Nectar* crack the hives.

There are by lot attend the gates to inform
 Approaching showres, and to foretel a storm;
 To ease the loaden, or imbattel'd drive
 The Drones, a slothful cattel, from the hive.
 Work hearts; of thyme the fragrant honey smells;
 As when the Cyclops the soft Masse compels,
 Hasting for *Jove* huge thunderbolts to make:
 Some with the bellows air return and take;
 Others in water dip the hissing ore;
Aetnean Caves with beaten anvils rore:
 They with much strength their arms in order raise,
 And turn with tongs the masse a thousand ways,
 So (if I may great things compare with small)
 Bees to their work for love of profit fall,
 Each hath his task, the Aged Rulers are,
 And frame *Dedalian* roofs, and combs repair;
 But those that youthful be, and in their prime,
 Late in the night return, loaden with thyme,
 On every bush and tree about they spread;
 And are with *Cassia* and rich *Saffron* fed,
 Of purple *Daffadils*, and *Lindors* tall.
 All rest at once; at once they labour all.
 Early they take the field; at night again
 When *Vesper* them from seeding doth constrain,

Homeward they draw, and strength decaid restore,
And with soft murmurs throng about the dore.

When they repose, all night they silent are,
And pleasant sleep doth wearied limbs repair;
Nor from their hives they stir, when rain is nigh,
Nor trust their persons to a stormy skie.
But safe they water near their Cities wall;
And oft with Pebles journeys make, but small.
As a lightboat ballanc'd on raging Seas,
With which through vacant air themselves they peise:
'Tis strange that Bees such customs should maintain,
Venus to scorn: in wanton lust disdain
To waste their strength; and without throws they breed;
But cull from leaves, and various flowers their seed.
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,
Then Pallaces and waxen Kingdoms frame,
But oft their wings are torn on Rocks abroad,
And free they spend their lives beneath their load,
So love they flowers, and to make honey pride.
Though soon the term of their short life doth glide,
(For the seventh Summer a full period gives)
Yet their immortal race for ever lives.
Their noble house for many yeers remains,
And records keep of ancient Princes reigns.

Next not rich *Egypt*, nor great *Lydia*,
Parthians, or *Medians*, more their Prince obey,
Whilst their King lives, they all agree in one,
But dead, the publike faith is overthrown.
They make the Commonwealth a spoil, and rend
Their waxen Realms; his life did all defend.
They honour him, and with a Martial sound
Circle about, and strongly guard him round;
Bear on their back, 'twixt him and death they stood,
And purchas'd noble Funerals with their blood.

From these examples some there are maintain,
That Bees derive from a celestial strain,
And heavenly race; they say the Deity
Is mix'd through earth, the Sea, and lofty Skie,

Hence

Hence men and beasts, both wilde and tame derive;
 And what so ere by breathing air survive,
 To this they after are dissolv'd, and then
 Return'd assume first Principles agen:
 Nor is there place for death; their spirits fly
 To the great stars, and plant the lofty skie.
 But if their narrow Courts thou mean'st to spoil,
 And seiz the treasure of the Honey pile,
 Water with silence in their Chambers spout,
 And with your hand extended smoke them out,
 Twice they swarm yearly, twice a large increase
 Their harvest brings; first when the *Pleiades*
 Her sacred brow above the earth doth shoot,
 And spurn the scorned Ocean with her foot;
 Or when that Star from wat'ry signes retires,
 And sad, in stormy waves conceals her fires:

But when incens'd, their anger knows no mean;
 For if you hurt them, they inspire a bane,
 And in the body fix'd their javelins leave,
 And where they give the wound their death receive.
 But fear'st thou cruel Winter, and would'st spare,
 Pitying their broken minds, and sad affair?
 Who doubts to cut them wax, and to perfume
 With thyme? for oft base *Lizards* spoil the combe
 And the blinde *Beetle* wastes the precious hoard,
 And *Drones*, free-quarter'd at anothers board.
 Or cruel Wasps charge with unequal arms,
 Or the Moths eating generation harms,
 Or else *Minerva's* hateful Spider sets
 About their Palace gates intrangling nets:
 How much by fortune they exhausted are,
 So much they strive their ruines to repair
 Of their faln Nation, and they fill th' *Exchange*
 Adorning with the choicest flowrs their grange.

But if (since *Bees* knows our calamities)
 Their bodies languish in a sad disease,
 Which thou by signes too manifest may know;
 Their looks are chang'd, and their dejected brow.

Palenefs

Palene's deforms; when they to shades descend,
In order woful Funerals they attend:
Or else they mourn, lingring about the door,
Or in their chambers privately deplore,
Till they with hunger and stiffe cold grow numb
Then sadder notes are heard, a doleful hum,
As when rough *Auster* murmurs through the woods,
Or as loud waves rore with incensed floods,
Or dreadful flames rage, pent in founaces.
To burn *Galbanian* odour I'll advise,
And bring the mourners honey in a cane,
T' entice the wretches to known food again.
Juice of *Oak-Apples* mix'd with *Roses* dri'd,
And richest Wine with fire well purifi'd;
To these *Cecropian* thyme, and Cent'ry joyn,
And Grapes which dangle on the *Psythian* Vine;

There is a flower which grows in meadow ground,
Swains call *Amello*, easie to be found,
Which golden, like a mighty grove doth sprout;
But the thick leaves that shade it round about
Are clad in purple, which the Altars oft
Imbraceth with sweet wreathes, and garlands soft,
Sharp in the taste; wile Shepherds gather them
In flowry Vales, neer *Mellas* sacred Stream;
The root of these they mix with *Bacchus* blood,
And at their gates leave plenty of this food.

But should the whole stock fail, not one remain,
From whom they should derive their house again;
Th' *Arcadians* rare invention we must here
Remember, who with blood of a slain Steer
Oft *Bees* restor'd. I will recount it all,
And tell the Story from th' Original.

Where happy People plant *Canopus* soyl,
And dwell near spreading streams of flowing *Nile*,
And through their Country painted vessels rows,
And where the Stream from the rann'd *Indian* flows,
Which borders high the quiver'd *Persian* Land,
And verdant *Egypt* marls with fruitful sand;

Then

Then spreading, doth in seven large channels part:
 These Nations all are confident in this art.
 First take a little place, for that use chose,
 Then tile it, and with narrow walls inclose,
 And let there be four windows next design'd,
 With oblique lights, made from each several winde.
 Then take a steer; grac'd with a branching top,
 Of two year old; his breath and nostrils stop;
 And whilst he struggles, him with beating kill,
 That the sound hide his dissolv'd bowels fill.
 Thus dead, they leave it shut, and under lay
 Green branches, thyme, and freshest *Cassia*.
 This must be done when *Zephire* calms the Main,
 Before the Meads blush with new flowers again,
 Ere her high nest the chattering Swallow makes:
 Whilst in young bones the cherish'd humour takes,
 Then moving Creatures (wondrous to behold!)
 First without feet, then sounding wings unfold;
 Then boldly by degrees to heaven they towr,
 And sally forth thick as a Summers shower;
 Or as a cloud of arrows, in their flight
 When the bold *Parthians* are engag'd in fight.

What God, O *Muse*, this strange art did invent!
 From whence had man this new experiment!

When *Aristaus* left sweet *Tempe's* coast,
 His *Bees* by famine and diseases lost,
 Sad, standing at the sacred Fountains head,
 Complaining much, he to his Mother said,
 Mother *Cyrene*, who command'st these Floods,
 Why me, the noble Off-spring of the Gods
 (If *Phabus* is my Sire as you declare)
 Bor'st thou the scorn of *Fate*? where is your care,
 Thou gav'st me hope, that I in heaven should reign;
 But now those honours mortal life sustain
 Of corne, and herds, got by such toyle, and care,
 I now must lose, though you my Mother are.
 Goe, and my fertile groves thy self annoy,
 And burn my stalls; with fire my corn destroy.

Hew down, and spoil my Vinyards, if to thee
 So grievous are those honours granted me.
 Under the streams soft bed his Mother heard,
 Whil'st round her Nymphs *Milesian* wool did card,
 Strain'd with rich green *Drimo* and *Xantho*, fair
Philodoe and *Ligea*; their bright hair
 Upon their snowie cheeks dishevel'd lay,
Spio, *Nisæe*, *Cimodoce* and *Thalia*,
Licorias, *Cydippe*; a Virgin one,
 The other had pangs of *Lucina* known:
Clio, and *Beroë*, both to th' Ocean borne.
 Whom gold and curious mantles did adorn.
Ephyre and *Ophys*; *Asian* *Diopè*,
 And *Aréthusa* swift her arms laid by.

Amongst these *Clymene* did vain cares relate
 Of *Vulcan*, those sweet thefts and *Mars* deceit,
 Gods many loves from *Chaos* did rehearse,
 Whil'st they their soft webs ply, pleas'd with the verse
Aristæus grief then pierc'd his Mothers ear,
 All on their crystal tears amazed were.
 But *Aréthusa* first her golden head
 Advancing from a swelling billow, said,
 Dear sister, not in vain we troubled are,
 With such a sad complaint; thy chiefest care
 For *Aristæus*, at his fathers streams
 Stands weeping, and thy cruelty condemns:
 Then said his mother, struck with suddain fear,
 Haste, haste, and shew him in, he may repair
 To the Gods Court; then bids the waves divide
 To make her Son a passage: on each side
 Billows like Mountains stand; then she receives
 Him 'twixt the flood; and leads beneath the waves.
 He wondring, goes through Courts, and chrystal Realms
 And Groves and Caves, which water over-whelms,
 And with tumultuous waves astonish'd found
 All the great Rivers gliding under ground
 Through divers wayes, whence *Phasis*, *Lycus* spread,
 And where deep *Inepus* shews his head,

And

And where old *Tyber*, and sweet *Aniens* flows,
Where murmuring *Hypanis*, and *Lycus* rose,
Golden *Eridanus*, with a double horne,
Fac'd like a Bull, through fertile fields of corn :
Then whom none swifter of the Oceans sons,
Down to the purple *Adriatick* runs.

When he to Chambers arch'd with *pumice* drew,
And that *Cyrene* his vain sorrow knew,
To wash his hands, his sisters from the spring
Draw crystal water, and firing'd towels bring,
Tables they load with meat, and full cups plac'd,
Then with *Pancheian* fire the *Altar* grac'd.

Here spake his Mother, Let rich Wine be payd
Unto the sea; next to the Ocean pray'd,
Founder of things, next to the Nymphs, who woods
Preserve a hundred, and as many floods.
Now thrice on fire she casts the flowing wine,
As oft with flame the lofty cielings shine.
Pleas'd with the omen, then she thus began :

Green *Proteus* dwells in the *Carpathian* Main,
Prophet to *Neptune*, through broad Seas he glides,
And in his Chariot with Sea-horses rides :
Now gone t' *Emathia* and his native Shore,
We Sea-Nymphs and old *Nereus* him adore,
For the great Prophet all things doth fore-see,
What is, what was, and what shall after be :
This *Neptune* gave him, whose great Herd he breeds,
And huge Sea-Calves beneath the water feeds.
But him thou first must binde, ere he'll declare
Cause of thy losse, and prosper thine affair.
Unlesse you force him, no advice he grants,
And is inexorable to all Complaints.
Handle him roughly then, and binde him fast,
And all his sleights shall useles prove at last.
I'll bring thee, (when at noon the Sun invades
The scorched grass, and beasts retire to shades)
To th' old mans Cave; whom sudden thou mayst seize
As he in soft repose shall take his ease.

But when th' hast bound him, and with chains subdude,
With various transformations hee'l delude;
A savage Bore, fierce Tyger, scalie Snake,
And a huge Lyon with a shaggie neck;
Or to escape, shall thunder like a flame;
Or glide from thee in a swift chrystal stream:
How much the more he changes to all shapes,
So much more careful (son) prevent escapes,
Till his first form returns, which thou did'st spie,
When he in pleasant slumber clos'd his eye.

This said, she with a heavenly odour strews
Her son all over, and *Ambrosian* dewes:
Her comely tresses breathe celestial air,
And did this body with new strength repair.
There is a Cave, worne in a mountains side,
Where stormy winds oft forc'd the swelling tide,
Which curs it self into a land-lock'd bay,
Where once 'strest Mariners in safety lay.
Proteus in this lies guarded with a vast
Fence-work of Rock; here she the young man plac'd
Shelter'd with darknesse, from discovering light:
But she to thin air vanish'd from his sight.

And now hot *Syrinx* through drie *India* hurl'd,
Rag'd from the Skie, and all the middle world
The Sun inflam'd; grass burns, and to the mud
The scorching beams boyl the exhausted flood,
When *Proteus* came to his accustom'd place,
About him the vast Oceans watry race,
Who sportin', off the brackish water shake,
Then stretch't along the shore, sound sleep they take.
He as a herdman in the mountains, when
Vesper invites Cattel to house agen,
And bleating Lambs, the cruel wolves provoke,
Sits on a cliffe, and numbers all his flock;

He since so fair the opportunity shewes,
Scarce grants th'old man his weary limbs compose,
But rusheth with a shout, and bound him laid;
Who not unmindful of his arts t'evade,

Transforms

Transforms himself into all monsters dire :
 Now he's a Beast, a Flood, and straight a Fire.
 But when no slight prevail'd, he vanquished
 Himself assumes, and with a mans voice said :

O most undaunted youth, by whose commands
 Found'st thou our Court? what seek'st thou at our hands?
 But he reply'd: *Proteus*, thou know'st, thou know'st;
 Nor of beguiling thee may any boast.
 Desist; I seek, commanded here by Fate,
 How to repair my now decayed state.

The Prophet then rousing his fiery eyes
 With flaming beams, enrag'd thus replies;
 And Destiny declares : No common God
 Displeas'd, on thee hath laid his heavie rod ;
 A great plague is begun ; this punishment
 (And lesse then thou deserv'st) hath *Orpheus* sent.
 For he incens'd (if Fates not interpose)
 For his lost wife will yet procure more woes.
 Who whil't she swiftly by the River side
 From thee pursuing fled, unhappy Bride,
 Saw not the mighty Snake, which lurking was
 Under the bank, and hid in spreading grass ;
 Alone the *Dryades* on mountains wept.
 The *Rhodopean* towrs her funerals kept,
 Lofty *Pangaea*, and bold *Rhesus* coast,
Getes, *Hebrus*, and *Aethyan Orythia* most.
 He on his well-tun'd instrument, alone,
 His hapless Love, thee his sweet wife did moan ;
 And by himself thee on forsaken shores
 Early and late he in his song deploras;
 He *Tanarus*, and woful gates of *Dis*,
 And horrid groves where dreadful darknesse is,
 And *Manes* past to the stern King repairs,
 And Courts not us'd to bend to humane prayers ;
 He with his Song charm'd from the dismal Coasts
 Of *Erebus* pale souls and liveless Ghosts.
 Thick as to woods the Foul in thousands bend,
 When night or tempests from the hills descend,

Men, women, and magnanimous Heroes here,
Boys, virgins, young men laid upon the Bier
Before their Parents face; whom hellish mud
And horrid reeds of th' *Acherontick* flood,
With slow fens of th' innavigable sound
Bindes in, and *Styx* nine times incircles round,
Hels court, and gates of death amazed were;
The furies now not twist their snake hair;
Then silenc'd were loud *Gerberus* tripple jaws,
Ixion's restless wheel stood at a pause:
All these he pass'd; then back returns with fair
Euridice, to the *Ætherial* air,
She following him (for so Hel's Queen enjoyn'd)
When fond thoughts seiz'd th' incautelous lovers mind:
The fault was small, if Fiends to pardon knew;
He made a Stand, as to the light he drew,
Forgetful, love prevailing o're his mind,
On his *Euridice* to look back inclin'd;
His labour lost, Hels Tyrant promise brake,
And thrice a sound rose from th' *Avernian* Lake.

But she, Dear *Orpheus*, said, What thee could move
To ruine both? Why was so much thy love?

Behold, I am recall'd by Destinies,
Eternal sleep closeth my failing eyes,
And now farewell, black night surroundeth me,
Stretching weak hands, alas, not thine, to thee.
This said; she sudden vanish'd from his eyes,
And like smoke mix'd with winde, disperied, flies,
Nor saw him catch in vain the yeilding air,
Earnest his mighty sorrow to declare.

Nor would Hels churlish Feriman agen
Transport him o're the *Acherontick* fen.
What can he do, twice having lost his Love?
Or with what suit infernal spirits move?
She sailing in the *Stygian* boat, grows cold.
Whil'st seven long months delaying periods told
Under a Rock (as fame reports) he kept,
And as forsaken *Strymon's* billows wept,

The fourth Book of

Mourning in dismal caves ; Tygers, once fierce,
Grew milde, and stubborn Oaks move at his verse.

As 'mongst the Poplar shade in doleful strains,
Fobbd of her young sad *Philomel* complains,
Whom scarce yet fledg'd, some Rustlick having found,
Took from the nest ; bur she both woes resound
Tetch'd on a tree ; and the whole night laments,
Filling all places with her sad complaints.

No love, nor other bed, could him intice :
A'one he goes, through *Hyperborean* ice,
And *Tanaïs* snow, wandring through bitter coasts,
For ever wedded to *Rhiphæan* frosts :
Pluto's vain gift *Eurydice* he mourn'd.
The *Thracian* Dames because their beds he scornd',
Him at their *Bacchanalian* Orgies tore,
And strew the young mans limbs about the shore.
His head then from his Ivory shoulders torn,
Was down the channel of swift *Helrus* born,
And whilst his dying tongue could move at all,
Eurydice, *Eurydice*, did call,
And all the banks resound *Eurydice*.

This *Proteus* said, and leapt into the Sea,
And where he lepr, did make the somie wave
Under his body, with huge strokes to rave.

Then thus *Cyrene* spake, to ease his care,
My dearest Son, now lay aside all fear,
Since the whole cause is known of thy mischance ;
The *Nymphs* with whom in Groves she us'd to dance,
Have sent this sad destruction on thy *Bees*,
Then humbly them appease with sacrifice,
And there the yielding *Dryades* adore ;
They will forgive, if thou with vows implore.
But first know how thou shalt thy offering make.

Four of thy large, and best-fed bullocks take,
Which now on tops of green *Lycaus* use ;
As many of thy un-broke *heifers* chuse,
Then with great care for these four *Altars* raise
In the high Temples of the Goddesses :

And

And from their throats let forth the sacred blood,
 Then leave their bodies in a shady wood;
 And when the ninth *Aurora* brings the day,
 To *Orpheus* Ghost *Lethæan* Poppy pay,
 And a black Sheep : then view the Grove again,
 Pleasing *Eurydice* with a fat Calf slain.
 He the Commands of's mother straight obey'd
 Went to the Temple, and four Altars made :
 And four of's largest Bulls forth he took,
 As many comly Heifers never broke :
 And when the ninth day bright *Aurora* shew'd,
 He worships *Orpheus*, and the wood review'd :
 A wonder not to be believ'd ! he sees
 From the dissolved entrails swarms of Bees,
 Which from the broken ribs resounding flie,
 And in a thick cloud fall to the Skie.
 On a tall trees top-branch they cluster now,
 As Grapes hang dangling on the gentle bow.

Thus Tillage, Beasts, and Trees have been my Theam,
 Whil'st mighty *Cæsar* at *Euphrates* Stream
 Thunders with war ; and Conqueror, Laws ordains
 For willing Realms, and heaven with valour gains.
 To me sweet *Capua* breeding then imparts,
 Pleas'd with the studie of contemned arts ;
 There, a bold youth, I chanted rural airs,
 And *Tityrus* sung in cool shade, free from cares.



Virgil's

ÆNEIS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUNO a Storm procures : the Trojans lost,
 By Neptune's favour gain the Lybian Coast.
 Venus complains. The King of Gods relates
 To her Romes greatnesse, and ensuing fates.
 Hermes to Lybia sent. Venus appears,
 And in a mortal form Æneas chears.
 He visits Carthage, and lost Ships regains.
 Dido the weary Trojans entertains.
 But whilst glad guests full cups and banquets move,
 She takes a fatal draught, and drinks long love.

That on small reeds once play'd rural strains,
 And leaving woods, inforc'd the neighbouring
 I To satisfy the greedy Villager, [plains
 A grateful work for Swains: Now horrid war,
 Arms, and the man I sing, who first did come,
 Driven by Fate, from Troy to Latium,
 And Tyrrhen shores. Much toss'd by Land and Sea
 By wrath of Gods, and lasting enmity

Of cruel *Juno*, suffering much by wars,
Whiles he a Citie builds, and Gods transfers
To *Latium*, whence *Latine* Originals,
The *Alban* fathers, and *Romes* lofty walls.

Say Muse, the cause, what God prophan'd, or why
Heaven's Queen incens'd, one fam'd for piety
Did to such toyls, and dangers great compel?
What! Can in heavenly minds such passions dwell?

There was an ancient Citie, *Carthage*, south
From *Italie*, opposing *Tybers* mouth,
By *Tyrians* held; rich, fierce in War, which place
Juno was said more then all Lands to grace;
Samos neglected, here her arms, and here
Her Chariot was: that this earth (say should beare
(If Fates permit) she fosters and intends.

But she had heard that from *Troys* stock descends
A Progenie, should *Tyrian* Tow'rs deface:
Hence of vast rule in War a haughty race
Must come from *Lybia's* fall: so Fates fore-told.
This fearing, *Juno* minding Wars of old,
She for dear *Argos* first 'gainst *Troy* did Wage;
Her cruel Grief and causes of her rage
Were still awake, deep *Paris* choice remain'd
Fix'd in her brest, th' affront of form disdain'd;
And the loath'd stock: rapt *Ganymed* highly grac'd.
With these more vext, on all shores *Trojans* cast,
Reliques of *Greeks* and sterne *Aeacides*

She far from *Latium* drove; round the vast Seas
They wandered long inforc'd by various chance:
Such labour 'twas *Romes* Empire to advance!

Scarce out of *Sicilie's* view their sayls they raise,
Glad, for the Main, and plough the foaming Seas,
When *Juno* said, who nourish'd in her brest -
Th' eternal wound; Vanquish'd shall I desist?

Nor yet this *Trojan* Prince from *Latium* turn,
Because the Fates deny? could *Pallas* burn
The *Argive* Fleet, and sink them in the Sea
For one mans crime, *Ajax* impiety?

She cast *Joves* winged lightning from a cloud,
 Dispers'd their ships, with winds the Ocean Plow'd;
 Him breathing flame, his brest quite thorow stuck.
 With whirl-winds snatch'd, and on a sharp Rock struck.
 But *I*, Heaven's Queen, Sister and Wife to *Jove*,
 So many years war with one Nation move:
 And who will now *Saturnia's* Power obey,
 Or suppliant, on our Altars honours lay?

Such things revolving, fir'd with discontent,
 Shee to the Land of Storms (*Aolia*) went,
 Coasts big with Tempests; *Aeolus* here confines
 In vast caves struggling gusts and thundering winds
 In prison chains; they scorning their restraint,
 Round their dark Dungeon roar with loud complaint.
 In a high towr, here sceptred *Aeolus* swayes,
 Softens their furie, and their rage allayes;
 Else in their rapid course with them they'd bear
 Sea, Land, high Heaven, and sweep them through the air
 This fearing, them *Jove* in a cave immures,
 And under weight of mighty hills secures;
 Then did a King by firm decree ordain,
 Who knows to check, or when to give the rein:
 To whom thus *Juno* then was suppliant.

Aeolus (for Heavens great King to thee did grant,
 With winds the floods t' incense, or to appease)
 A Race, my foe, now sail the Tyrrhen Seas,
 Bearing to *Latium* conquer'd Gods and *Troy*.
 Raise thou a Storm, and their craz'd Fleet destroy,
 Or through the waves their scatt' red bodies send.
 Twice seven most beauteous Nymphs on us attend,
 The fairest *Deiopeia* I will joyne
 To thee in wed-lock, dedicate her rhine:
 Still to remain for such especial grace,
 And make thee father of a beauteous race.
 When *Aeolus* said, 'Tis thy part to enjoyne
 Commands, O Queen, but to obey is mine;
 Thou in this rea'm and throne didst me invest,
 By thy means I with *Jove* and Gods do feast:

Thou

Thou madst the storms and tempests me to fear.

This said, the hollow mountain with his spear
He pierc'd i'th' side; winds as his mutinous bands
Force their own way, and thunder through the strands;
They take the Sea; *Eurus* and *Notus* raves,
And stormy *Africus* from deepest caves;
Th' whole Ocean vex't tumbling vast waves to shore,
Cries of men follow, shrowds and tackling rore:
When from the *Trojans* sight swift clouds restrain
Heaven and the day, black night brood on the main;
It thunders, aire with frequent lightning shone;
And all things menace quick destruction.
Straight are *Aeneas* Limbs dissolv'd with fear,
He groans, and to the Stars his hands doth rear;
Then said, Most happy you, whose funerals
Your Parents saw under the *Trojan* walls.
Why was not I by thee, O *Diomed*, slain,
Most valiant *Grecian*, on the *Dardan* Plain?
Why lost I not this life by that hand, where
Hector the stout fell by *Achilles* Spear?
Where great *Sarpedon*, where so many bold
Heroes, Shields, Helmets in *Symis* Streams are roll'd.
Then from the North a clamouring gust did rise,
Smote crosse their Sails, and waves advanc'd to skies;
Their Oars are broke, about them comes the Ship,
And night ore-set, her Sails in water dip;
A Mountain breaking ore her weather side
Scours all the deck: these a huge billow ride;
Between the floods to them a yauning wave
The bottome shewes, the sands with breaches rave.
By South-winds drove on hidden Rocks three came,
Rocks far from shore *Italians* Altars name,
Whose craggie shoulders range above the Sea;
Eurus on shoals (a woful sight) forc'd three,
Bilg'd on the bancks, and stuck in beds of sands,
One, true *Orontes* bore, and *Lycian* bands,
In his own view, a huge Sea from the North
Breaks o're her stern, the Master tumbled forth,

The first Book of

Pitch'd on his head : but she thrice hurried round,
 With a swift eddie in the Ocean drown'd.
 Some few appear swimming on raging floods
 With arms of men, oars, planks, and *Trojan* goods.
Ileoneus stout ship now the tempest tore,
 Now bold *Achates*, next that *Abas* bore,
 Then old *Alerhes*, through ript sides each takes
 In hostile waves, and founde'r'd are wth leaks.

When *Neptune* th' Ocean mix'd with horrid sound,
 And the rais'd storm perceiv'd, from deeps profound
 Whole floods turn'd up, much mov'd, from Sea did raise
 His favouring brows, and from high waves survayes :
 Driven through the floods, *Aeneas* Fleet hespies
 With waves distress'd, and fury of the skies :
 Nor *Juno's* fraud nor spleen to him was hid :
 Then *Eurus*, *Zephyre* hailing, thus he chid :

Have you such confidence of your high birth
 Without our licence (Winds) thus heaven and earth
 To mix ? and dare you raise such hills as these ?
 Which I — — But floods inrag'd 'tis best t' appease :
 Nor shall I thus such crimes hereafter spare.
 Hasten your flight, these to your King declare :
 Nor the Seas power, and mighty trident sell
 T' his lot, but mine ; let him in huge rocks dwell
Eurus thy house, in those Courts *Aeolus* may
 Command, and in the wind's close prison sway.
 Sooner then said he calms the raging Sea,
 Scatters thick clouds, restores again the day.
 The Ships *Symothe* did with *Tryton* raise
 And *Neptune* from sharp rocks with's Trident weighs,
 Opening vast Syrts, he calms the raging tides,
 And with light wheels over the surface glides.

As oft when a great people mutinie,
 Th' ignoble vulgar rage ; stones, fire-brands flye,
 Furie finds arms ; but if they chance to see
 A grave man meriting for pietie,
 All silent listning stand ; he soon alwaies
 With words the tumult, and their passion swaies.

Thus

Thus ceast all fragor of the Sea, which when
The father saw, carried through skies serene
He his blest Chariot drives, and turns his horse.
To the next shores the *Trojans* bend their course,
And weary, to the *Lybian* confines glide.
There was a place, far in, an Isle whose side
Stretch'd, made a port, which broke all stormes from sea,
And curs it self into a land-lock'd bay.
On each side mighty cliffs and two rocks were,
Threatning the Skie, under whose tops a fair
And quiet Sea; a trembling wood displaid
Above, and dark groves gave a horrid shade.
A cave was opposite with rocks o're-grown,
Within sweet springs, and fens of living stone,
The Nymphs aboads: 'strest Ship within this sound
Cable nere held, nor sharpe hook'd anchor bound.
Hither *Aeneas* with seven vessels bore,
The rest now lost, much longing for the shore,
The *Trojans* make no little haste to land,
And rest their sea-sick bodies on the sand.
Then first *Achates* sparks strikes out of flint,
And feeds the fire with leaves, dry nourishment
He next about the catching flame supply'd.
They wearied out, such as they had, provide:
Corn with salt-water tainted, what they finde
They dry with fire, and with a stone they grinde.
Mean while *Aeneas* climbs the Rock, th' whole coast
To Sea-ward views, if *Anteus* weather-toft,
Carys, or any sail he might discern,
Or *Caicus* arms upon his lofty Stern:
But none appear'd. When on the shore three Deers
Feeding he spy'd, the hole herd following neer,
And the long troop fed in the vales below,
Aeneas stands, takes arrows and his bow,
Faithful *Achates* charge those weapons were,
And first slew those who tallest heads did bear
With branching crests, the vulgar then, and drove
Th' whole herd, with shooting, to the leavie grove:

Nor left, till victor, seven fat Bucks he laid
 Dead on the ground, which the ships number made.
 Returning then, the *e* with his friends he shar'd :
 Wine good *Acestes* had in casks prepar'd
 In *Scici*'y, and gave his parting guests ;
 The Prince divides, and cheers their troubled breasts.
 Dear friends (for we have many sorrows past)
 You worse have felt, God these will end at last ;
 You *Scilla*'s rage, and Cliffs resounding wide
 Have past, and the *Cyclopi*an rocks have try'd.
 Courage recall, banish sad fear : Delight
 It may hereafter these things to recite,
 How through strange chances, through such dangers we
 To *Latim* bend, where blest *Sears* Destinie
 Fore-shews, where we *Troys* Realms may readvance :
Live, and preserve your selves for better chance.
 This said, with weighty cares oppress'd, he seigns
 Hope in his face, within deep grief restrains.
 They take the quarrie and prepare the feast ;
 They streight unlace the Deer, and th' humbles drest,
 Some pieces cut, which trembling spitted were ;
 On shore some boylers place, and fire prepare,
 Strength they recruit with food, through the grass spread
 They with fat venison, and old wine are fed.
 Hunger alaid, and boards remov'd, much they
 Of lost friends talk, 'twixt hope and fear much say,
 If dead, and quite despair'd of, or alive ;
 Most the good Prince doth for *Orontes* grieve,
 And *Lycas* and *Amycus* cruel fates,
Cloanthus, *Cyas* much compassionates.

When *Jove* from his ætherial height survaies
 The fixed earth and navigable Seas,
 Shores, and spread nations, on heavens spire he stands,
 And fix'd his eyes upon the *Lybian* strands.
 To him revolving in his breast such cares,
 Sad, having drown'd her sparkling eyes in tears
 Spake *Venus* ; Thou, who by eternal Law

Rul'st men and Gods, and dost with thunder awe,
 How could my son so highly thee displease?
 Or *Trojans*, who suffering such miseries,
 In quest of *Latium*, lose the Universe?
 Hence Romans should arise in after years,
 Hence Lords should come from *Tencers* blood renew'd,
 Who sea and land should hold in servitude
 Thou once didst grant; what changes thy decree?
 In *Troys* destruction this did comfort me,
 And sad, I Fate with Fate did counterpoise:
 Yet the like chance the wretches still annoys.
 What end great King, grant'st thou to all their woes?
 Safe could *Antenor* scape through *Gracian* foes,
 Pierce the *Illirick* Straights, and inmost Realms
 Of the *Lyburni*, pass *Timavus* Streams,
 Which like a Sea breaks nine waies from a hill,
 And with loud waves doth the vast champain fill?
 Yet here at length he did *Patavium* frame,
 Built *Trojan* seats, and gave to them a name;
 Then fix'd the *Teucrian* arms, and now at ease
 Enjoys the blessing of an happy peace.
 But we, thy Race, heirs to thy starry Throne;
 Our Ships being lost, are by the wrath of one
 Strangely oppress'd, and drove from *Latium's* shore.
 's This Vertue's pay? thus dost thou Realms restore?
 The Father of the Gods, and King of men
 Smiling on her with such a look as when
 He clouds disperseth, and serenest the skies,
 Kissing his Daughter, gently thus replies.

Fear not, my *Cytherea*, Fates Decree
 For thine stand fix'd; thou promis'd walls shalt see
 Of strong *Lavinium*, and with high stars range
 Great soul'd *Æneas*; my Decrees not change.
 And since thou hast so much desire to know
 These things, the Book of Fate I'll open now:
 He shall great wars in *Latium* wage, subject
 Proud Nations, Laws impose, and walls erect
 Three Winters spent, and *Rutilie* o'recome,

Three springs shall see him crown'd in *Latium*.
 But young *Ascanius*, now *Julus*, late
 Call'd *Ilus*, whil'st great *Ilium* held her State,
 Shall reign full thirty yeers, with months compleat,
 And from *Lavinium* shall transfer his seat;
 Then shall with mighty power long *Alba* rear.
 Here *Hectors* race must rule three hundred year;
 Till *Ilia*, Queen and Priests shall bring forth,
 Pregnant by *Mars*, at once a double birth.
 Then *Romulus*, proud in's Wolf-nurse yellow skin
 Shall gather men, and Martial walls begin,
 And from his own name stile the *Roman* race.
 To them no bounds of things, or times, I place;
 Power grant I without end. Stern *Juno*, here,
 Who now Earth, Seas and Skies wearies with fear,
 Shall better counsels take, with us imbrace
 The *Romans*, Lords of all, and the gown'd Race.
 Thus pleas'd; times come with sliding lusters, when
Affaracus House shall make the high *Micene*
 And *Phthia* tame, and o're proud *Argos* reign.
 Then *Trojan Caesar* springs of a fair Strain,
 With Seas to bound his power, with Stars his fame,
Julius, from great *Julus* comes that name.
 He heap'd with Eastern spoyl's, shall be install'd
 In heaven by thee, and shall with vows be call'd.
 Eerie times then milder grow, wars laid aside,
 Old faith *Vesta* and *Romulus* shall provide
 With *Romus* Laws, and Furies gates shall bar
 With steel and brasse, within which impious war
 Sits on dire Arms, bound with an hundred chains,
 And horrid, with a bloody mouth complains.

This said, from heaven he *Maias* off-spring sends,
 That *Carthage* Land and new Towers might as friends
Trojans receive, lest *Dido* should deny,
 Not knowing Fates: He glides through ample skie
 On fanning wings, and straight touch'd *Lybia's* shores;
 His charge perform'd: mild grow the barbarous *Moors*,

A God commanding : first the Queen exprest
Calm thoughts to *Trojans*, and a bounteous brest.

But many cares that night the Prince resolves,
And with the drawn to search strange coasts resolves,
On what shores driven by windes, by whom posselt,
(For lands he saw untill'd) if man, or beast.

Which done, to tell his Friends. The Fleet did he
Under a hollow clift, from any eye

Obscur'd by trees, which gave a horrid shade :

Only *Achates* his companion made,
In his hand shaking two broad pointed spears,
When his fair Mother in the Grove appears :

A Virgins face and dress, so Virgins be

Of *Sparta* arm'd; or such *Harpalice*,

Who horses tir'd, and *Hebrus* could out-go.

For th' Huntress, as the use, a handsom bow

Wore at her back, her hair expos'd to winds,

Bare knee'd, a knot her flowing garment binds.

And first, she said, Young men, declare if yee

Did this way any of my Sisters see,

With quivers girt, they spotted Linx-skins wear,

Or chasing of the foaming Boar did hear :

Thus *Venus* said: Then *Venus* son reply'd,

None of thy Sisters we nor heard, or spy'd :

But who art thou? thy looks not mortal be,

Nor humane voice; some Goddess certainly,

Or *Phæbus* Sister, or a Nymph you are.

Be blest what e're ; and say to ease our care

In what strange clime, on what coast we are thrown :

We wander here, the place and men unknown,

Drove by vast floods and winds ; by this hand shall

Before thy altars many offerings fall.

Then *Venus* said, too great such honours are

For me, a quiver Tyrian Virgins bear,

And to their claws binde purple buskins near,

Carthage thou seest, *Tyrians* *Aganors* seat.

But *Lybick* coasts, Nations by war unbroke.

Dido reigns here, who *Tyrian* Realms forsook,

Flying

Flying her Brother : long the injuries are
And circumstance ; but things thus briefly were.

Sychem was her Lord, his wealth beyond
All *Tyre*, and she of him extreamly fond ;
To whom her Father did espouse a maid
With solemn rites : but *Tyre Pigmalion* sway'd,
Her brother , who in wickedness exceeds
All those whom fury stirs to impious deeds ;
He blinde with love of gold, *Sychem* too
Secure, in secret at the Altar slew :
Slighting her love, the fact hides, much he fains,
And a sick Lover with vain hope detains.
To her in sleep her Lord unburied now
Appears, raising a wonderous gasty brow ;
The Altars shews, and brest run through with steel ,
Did all close mischief of her house reveal ;
Perswades her leave the Land, with speed to fly,
Where hidden treasure should her want supply,
In gold and silver a huge masse declar'd.
Dido thus mov'd, both flight and friends prepar'd :
Those who did hate or fear the Tyrant, meet,
And suddenly they seise a ready Fleet,
And laid with gold, greedy *Pigmalion's* coyn
Transport : *A woman chief of the Designe* :
And found those parts, where now huge walls, and new
Towers of aspiring *Carthage* thou mayst view :
Call'd *Byrsa* from the bargain, so much ground
Bought as a Bulls hide might encompassse round.
But who are you ? whence come ? or whither go ?
To her enquiring, he surcharg'd with woe ,
From a full brest drew these. Should I recall
O Goddesse, things from their Original,
And would you hear the annals of our woes,
Vesper would first day in *Olympus* close.
We from old *Troy* (by chance if to your ear
Troys name hath come) through divers Seas did steer ;
A storm now drove us on the *Lybian* shore,
I am *Aeneas*, who from enemies bore

My Gods with me aboard, my fame above
The stars is known, and sprung from mighty *Jove*,
A race I seek, and native *Italie*:
I twice ten Ships launc'd to the *Phrygian* Sea:
What course my goddesse Mother did ordain,
And fates, I have observ'd; scarce seven remain,
By waves and tempests craz'd | unknown, and poor,
Driven from *Europe*, and the *Asian* shore,
I wander *Lybick* wilds. Here *Venus* brake
Off his sad tale, and interrupting spake;
Who ere thou art, I judge that thou surviv'st
Dear to the Gods, at *Carthage* who arriv'st.
Therefore go on, to the Queens Court repair;
For I, thy friends and fleet return'd, declare,
And with chang'd Nothern winds to safety brought,
Else me in vain my Parents augurie taught.
Lo! twice six Swans in a glad company
Joves bird pursued through the *Ætherial* sky
In Heaven broad tracks: now earth in a long train
They seem to take, or raken to disdain;
As they return with sounding wings they sport,
And Heaven surrounding in a song consort.
Just so, I say, thy friends and fleet have gain'd
The Port, or with full sails the Bay obtain'd.
Therefore go on (she said) as leads the way,
And turning did her rosie neck display,
When her *Ambrosian* hair a heavenly sweet
Breaths from her head, robes flow beneath her feet,
Her Gate a Goddesse shews. He when he knew
His Mother, thus, her flying did pursue.
Why cruel too dost thou so oft deceive
Thy sonne with feigned shapes? may we not give
Right hands? here real storyes, and reply?
Thus blaming her, he to the walls drew nigh.
But *Venus* them in obscure aire did throwd,
The Goddesse vaild them in a mighty cloud,
Lest any touch, lest any them discern,
Or move delay, or cause of coming learne.

She flies to *Paphos*, visits her own seat :
 Where in her fane a hundred altars sweat
 With Eastern Gums, and with fresh Garlands smoak,
 Then they the path which most invited took
 Now they ascend a hill, which much the town
 Oretops, and looks on adverse Bulwarks down.
 The Prince admires the Pile, once Cotages,
 Admires the Port, the paved streets and noise.
 The *Tyrians* work, some lay foundations
 For walls, and towers, others rowl mighty stones;
 These draw out grounds, and with a trench inclose;
 Lawes, Magistrates, a holy Senate chose.
 Some make a Port, and these a great work drew
 For Theaters, from Rocks vast Pillars hew,
 High ornaments the future Sceans t' adorne,
 As Bees through flowrie Meads i'th' Sunnie morn
 Work in the Spring when hopeful youth they train;
 Or when they stive their sweet and liquid gain,
 And with the purest Nectar stretch the Hive,
 Or ease the laden, or imbattel'd drive
 The Drones, a slothful Cattel, from the Cels.
 The work grows hot, of thyme the honey smels.
 Blest men whose wals now rise, *Aeneas* said,
 And their high towers admiring, then survaied :
 Wrapt in a cloud (most wondrous) he walks in
 With people mix'd, and was of no man seen.

Amidst the town was a sweet shadie Grove,
 Whither a storm first the *Phœnissians* drove,
 Where they an oxen digg'd, which *Juno* sent,
 A horse his head, which shew'd they eminent
 Should be in war, and still in wealth abound :
 Here *Juno's* Fane did *Tyrian Dido* found,
 Wealthy with Presents, and the Goddesse grace :
 Brasse Portals mount, with steps, and beams of brasse;
 And the joyn'd hinges rung with brazen Gates,
 First in this Grove new objects mitigates
 His feare; here safety first *Aeneas* dares
 To hope, and better trust to sad affairs.

Waighting

Waighting the Queen, whilst there he all did see,
Whilst he admires, what the Towns chance might be,
The artists emulous hand, and works so rare,
He saw in order all the *Trojan* War,
War famous now through the whole Universe,
Atides, *Priam*, and *Achilles* fierce
To both : he weeping then, *Achates*, said,
What Realmes hath not our woe replenished ?
Lo, *Priam* here, reward here vertue finds;
Troy tears, and humane sufferings pitying minds.
Fear not he said, this same may help our need ;
Then did his fancie on vain Pictures feed,
Much griev'd his face with a large stream he drown'd,
When he beheld how *Troy* beleagurd round,
Here *Grecians* flie, and *Hector* presses on,
Achilles charges there, and *Trojans* run.
Neer this he *Rhesus* snowie tents survaid
Weeping, his men in their first sleep berraid,
Bloody *Tydid*es with great slaughter waste,
And to his Campe the fiery horses hasts,
Ere they drank *Xanthus*, on *Troy's* Pastures graz'd.
Poor *Troilus* disarm'd, here flies amaz'd,
Too weak for thee *Achilles*, backwards flung
Drag'd with his horse, by th' empty Chariot hung,
Holding the reins, earth soyls his neck and hair,
Scribling the dust with his invited Spear.
When th' *Hian* dames with flowing tresses went
To unpleas'd *Pallas* fane, and robes present,
Beating their breasts, sad in the humble guise :
But th' angry Goddesse fix'd on earth her eyes.
Achilles round *Troy's* walls dragg'd *Hector* thrice,
And gold for his pale corps he made the price.
Then a deep sigh he from his breast did send,
When he the corps, spoils, chariot of his friend,
And *Priam* saw, when unarm'd hands he rears,
He knows himself mix'd with the *Grecian* Peers,
Knew Eastern Squadrons, and black *Memmons* arms ;
Penthesilea raging 'midst alarms,

Her crescent shielded *Amazons* brought on,
 Her naked breast girt with a golden zone;
 Amidst the thickest bands she chargeth then,
 And the bold virgin dares encounter men.

Whilst on these things the *Dardan* Prince did look,
 And much admiring with the object took;
 Then with a guard Queen *Dido*, the most fair,
 To the high Temple did in state repair
 Such on *Eurotas* banks, or *Cynthus* meads,
 Shews bright *Diana*, when she dances, leads
 (Her golden quiver at her shoulders side.)
 A thousand mountain Nymphs on every side.
 Walking, she all the Goddesses excels,
 Whilst joy *Latona* silent bosome swells:
 Such *Dido* was, so cheerfully she went,
 Hastning the works, and future government
 In *Juno's* porch, the Temples mid-arch, round
 Guarded with arms, on high she sate inthron'd;
 A woman gave men Laws, and tasks assigns
 In equal portion, or by lot injoyns.

When streight *Aeneas* did with throngs behold
Anteus, *Sergestus*, and *Cloanthus* bold,
 And other *Trojans*, which the black storme bore,
 And waves dispers'd unto a distant shore.
 Both were amaz'd, and both at once admire,
 'Twixt joy and fear, to joyn right hands desire:
 But troubled with the unknown chance they shrowd,
 Lifting Spectators in a hallow cloud.
 What fortune happen'd to his friends, and where
 They left their fleet, what chance had brought them there,
 For to beg quarter, from each Ship were sent
 Choice men; who clamouring to the Temple went,
 After admission, and free audience had,
 Undiscompos'd bold *Ileoneus* said.

Great Queen, whom *Jove* did grant new seats to build,
 Pleas'd that proud Nation to thy sway should yeild.
 We tempest-beaten *Trojans*, thee desire
 To save our Navie from consuming fire,

And

Virgil's *Æneis*

III

ok,

And neerer view our cause ; the pious spare.
 Nor brought we to the *Libick* confines war,
 Nor come to drive rich preys : vanquish'd long since
 We lost such courage, and such insolence.
 There is a place the *Greeks Hesperia* stile,
 An ancient Warlike Land, a fertile soyle,
 B' *Ænotrians* til'd ; Posterity they fame
 Since cal'd it *Italie*, from their Princes name.
 Hither we steer'd,
 When streight *Oryon* with a storme did rise,
 And us with furious *Auster* did surprise,
 And on the rocks with conquering billows bore ;
 A few of us swom hither to your shore.
 What a strange Nation's this ? what barbarous Land
 Such customes use ? the hospitable strand
 We are denyed, by force prohibired
 Upon the margents of your coasts to tread.
 If men and mortal Powers you nor regard,
 Yet know, the Gods both right and wrong record,
Æneas was our King, for pietie,
 Justice, and prowesse, none more great then he ;
 Which man if fates preserve, if yet he breath,
 If cruel shades receive him not in death,
 You need not fear, nor shall you e're repent
 That you did us in courtesie prevent.
 We have in *Cicilie*, Cities, Arms, and Lands,
 Where great *Acestes*, sprung from *Troy*, commands.
 That we draw up our Navie condiscent,
 To rigg them new, tackling and oars to mend ;
 That if our King and friends be found,
 May steer our course with joy for *Italie*,
 And *Latium* seek. But if no help be found,
 And thou best Prince be in the Tempest drown'd ;
 Nor of *Ascanius* hope ; *Scicanian* roads,
 Whence we sail'd hither, and prepar'd aboads,
 Old King *Acestes*, we at last shall finde.
Ileoneus said : The *Trojans* with one minde
 Gave full applause.

Then

Then *Dido* brief and modestly declares ;
 O *Trojans*, fear not, and seclude your cares :
 To settle our new State we finde so hard,
 That we our Confiners are enforc'd to guard.
 Of *Trojans*, who ? of *Troy*, who ignorant are ?
 Those Worthies, Valour, fury of that War ?
Tyrians are not so dull, nor yet the Sun's
 Chariot so distant from our City runs.
 Seek you great *Italie*, *Saturnian* Lands,
 Or *Erix* shores, the King *Acestes* Strands ?
 I'll safe dismisse you, and supply your want.
 Will you alike with us this City plant ?
 This Town I build is yours : your ships forsake ;
 'Twixt *Tyrians*, *Trojans*, I'll no difference make.
 Would the same wind had hither brought your Prince ;
 But I will issue forth Commands from hence ,
 That he be sought through all the *Lybian* coast,
 Should he in Desarts be, or Cities lost.
Achates and the King with these words fir'd,
 Long since to break the gloomy cloud desir'd.
 Then bold *Achates* to *Aeneas* said,
 Great Goddesse Son, what doubts may now dissuade ?
 Thy friends and ships all safe ; thou seest but one
 Which in our fight the raging Seas did drown :
 All sates thy Mothers words. Scarce these he said,
 When suddenly the circumfused shade
 Purg'd to thin air, and forth *Aeneas* stood,
 His garb, his face, and person like a God :
Venus had trimm'd his hair, youths beauty dies
 His cheeks, she breath'd glad honours on his eyes.
 So ivory grac'd by Art, so silver would
 Or *Parian* Marble shew set in pure gold,
 And sudden, unexpected did appear :
 Then to the Queen. I, whom you seek, am here,
Trojan Aeneas 'scap'd the *Lybick* Seas
 O thou alone, pitying our miseries !
 Who us *Greek* relicks, spent by various Fates
 Of Land and Sea, thou joyn'st Associates

To thee and thine : We, nor all *Dardans* strain
 Through great earth scatter'd can requite again :
 The Gods (if there be any Providence
 Or Justice will thee pious recompence)
 Sure must reward thee. O ! what age of worth,
 What so great Parents, such as thee brought forth ?
 Whiles convex'd hills have shadows, to the maine
 Whilst rivers run, whilst poles the stars sustain,
 Thy honor, name, and fame, shall last, what Land
 Soe'er me invites. Then his right hand
Ilioneus takes, his left *Sergestus* meets,
 Bold *Gyas*, stout *Chanthus* ; all he greets.
 At the first sight *Dido* was much dismay'd,
 And wondring at so strange a story, said ;
 What dangerous fate pursued thee Goddesse son,
 What forc'd thee on these Barbarous shores to run ?
 Art thou *Æneas*, whom fair *Venus* bare
 Neer *Symois* streams *Dardan Anchises* heir ?
Tenzer I call to minde expel'd his land
 To *Sidon* came, did *Belus* aid demand
 New Realms to gain : my father then subdu'd
Cyprus, and conquerer held in servitude.
 Since then I understood the *Trojan* fate,
 Thy name, and every *Græcian* Potentate.
 He though a foe, your valour did commend,
 And said himself, did from your stock descend.
 Therefore bold *Trojans* to our Court advance ;
 We in such dangers tost, and various chance
 At length our selves did in the Country plant ;
 I know t'help others, taught by my own want.

Then she *Æneas* to the Court conveys,
 And the Gods honours on the altars payes.
 Next, to the shores twenty fat Beeves she sends,
 With them a hundred Swine to feast his friends ;
 And with the Ews as many fatted Lambs,
 With wine, *Lycus* joy,
 But all within with royal pomp was grac'd,
 And 'midst the Hall a stately feast they plac'd.

Wrought

Wrought carpets with proud scarlet did infold
 Huge silver Tables, were ingrav'd in gold
 Her Grandfires acts in a long series stood,
 Drawn from so many Princes of the blood.

The King (for love paternal never sleeps)
 Sent down in haste *Achates* to the Ships,
 To tell this to *Ascanius*, then repair
 With him to Court, who was his Fathers care;
 To bring gifts, sav'd from *Troy*, the long Robe which
 Was purld with gold, and with imbroydery rich;
 A Vail, the edge with bright *Acanthus* wrought:
 Fair *Helen's* Dress, which she from *Argos* brought
 To *Troy*, and fatal Marriages set forth,
 Her Mother *Ladas* gift of wonderous worth:
 The Scepter too which once *Ilion* bore,
Priam's first Daughter, the Pearl-chain she wore,
 And Coronet with gold and Gems inchac'd:
 For these *Acates* to the Fleet did haste

But *Venus* now new arts, new counsels took,
 That *Cupid* should like young *Ascanius* look,
 And in the furious Queen he might inspire
 The flames of love, and pierce her bones with fire.
 Double tongu'd *Tyrians* doubtful house she fears,
 Fierce *Juno* frights, with night increas'd her cares.
 Therefore to winged Love she briefly said,

Dear Son, my strength (dear Son) my chiefeft aid,
 Who only slight'st great *Jove's* *Typhoan* fire,
 I fly to thee, suppliant thy aid require.
 Thou know'st thy Brother (my *Aeneas*) hath
 Felt on all Lands and Seas fierce *Juno's* wrath,
 And of our sorrow hadst as great a sense.
 Him *Dido* courts, and staves with blandishments,
Junonian entertainments I suspect,
 Nor she so great occasion will neglect.
 Therefore I plot to deceive, and blind
 The Queen with flames, lest some power change her mind
 That

That she with me *Aeneas* love involve :
Which to effect, know this is my resolve.
The Royal boy for *Carthage* do's prepare
By his dear Father call'd, my greatest care,
Brings gifts preserv'd from *Troys* flame and the deep.
In high *Cytherum* him I'll cast asleep,
Or in *Idalium's* sacred mansions lay ;
Lest he appearing should our plot betray,
Assume his forme only one nights short space ;
Use art, a boy put on a boyes known face,
That when glad *Dido* hugs thee at her lap
At royal feasts, crown'd with the cheering grape,
When she imbracing shall sweet kisses give,
Inspire hid flame, with deadly bane deceive.
His Mother love obeys, his wings he leaves,
And joyfully *Ascanius* garbe receives.
But *Venus* through *Julus* limbs distills
Sweet sleep, and bears to the *Idalian* hills,
And in soft Marjerom the boy she laid,
Whose flowres imbrac'd him with a pleasant shade.
But *Cupid* then his Mothers will obey'd,
Bore gifts to *Carthage*, and *Achates* led.
When he came in, the Queen was plac'd in state
On golden beds, and in the mid'st the fate.
Aeneas, and the *Trojan* Captains met :
And rais'd high, they on spread scarlet set.
The servants water bring and serv'd up bread
In chargers ; some neat-fingered towels spread,
And fifty Dames to serve the bill of fare,
Had charge within, and Incense to prepare.
A hundred more, with youth of like age grac'd
Tables with dishes and the goblets plac'd.
Through joyfull halls in throngs the *Tyrians* prest,
And when commanded, on rich couches rest.
Aeneas gifts th'admire, *Julus* prais'd,
At the Gods bright looks, and feigned words amaz'd :
The robe, and curious vail they much commend
But *Dido* destin'd to a wofull end.

Cou'd

Could not be satisfi'd, burning at the sight,
 The Boy and presents equally delight.
Aeneas neck when he imbracing held
 And the great love of a wrong Father fill'd,
 He Courts the Queen; she strange affection shews,
 Fixing her eyes, lays in her lap; nor knows
 What God betray'd a wretch; but *Cupid* is
 Mindesful of *Venus*, blotting by degrees
Sycheus out, and tries with lively love
 Fix'd thoughts and resolutions to remove.

After the feast was ended, all took down,
 They mighty goblets place, and *Bacchus* crown,
 The ample Palace rung with noises mix'd,
 And shining lamps the golden roofs were fix'd:
 Bright torches vanquish the dark night with fires.
 Here, rich with gems, and gold the Queen requires
 A bowle with wine, which *Belus* us'd, and all
 From *Belus* sprung, then silence through the hall.

O *Jove* (for thou giv'st laws to every guest)
 To *Tyrians*, *Trojans*, let this day be blest,
 And still observ'd by our posteritie:
 Glad *Bacchus* and good *Juno*, present be;
 You favouring *Tyrians* keep this feast, she said,
 And flowing honour on the table paid.
 Then having gently kiss'd the swelling cup,
 Gav't *Bitias*, he the full gold soon turns up,
 And drench'd himself in the overflowing draught.
 Next other Peers: What greatest *Atlas* taught
 On's golden harp, long hair'd *Iopas* playes
Sols labours, and the Moons inconstant wayes, [sprung,
 Whence man and beasts, - whence showres and lightning
 Wet kids, *Arcturus*, Northern bears he sung;
 Why winters suns haste so to touch the main,
 And what delays the tardie night restrain.
Tyrians and *Trojans* praise with one consent.

But the slow night unhappy *Dido* spent
 In various discourse, and long love-quast:
 Oft asks of *Priam*, and of *Hector* oft,

Now in what arms *Aurora's* off-spring came,
Of *Diomed's* house, now of *Achilles* fame.
My guest from first original relate
Greeks trecheries (she said) and your own fate,
And wandrings since; for now seven years hath tost
You on all shores, and drove to every coast.

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ÆNEIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Apollo's Priest the Trojan horse assails:
 Sinon's false Story with feign'd tears, prevails.
 Laocoon and his sons by Serpents slain,
 The Horse drawn in, the Greeks return again.
 The City taken by their stratagem.
 Æneas riseth from a troubled dream,
 And gathers aid; resistance makes in vain:
 The Palace burnt, Polites, Priam slain.
 Through sword and fire Venus her Son conveys,
 Glad Omens raise Anchises from delays.
 Creusa lost, Æneas from Troy's sack
 Ascends mount Ide, his Father on his back,*

ALL silent, and with deep attention fate:
 Then thus the Prince spake from his bed of State.
 Unheard of griefs great Queen, you bid renew:
 How Troys unhappy Realm the Greeks o'rethrew;
 Whose sad destruction I my self have seen,
 And in her losse have no small sharer been.
 Which of the Dolops, Myrmidons, or fierce
 Ulysses souldier, such things to rehearse
 Could tears refrain? And now the dewie night
 Is almost spent; rest setting Stars invite:

But if that you desire our chance to know,
And brief would hear *Troys* final overthrow :
Though at the thought such horror I within
My wounded soul conceive, yet Ile begin.

Broken by war now many sliding yeers,
And forc'd by fate, at length the *Grecian* Peers
A horse frame like a mountain, by divine
Minerva's art, the sides with wrought firre joyne.
They for returne feign vows ; wide spreads that same,
Here secretly by lot, in the dark frame
Choice men th' inclose, and full the Caverns large,
And the huge bellie with arm'd Souldiers charge.

In sight lay *Tenedos*, the Isle well known
By fame, and rich whilst *Priam* held the Crown,
Now but a bay, to Ships a faithlesse rode.
Here they arriv'd, in desert shores abode.
We thought them gone, and for *Mycene* steer'd :
Therefore all *Troy* from her long grief was cleer'd
The gates are open'd, and, *Greek* Camps they joy'd
To see, and visit coasts, and places void.

Here *Dolops* fierce *Achilles* there abode,
Here they joyn'd battel, there the Navie rode.
Some wonder at chaste *Pallas* gift, accurst,
And the huge Horse admire. *Themetes* first
Bids draw't within the wall, place in the fane,
Either by fraud, or such *Troys* fate ordain.
But *Capys*, and the graver heads advise
Those gifts suspected, and *Greek* treacheries
To drown i'th' Sea, and in the flames consume,
Or vast Caves pierce, and trie the hollow wombe.
Th' inconstant rout in fides divided be

Laocoon first, with a great companie
From a high tower ran chafing : then from far,
What madnesse this ? think you *Greek* presents are
Without deceit ? believe the foe is gone ?

O wretched men, is thus *Ulysses* known ?
Either in this inclosed *Grecians* hide,
Or 'gainst our Walls this Engine they provide

The second Book of

To view our houses, and the town to force :
 Some deceit lurks ; *Dardans*, trust not this Horse
 What ere it is, *Greeks* bringing gifts I fear.
 This said, with huge strength he a mighty spear
 At the beasts side and crooked belly flung :
 Trembling it fix'd, the mighty *Caverns* rung,
 The Bulke being struck, and hollow grown within.
 Had fate so pleas'd, had we not senslesse been,
 He had *Argolick* dens with steel constrain'd :
 Now *Troy* had stood, and *Priams* high Towers remain'd.

Behold ! mean while the *Dardan* Shepherds bring
 One bound with mighty clamours to the King.
 Who unknown, freely yeelds this plot to lay,
 That he the Town might to the *Greeks* betray.
 Bold, and prepar'd for both, or to procure
 His ends, or most assured death indure.
 From all parts now the youthful *Trojans* flock,
 Glad to behold, by turns the captive mock.
 Receive *Greeks* treacheries now ; and from one crime
 Learn all.

For as amidst, troubled, disarm'd he stands,
 And cast his eyes round on the *Phrygian* bands,
 Ah, What land now, or what Sea entertaines
 A wretch (he said) ? for poor me what remains
 Who have no place in *Greece* ? *Trojans* incens'd
 Expect with blood now to be recompenc'd,
 With which complaint our minds are chang'd, all rage
 Comprest ; we bid him tell his Parentage,
 What news ; how they might trust him captive made.
 Then casting off all fear at length he said.

All truths what ere, to the great King will I
 Confesse, nor that I am a *Greek* deny ;
 This first : though cruel fortune *Sinon* hath
 Made wretched thus, she cannot false of faith.

If you have heard of *Palamedes* name,
 From *Belus* sprung, his glory great by fame,
 Whom innocent, falsely the *Greeks* accus'd
 And by strange law, because he war refus'd

Condemn'd to dye, and him, now dead, lament.
 Hither at first, me my poor father sent
 In arms with him companion, neer of blood,
 Whilst safe he was at home, and his realms stood
 By counsel, we bore also name, and state
 But afterward by *Ulysses* hate,
 I speak things known, he to the pale shades went,
 Griev'd, I my life in woe and darknesse spent;
 And mourn'd alone losse of my injur'd friend;
 Nor foolish held my tongue, what chance attend,
 If native *Greece* I ere touch conqueror,
 I vow'd revenge; with words sharp malice stir.
 Hence sprung my woes; hence *Ithacus* gave out
 New crimes to fright, and spreads amongst the rout.
 Ambiguous words, conscious plots new designs,
 Nor rests till *Chalcas* in his project joyns——

Why trivial things recount I thus in vain?
 Wherefore delay? if all the *Grecian* strain
 You in one list esteem, enough is told;
 Now let me suffer: this *Ulysses* would,
 This with much treasure would *Atreides* buy.
 Then we grow earnest to know how, or why;
 Of such plots ignorant, and *Pelasgian* art.
 Who trembling, thus proceeds with fained heart.

To raise their siege the *Grecians* oft desir'd,
 And *Troy* forsake by flight, with long war tir'd.
 (And would they had) whom ready storms at Sea
 Did oft shut in, and rough winds terrifie.
 But more since we with ample beams did form
 This horse, all heaven did thunder with a storm.
 Perplex'd, to th' Oracle, *Euryphilus*.

We sent, who these sad answers brought to us.

The winds you first appeas'd with virgin blood,
 When first for *Trojan* shores you *Grecians* flood:
 With blood you must, and a *Greeks* sacrifice
 Gain your return. When through, the Camp this flies,
 Amazed through their bones shoot trembling feare,
 Whom *Phæbus* meant, for whom such fates prepare.

Ulysses here, with great stir, mid'st the bands
 From Prophet *Calchas*, asks the Gods commands.
 The artists dire plot many did to me
 Foretel, and wisely did th' event foresee.
 Silent ten dayes, he cunning, did refuse
 Any to name, and the sad Victime chuse:
 At last, forc'd by *Ulysses* clamours, he
 Breaks silence, and to th' Altars destines me.
 They all assent; what each himself did fear,
 Turn'd to the ruine of one wretch, they bear.
 Now came the fatal day, rites are design'd,
 Salt fruit they bring, my brows with garlands bind.
 I grant, I broke my bonds, scap'd death by flight,
 And hid with reeds, in a foul lake all night.
 I lay: till they set sail, if so they would,
 No hope is left my Country to behold,
 Sweet Children, or dear Father now, which may
 For my escape be call'd sad mulcts to pay,
 And my crime expiate with their own death.
 You by the Gods, by sacred Truth, by Faith
 Inviolat, I pray (if any be
 Mongst mortals yet) pitie my misery,
 Pity a wretch so great injustice bears.
 We grant both life, and pity to his tears.
 And *Priam* first his manacles to ease
 And chains commands; then courteously said these.
 Who ere thou art, forget the *Grecians* gone,
 Thou shalt be ours; but now these truths make known,
 Why plac'd they this huge Horse? who Authors are?
 What would they? sacred is't, or work of War?
 Then skil'd in arts, and *Grecian* treacheries,
 His hands unbound he raiseth to the skies.

Eternal fires, you powers from violence free,
 Altars dire swords I scap'd, my witness be,
 And the Gods wreaths, which we your offering crown'd:
 Now from our sacred oath I am unbound.
 Now I may hate the *Greeks*, and all things hid
 Disclose; nor hath our countreys laws forbid,

If thou keep promise, if thou *Troy* prove true,
If truths, if great things I repay to you.

The *Greeks* chief hopes and confidence was laid
(Since first this war begun) in *Pallas* aid.

But since that impious *Diomed* conjoyn'd
With *Ithacus*, who all curs'd plots design'd,
Fatal *Palladium* from the sacred fane
(Ent'ring) they snatch'd, the high tow'rs warders slain,
Took the blest'd image, and with bloody hand
Rudely the virgin fillers then prophan'd;
The *Grecian* hopes ran backward and declin'd,
Broke was their strength, and chang'd the Goddesse mind.
Nor gave she signes by doubtful Prodigies:

Scarce plac'd within our Campe, her burning eyes
Shine with bright flames; and from her body flows
Salt sweat, and wondrous; thrice from ground she rose,
Bearing her target, and her trembling spear.
Calchas cries streight, to Sea they must repaire,
Nor *Grecians* arms should conquer *Troy*, unlesse
The *Omens*, and the power return to *Greece*, [brought,
Which they with them through waves in vast keels

And now *Mycene* with fair Winds is sought.
Arms, Gods, and Friend, prepar'd; remeasuring Seas
Soon they return; thus *Calchas* ordered these.
This being advis'd, they for *Palladium* left,
For th' injur'd Power, to expiate the theft.
This mighty frame *Calchas* did rear so high,
And rib'd with oke commands to touch the skie,
Lest it within your Ports, or Walls attain,
Lest her old Love, it should your Nation gain.

But if *Minerva's* gift you violate,
Great woes (which may the Gods on them translate)
The *Prygians* shall, and *Priam's* Realms attend.
But by your hands if this your seats ascend,
Asia 'gainst *Greece* shall mighty Wars maintain,
And for our off-spring shall those sates remain.
Thus perjur'd *Sinons* craft belief prepares,
And vanquish'd those with fraud and feigned tears,

Whom neither *Diomed*, *Achilles*, nor
A thousand Ships could tame, nor ten years war.

But now a chance fell out of greater dread,
And their distracted minds astonished.
In stead of *Neptunes* Priest the annual due
A Bull *Laocoon* at the Altar slew.
Behold, from *Tenedos*, two huge Serpents came,
(I shake to mention) through calm Seas they swam,
And took the deep : to shore at once they bend,
Their breasts erected, bloody necks extend
Above the floods, their sterns divide the main,
Winding long backs, with a voluminous train.
The somic brine resounds, to shore they came,
Their burning eyes speckled with blood and flame,
And hissing mouths lick with a brandish'd tongue.
Pale at the sight, we fly : they march along,
Laocoon seek ; and first the slender waft
Of his two Sons the winding Snakes imbrac'd,
And on the childrens wretched members fed.
Next him, for aide with weapons furnished,
They seiz'd ; bind with huge spires, and now twice rould
About his waste, twice scaly backs infold
His neck, above his head tall creasts they rear.
With both his hands he strives those knots to tear,
And with foul blood and gore his garlands dies,
And to the Stars at once rais'd horrid cries.
So rores a hurt Bull, having Altars fled,
And the uncertain axe shook from his head.
But the two Serpents to the high Fane went,
And crawling to stern *Pallas* temple bent :
Under the Goddesse feet, and target hide.
Then through our trembling breasts strange terrors glide ;
The *Trojans* say, *Laocoon* had his due,
Who at the sacred Oke his javlin threw,
And at the side did cast an impious speare.
All cry, To sacred seats the image bear,
And on the Goddesse call.

We break our Rampiers, and our Walls divide,
 All ply the work, cords to the neck are tide,
 Wheels to the feet, the fatal frame aspires,
 Pregnant with arms, boyes, virgins, round in Quires
 Chaunt sacred hymns, and touch the ropes with joy.
 It goes, and menacing it enters *Troy*.

O Country, *Troy*, where Gods once mansions sound;
 And, O you *Dardan* walls, in wars renown'd!
 Four times in th' entrance of the gates it hung;
 Four times within the clash of harness rung:
 Yet we, blind, senseless, draw with all our power
 Th' unhappy monster to the sacred tower.
Cassandra then, these future fates foretold,
 Whom *Trojans* ne're believ'd, so *Phæbus* would.
 Poor we, to whom that day must be the last,
 Each where, with festive boughs, the temples grac'd.

But now the heavens were turnd; night rose from Seas,
 Shading earth, skies, and *Grecian* treacheries.
Trojans dispers'd lay silent on the Walls,
 And deep sleep on their wearie bodies falls.
 And now in Ships prepar'd the *Argive* band
 From *Tenedos* saile, and steer the well-known strand,
 Following by friendly silence of the *Moon*
 The *Admirals* light: *Sinon* fore-warn'd, as soon
 (Sav'd by ill fates) frees from a dore of Pines,
 The *Greeks* inclos'd; whom now the horse resignes
 To the fresh air: glad, from the hollow Oke,
Tisandrus, *Sthenelus*, fierce *Ulysses* broke,
Athamas, *Thoas*, *Pyrrhus*, *Machaon*,
 And *Menelaus*, by long ropes did slide down,
 With *Epeus*, who the engine did designe.
 Th' invade the Town, buried in sleep and Wine;
 The Watch was slain, and they by open gates
 Receive their friends, and joyn to their own mates.

It was the time, first sleep the weary soule
 Possess, and Heavens best gift on mortals stole.
 Behold! most sadly *Hector* then appears
 To me in sleep, shedding abundant tears:

Drag'd at a chariot, black with bloody dust,
 As e'erst, and through his swoln feet reines were thrust,
 (Ah! how much chang'd, how from that *Heſtor*, whom
Achilles spoils once grac'd, returning home.
 Or darting *Phrygian* fire on th' *Argive* Fleet.)
 Squalid his beard, his haire with blood concrete,
 Bearing those wounds, those many, neer *Troy's* Wall
 He had receiv'd: weeping, I seem to call
 The man, and thus sad speeches did commence.

O *Dardan* light! O *Troys* chief confidence!
 Why such delays? O *Heſtor*, from what coast
 Com'st thou desir'd? that thee, so many lost,
 After such labours, of the town, and men,
 Weary with view: What sad chance thy serene
 Locks hath defil'd? Or why those wounds view I?
 But he to vain demands made no reply,
 Eut fetching deep from's breast a heavy groan,
 Ah flie, he said, from fire scape *Venus* son,
Troys high towers sink, the walls the *Grecians* have:
 Enough for her, and *Priam*, could strength save
Ilium, this hand had sav'd her; and now she
 Her sacred things and Gods commends to thee.
 Take these companions of thy fates, with these
 Build a great City, having past the Seas.

This said, he wreaths, and mighty *Vesta* broughr,
 And fires eternal from her sacred vault.

Mean while with various cryes the walls resound;
 And more and more (although in shady ground
 My fathers house remote obscurely lay)
 Loud noise draws neer, and clashing arms dismay.
 I shake off sleep, and mount the battlement
 With speedy steps, and stood with ears intent.
 As when with rough winds, fire, in standing corn,
 Or mountain floods, with a rapt torrent born,
 Drouds the rank Wheat, and Meads, toys of the Ox,
 Woods head-long sweeps: amaz'd, on lofty rocks,
 The shepherd ignorant, receives the sound:
 Then truth appear'd, and *Grecian* treason found.

Descriptio.

Deiphobus ample frames now overturns
 By *Vulcan's* rage, and next *Ucalegon's* burns,
 With fire now shine the broad *Sigea* Baies,
 The trumpets sound, men higher clamors raise.
 Mad I take arms, arm'd void of counsel, then
 To aid the tower, with friends to gather men,
 My bosome burns : rage, fury, judgment charms ;
 And we conceive it brave to die in arms.

Panthus, behold ! escap'd the enemies,
Apollo's Priest, *Panthus*, *Otrides*,
 Bearing things sacred, vanquish'd gods, he led
 His Nephew, and to th' shore distracted fled.

How stand things *Panthus* ? what Fort do we hold ?
 Scarce said, with a deep sigh thus much he told.
 The last dayes come, *Troys* unavoided date;
Trojans we were, *Troy* was, and the high state
 Of *Troy* hath been : *Jove*, cruel, all to *Greece*
 Transfers, and *Greeks* the burning town possesse.
 That Horse within the walls, that mighty frame
 Pours forth arm'd men, bold *Sinon* stirs the flame
 Insulting ; others open gates possesse,
 So many thousands never came from *Greece*.
 Some on both sides the narrow Passes guard,
 And drawn swords shining stand, to kill prepar'd.
 The watches of the out-works they invade,
 Who in disorder weak resistance made.

With *Panthus* words, and aid of Gods I passe
 Through flames, through arms, where sad *Erynnis* was :
 Where sorrow calls, and clamours heaven ascend.
Ripheus, old *Iphitus*, companions joyn'd,
 By Moon-light brought ; *Dimas*, and *Hypantus*,
 Throng to our side, and young *Migdonidis*,
 Who in those daies by chance to *Ilium* came,
 Whom with fond love *Cassandra* did inflame.
 The hapless son brought *Troy* and *Priam* aid,
 But Prophecies of the inspired Maid
 Did not regard.
 Yet when I saw a fight they durst maintain,
 Bold youth, I said, your valour is in vain.

To save the burning Town; if you desire
 To meet your certain death, bravely t'expire,
 You see the chance; those kept this Realm, our Gods
 Their altars have forsok, and blest abodes:
 Then let's encounter death, fall bravely on;
Vanquish'd mens safety, is, to hope for none.

Our youth being thus inrag'd, as in dark night
 Wolves rav'ning hunt, spur'd by fierce appetite,
 Their Whelps being left, wait with dry jaws; so we
 Through weapons rush, rush through the enemy
 To certain death; and through the City made,
 Black night surrounding with a hollow shade.

Who can the cruel funerals of that night
 Declare? With equal tears those woes recite?

Th' old City falls, potent so many years:

In every street slaughter in heaps appears

Bodies in houses, sacred temples, thrown.

Nor did the *Trojans* suffer death alone;

The vanquished their courages recall,

And now the *Grecian* Conquerors do fall:

In all parts cruel grief, in all parts fear,

And various shapes of death was every where.

Androgeas, first of all the *Greeks*, came up

To us, and follow'd with a mighty troop,

Who not suspecting, us for friends did take,

And first with courteous language freely spake.

Haste, sirs; O slothful, what delays you thus,

Whil'st others ransack burning *Pergamus*?

March you but now from the tall Fleet? This said,

And straight (for we but doubtful answers made)

Perceives himself ingag'd amidst his foes,

And with the word astonish'd, backward goes.

As one who on a Serpent, 'mongst sharp briers

Treads unawares, and frighted, straight retires

From his rais'd wrath, and purple swelling head;

So at the sight *Androgeas* frighted fled.

We fiercely charge, and round about them drew,

Amaz'd, and ignorant of the place orethrew:

And

And fortune did this our first service aid,
 Here heightened with successe *Chorabus* said,
 O friends, where our first fortune way hath shewn
 For safety sake, as she directs let's on.
 Let us change shields, in *Græcian* armour go;
 Who fraud or valour questions in a foe?
 These shall give armes, thus saying he assumes
Androgeos glittering shield and crested plumes,
 And fits an *Argive* sword unto his thigh.
 This *Rypheus*, *Dymas*, all the Company:
 Each arm'd himself in recent spoiles with joy;
 Then mix'd with *Greeks*, wanting our Deity,
 And through nights gloomy shades, often we sell,
 And many a *Grecian* soul we sent to hell:
 Some flie to th' Ships, and swift to safe shores bend,
 Others with base fear struck, again ascend
 The mighty horse, and in the known bulk hide.

Ah, who may hope if by the Gods deni'd!
Cassandra lo! the *Priameian* Maid,
 From *Pallas* Temple drag'd, her hair displaid,
 To Heaven her bright eyes raising then in vain;
 Her eyes, for cords her tender hands restrain.

Inrag'd *Chorebus* not enduring this,
 Willing to die, leaps midst his enemies;
 All after rush, 'mongst thickest Squadrons went.
 Here first by darts from the high Temple sent,
 Our own destroy us, and sad slaughters make
 By change of Arms, and *Grecian* helms mistake:
 The *Grecians* gather, stir'd with grief and rage,
 And for the rescu'd Virgin all ingage.
 Then both th' *Atrides* all their men drew up,
 Fierce *Ajax* charg'd, and the *Dolopian* Troop.

So adverse winds contest with all their forces;
 The West and South, *Eurus* on's Eastern horse:
 The woods resound, and some *Nereus* raves,
 And with his Trident stirs up dreadful waves.

Those we by stratagem had overthrown,
 And by night's help chac'd round about the Town,
 Appear

Appear ; and first they knew our feigned arms,
 The difference of our language, and alarms.
 We are ore-powr'd ; and first at *Pallas* Fane
Chorebus was by *Peneleus* slain.
 Next *Ripheus* fell, most faithful to his trust ;
 Nor in all *Troy* was known a man more just,
 Though by the gods otherwise look't upon.
Hypans, *Dymas*, were by friends ore-thrown ;
 Nor *Phæbus* Miter could deliver thee
 (*Panthus*) from death, nor thy great pietie.
Troy's ashes witnesse, and last flames of mine,
 If in your fall I danger did decline,
 Or *Grecians* force : death, had my fate been full,
 This hand did merit. Thence with us we pull
Iphitus, *Pelias* : *Iphitus* age detain'd,
Pelias a wound he from *Ulysses* gain'd.

Hence clamour calls to *Priam's* Palace ; there
 A huge fight was, as if no war elsewhere,
 Nor in the whole Town other Funerals.
 So untam'd *Mars*, *Greeks* rushing to the walls :
 We saw ; strong gates with testudes they assail,
 High pillars climb, and walls with ladders scale ;
 Shields their left hands protect, oppose defence
 'Gainst darts, their right hand seise the battlements.
Dardan's resist ; down roofs and towers they cast,
 And with such arms, since they behold their last,
 Prepare to save themselves in deaths extremes :
 High honours of old Princes, golden beams
 They tumble down, others with drawn swords stood
 To keep the gates, and with strong guards make good.
 Courage restor'd, we to the Palace made,
 To joyn our force, and give the vanquish'd aid.
 There was a porch with private gates, a way
 Well known in Court, behinde the pillars lay ;
 Often by which, whil'st *Ilium* did remain,
 Hapless *Andromache* without a train
 Old *Priam* us'd to visit, and did bring
 Her son *Assyanax* to delight the King.

Straight I this way the Battlements ascend,
From whence in vain their darts the *Trojans* spend.
There was a towre erected wondrous high,
And with proud Bulwarks seem'd to kiss the Skie,
From whence all *Troy* accustomed to see
The Camp and Navie of the enemy;
This with my sword I loos'd, and on that part
Where jutting beams did from their mortesse start,
We gave a shove; when sudden from that height
Thundring it fell, and on the *Greeks* did light:
But fresh men charge, nor stones, nor any kind
Of weapons ceas'd mean-while.

Pyrrhus just at the entrance, in the passe,
Triumphs in arms, and shines in glittering brass.
So in the Spring a starved Snake comes forth,
Whom swoln, cold Winter drove beneath the earth;
Now having cast his skin, he fresh appears
With shining youth, and proud, his belom rears
In towrie windings to the chearing South,
Brandishing tripple Stings in's hissing mouth:
With him was *Periphas* and *Automedon*,
Achilles Squire and Charioteer comes on;
These seconded by all the *Syrian* hands,
Who on the roofs cast fire, and flaming brands.
Through strong gates first, he with an axe did passe,
And from the hinges tore down beams of brass,
Then hews huge pillars, cleaving knotty oke,
And a large breach with a wide passage broke;
The house within appears, long halls unfold,
Priams bed-chamber, and the Kings of old;
The entrance they might see arm'd souldiers guard,
But within Tumults, and loud skreeks are heard,
The arch'd feelings howl with female cries,
And clamours to the golden starres arise.
Then fearful Matrons through vast buildings mix'd
The posts embracing held, and kisses fix'd.
With's fathers strength, *Pyrrhus* maintains the fight,
Nor guards, nor rampires can resist his might:

Gates with his battering Ram are overthrown,
 And from their hinges Jaums are tumbled down.
 They force their way, the first they meet they kill,
 And royal Courts the basest Souldiers fill.

A foaming River not so fiercely goes,
 When breaking forth, his banks he overthrows,
 And on the Plains with hostile billows falls,
 Bearing with him both Cattel and their stalls.
 I saw how slaughtering *Pyrrhus* was inrag'd :
 To enter how th' *Atrides* were inrag'd :
 The Queen, a hundred Ladies, *Priam* view'd.
 And fires he hallow'd, with's own blood imbrew'd.
 He fifty daughters did with marriage grace,
 Such hopes there was of his illustrious race.
 Beams rich with gold, and spoiles fall by their ire,
 And *Greeks* possess whats not possesst by fire,
 But here you may inquire of *Priams* Fates,
 When *Troy* he saw was taken, and his gates
 Torn down, through all the Court the foe to rage :
 Arms long unworn, th' old man, trembling with age,
 Girds on in vain ; a useless sword he takes,
 And desperate, where the foe was thickest, makes.

Amidst the court, under heavens canopie
 An Altar stood, an ancient Laurel nigh
 Imbrac'd the gods with a decliming shade :
 Hither in vain, the Queen and Daughters fled.
 But when in youthful arms she *Priam* spide
 Oh ! my most wretched husband (straight she cride)
 What coun'el thee to put on arms did move ?
 Into what danger dost thou run dear love ?
 These times no such defenders will allow,
 No, if my *Hektor* should be present now.
 Draw neer ; this Altar may protect us all,
 Or here in death we will together fall.
 Then she her husband by the hand did bring,
 And plac'd in sacred seats the aged King.

Behold ! *Polytes* one of *Priams* sons
 Having escap'd from slaughtering *Pyrrhus*, runs

Wounded

Wounded to seek some sheltring place, he flies
Through arms, through foes, courts, and long galleries;
Whom raging *Pyrhus* did with arms pursue:
Now takes and strikes him with his javelin through.
At last as in his Parents fight he stood,
He fell, and poures his soul out with much blood.

Here *Priam*, though beset with death, abstain'd
Neither from language, nor his wrath restrain'd
The Gods for this, who such a bold act dar'd,
If any power in Heaven such things regard,
They'l recompence, and due rewards bequeath
To thee, who forc'd me see my dear sons death,
And with his blood the Parents face defil'd.

Achilles, whom thou father false hast stil'd,
Was no such foe to me, he blush'd when I
Implor'd the law of arms, nor did denie
Hectors pale corps should have a native tombe,
And me again sent with a convoy home.

This said, th' old man a feeble javlin threw,
Which could nor pierce his sounding target through
But on the bosse did hang the harmlesse spear.

Then *Pyrhus* said: this news my father bear,
My cruel deeds remember to relate;
And how that I his sonne degenerate.

For thou shalt die; as soon as this he said,
Through his sons blood, he dragging him convai'd
Trembling to th' Altars, then his hair he wreathes

In his left hand, his right his sword unsheaths,
Which to the hilts he buries in his side.

So finith't *Priams* fates, and thus he di'd,
Seeing *Ilium* burn, whose proud Commands did sway
So many potent Realms in *Asia*.

Now on the Strand his sacred bodie lies
Headlesse, without a name or obsequies.

Amaz'd, then first strange feare surrounded me,
I on my father thought, when I did see
The equal aged King gave up his life

With a sad wound, and my neglected wife,

My rifled house, and poor *Julus* chance.
 Round I behold, what force I could advance;
 All weary had forsook me, and leapt down,
 Or in the flames, their wretched bodies thrown.

Now by my self; in *Vesta's* porch I found
Helen conceal'd, silent, on sacred ground
 Close hid she lay: a light those burnings vast
 Me wandring gave, as round my eyes I cast.
 She for *Troys* fall expects the *Trojans* sword,
Greek censures, wrath of her forsaken Lord.
 Common *Erynnis* both to *Greece* and *Troy*,
 Obscure, and hated did at Altars lie.
 My minde inflames, rage my revenge did call,
 To give her punishments for my Countreys fall.
 Shall safely she behold her native soyle?
 A Queen in *Sparta* triumph in our spoil?
 Her husband, court, children and parents see?
 Shall *Trojan* Dames, *Phrygians* her servants be?
Priam by th' sword fall? flames destroy his seat?
 So oft with blood the *Dardan* confines sweat?
 Not so. Although no memorable name
 Have female punishments, or such conquests fame;
 Yet I'll be prais'd to punish, nay to kill
 So curst a wretch; I'll satisfie my will
 Flames to revenge, and my friends ashes please.
 With rage I was transported saying these,
 When my blest Mother did to me appear,
 Never before in night she shin'd more cleer.
 Goddess confest; such, and so great, as she
 Is seen to those above; and wringing me
 Fast by the hand, from rosie lips she said,
 Dear Son. what rage hath such distemper made?
 Why rav'st thou thus? and where are our respects?
 Nor look'st thou first, where bedrid thou neglects
Anchises now? lives thy *Creusa* yet?
 And young *Ascanius*? which the *Greeks* beset
 On all sides round: did not I aid afford
 Flames had devour'd them, or the enemies sword.

Nor *Helens* beauty blame, nor *Paris* hate,
 The Gods, the Gods incens'd o'rethrow this feat,
 And from her deep foundations ruin *Troy*.
 Behold (for all these clouds which thus annoy
 Thy mortal sight, and thus thick mists display
 I shall remove, nor feare thou to obey
 Thy Mothers will, nor her commands resist)
 Here where saln heaps, stones torn from stones thou seest
 Lie mix'd with ashes thus, and waving smoke,
Neptune the walls with his great trident shook,
 And the whole City turns up from her seats.
 Here cruel *Juno* guards the *Scaan* gates;
 And raging, from the Fleet her Favourizes calls,
 Girt with a Sword.
 On high towers plac'd, thou mayst *Tritonia* spie
 In a bright cloud, the cruel *Gorgen* by.
 With strength and courage *Jove* the *Greeks* supplies,
 And 'gainst *Troy's* Arms excites the Deities.
 Fly Son, thy labours finish, I'll be neer,
 And safe thee to thy fathers Thresholds bear.
 Then she her self in nights dark shales conceal'd,
 And cruel shapes great Deities reveal'd
 Themselves averse to *Troy*.
 And now all *Ilium* seems in flames to burn,
Neptunian Troys foundations over-turn.

As an old ash hath lofty mountains crown'd,
 With frequent axes hew'd, with steel cut round
 By striving Swains: she threarning nods, and now
 She shakes her tresses with a trembling brow,
 Till vanquished with wounds, she gives a grone,
 And from the mountain torn, lies overthrown.
 Thence led by her, I passe through foes and fire;
 Weapons give place, and horrid flames retire.

But when to our paternal seats I came,
 Our ancient house, my Father, my first aim,
 First sought to carry to the mounrains; he
 Refus'd to live, and would no exile be,
Ilium destroy'd: you in whose youthful veins,

He said, fresh blood flows, solid strength remains,
Take you your flight.

If Heaven would spare my life, these seats for me
Had been preserv'd; it is too much, I see
One fall, once to out-live this City took:
Thus let, O thus the bed-rid be forsook.
I shall finde death, pitied by foes, who shall
My spoils seek: *Loss of Sepulchre is small.*
Hated by heaven, useless I live, since when
The Father of the Gods, and King of men
With thunder struck, with lightning blasted me.

Thus he discours'd, and fix'd remain'd; whilst we
Are drown'd in tears; my Wife, *Ascanius*,
With all the house, lest his delays might us
With him destroy, rempting to urgent Fate.
Yet he denies, fixt in one posture fate.
I arm again, and wretched, wish to die.
What avails counsel? what can chance supply?
Think you (dear Sir) I'll stir, you left behinde?
Can such strange words fall from a Fathers minde?
If nothing heaven of such a town will leave,
And you and yours you'll to Troy's ruines give,
That death is near; from Priam's slaughter now
Pyrrhus will come, who at the altar slew
The Father, and the Son before the Sire.
For this (blest Mother) me through sword and fire
Didst bring? To see my foe within my house,
My Father, Wife, and young *Ascanius*
(Behold) in one anothers blood lie dead?
Arm, arm, the last hour calls the vanquished.
Let me return, and seek the enemy,
Nor shall we now all unrevenged die.

Here I gird on my sword, my target brace
To my left arm, ready to leave the place.
Lo! then my wife clings fast unto my knee,
And in the porch holds forth my Son to me.
Go'st thou to die, take us through all alarms,
But if expert thou'st confidence in arms,

First guard this house, *Ascanius* now contains,
Where father, wife, once called thine, remains.
At this the house rung with a woful cry;
When straight appears a wondrous prodigy.
Betwixt our hands, in the sad parents sight,
Lo! from *Iulus* crown a flaming light
Was seen to rise, and harmless fire did spread
With a soft rouch, and round his temples fed,
We frighted haste to shake the flagrant hair.
Water to quench the sacred flame prepare.
But to the stars *Anchises* lift his eyes,
His voice and hands advancing to the skies,
Almighty *Jove* if any prayer move thee,
Look down, if we deserve for piety:
Confirm this signe, O father, and grant aid.
Scarce th' old man thus, when straight it thundered
On the left hand, gliding through shades, from skies
A starre shoots blazing, and with much light flies,
Which we beheld o'r the high roofs to move,
And our course marking to th' *Idean* grove
Conceal'd it self, then in a furrow broke,
And shining, made those parts with sulphure smoke;
My father now perswaded, left his bed,
Adores the star, and the Gods worshipped;
Haste, now I follow whither you shall please,
O save our house, and race, you Deities,
This is your Omen, *Troy* is yours; O Son,
I yeild, and go now thy companion:
Then from the walls, we hear the crackling flame
Louder to sound, and neer the burnings came.
Dear father, on my neck your self sustain,
Lay here your weight, such labour is no pain:
What ever chance, on common danger we
Shall equal share, to both on safety be,
I shall *Ascanius* my companion choose,
Dear wife, observe my steps, but distance use,
And you, my servants, list to my commands.
Neer *Troy* a tomb, an ancient temple stands,

Of flighted *Ceres*, an old Cypres nigh,
 Which long your Grandfires kept religiously.
 By several ways, to this let us repair.
 Our Gods, and sacred things, dear father, bear :
 For me unfit to touch, return'd from blood
 And so great Battels, till the living flood
 Cleanse me again.
 Then o're my shoulder and my neck I ti'd
 Above my vest a yellow Lions hide.
 I take the load, *Ascanius* did embrace
 My hand, and follow'd with unequal pace.
 My wife behinde, we past through parts obscure :
 I who before durst showres of darts indure
 And adverse ranks of thickest *Greeks*; now fear
 Each breath of winde, the smallest noise I hear ;
 Alike both for my son and burthen dread
 I reach the gates, long wayes are vanquished,
 When sound of trampling feet our ears invades,
 My father spies them through the gloomy shades,
 And cries aloud, O son, fie they draw near,
 Their shining arms, and glittering shields appear.
 Nor can I give account what God unkind,
 Trembling, amaz'd, did here distract my mind,
 Whil'st uncouth wayes I choose, lest the known coast,
 Ah, by sad fate I my *Creusa* lost.
 Whether she dy'd, did stray, and tir'd gave ore
 Her journey, but I saw her face no more ;
 Nor lookt behinde, nor mist her till we come
 To sacred sears, and ancient *Ceres* tomb.
 Here we all met, one only thus bereav'd,
 Who me, her father, and her son deceiv'd
 What God or man did not my phrenzie call
 In question ? what worse chance since *Ilium's* fall ?
 My Son, my Father, and our Gods I did
 Leave with my friends, and in a valley hid.
 Troy I revisit, gird on shining arms
 A'll dangers to renew, through all alarms
Ilium to search, again past danger try :
 The walls I first, then gloomy gates draw nigh.

Obscur'd with night, back, step by step I went
With wary pace, and eyes as vigilant.

Horror each-where, nay silence strikes a fear.
Thence home I went, hoping to finde her there;

Through all the roofs the cruel *Greeks* I finde,
And eating fire rowl'd to the tops with wind,

Then flames ascend, fire towreth in the air ;

To *Priam's* Seats and Palace I repair ;

There *Phoenix* and *Ulysses* guard the spoils

In *Juno's* temple and forsaken *Iles*.

From all parts hither *Dardan* treasure came,

Sav'd from the Gods and Temples sunk in flame :

Goblets of gold, rich robes in heaps are laid,

Youth, fearful matrons, orderly array'd,

Stand round about.

Bold, also / the streets with clamour fill,

And call through shades, ingeminating still

Again in vain, again *Crensa*. Here

To me in quest, thus raging every where,

Appears her shade and sad similitude ;

And her known form a larger shape indu'd:

Amaz'd, struck dumb, erected was my hair,

When thus she spake, with words appeasing care.

Why so much pleaseth thee a task so vain,

O my deer Lord, since thus the Gods ordain ?

Neither must thou transport me from these Strands;

The King of high *Olympus* cōntermands.

Thou shalt, long exile, plow vast Seas, before

Hesperia's sound, where through a fertile shore

The *Lydian* *Tibers* gently waters glide.

Glad things wait there, a Realm, a royal Bride.

Spare for thy lov'd *Crensa* tears ; for I

Dolops proud seats, nor *Myrmidons* shall see

Or go a slave to *Grecian* Dames commands,

Ally'd to *Dardan* and blest *Venus*.

The Gods great Mother stayes me on these Strands!

Fare-well ; and love our onely Son. Me then

Weeping, and much prepar'd to speak again

She left, in thin air vanish'd; thrice I assay'd
 T' imbrace her neck, three times the fleeting shade
 In vain I with extended arms assail,
 Which like a swift dream flies, or nimble gale.

Then I revisit, night thus spent, my mates,
 Where was new troops of new associates;
 Men, women, youth, numbers admiring found,
 And woful vulgar to sad exile bound,
 From all parts met, ready with aid and mind
 To sail what Lands soever I design'd.
 When the day-star from high-brow'd *Ida* rise
 Ush'ring the morn, our gates the enemies
 Kept with strong guards: no hope left, I retire
 And take the hills, bearing my aged Sire.

Virgil's

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Virgil's

ÆNEIS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Torn myrtle bleeds : slain Polydor complains,
 Not from a tree blood flows, but from his veins.
 His rites perform'd, they leave the Thracian shore,
 To Delos soil, Apollo they implore.
 Phœbus mistook, they plant in Crete : from thence
 Admonish'd by a dream, and pestilence,
 They launch again ; a storm at sea : The seats
 Of ravenous Harpies : Dire Calenos threats.
 Helenus Priam's Son in Epire reigns.
 T' Andromache match'd, and Trojans entertains.
 He shews what coasts of Latium they must steer.
 Ætna, the Cyclops, Polypheme appear.
 To sad Dyrachium next Æneas bends,
 Thence drove to Lybia, where his Story ends.*

AFTER the Gods had pleas'd the Asian State,
 And Priam's guiltless Line t' exterminate,
 Proud Ilium falln, Troy smoaking on the ground :
 To strange shores, divers exiles we are bound
 By aug'ries of the Gods, and Ships provide
 Neer to Antandrous, under Phrygian Ide,
 Not knowing where to plant, what course to run,
 We gather men : Scarce was the Spring begun,

G

When

When to set sail to Fates, my Sire commands.
Weeping I leave the Port, and native strands,
Fields where *Troy* was, exil'd am born through Seas
With friends, my son, *Lars* and great Deities.

Far off the *Thracians* plow a warlike Land
And vast, which once *Lycurgus* did command :
Troy's ancient friends, joyn'd with associate gods,
Whilst fortune smil'd : here I our first aboads
Brought by croſſe ſates, on winding ſhores did build :
Which I *Æneades* by my own name ſil'd,
To my bleſt mother, and Gods favouring
Our enterpriſe, and to heavens mighty King,
Upon thoſe ſhores a ſnowy Bull I ſlew.

By chance a hill was nigh where Cornel grew,
Whoſe top rough mirtle with thick prickles bore ?
I went and from the earth green branches tore,
That I with verdant boughs might th' altars dreſſe,
A prodigy no language can expreſſe
I ſaw : From the firſt plant which up I tore,
The roots being broke, drops guſh'd of purple gore,
And ſtain'd the earth with blood : cold fear my knees
Did ſhake, my veins congeal'd with terror freeze.
Again I pluck'd another tender bow,
That better I might hidden cauſes know,
And this rinde alſo a black blood did ſweat.
Amaz'd, I humbly rural Nymphs intreat,
And powerful *Mars*, who rules the *Getick* field,
To bleſſe the ſign, the Omen prosperous yeild.
On a third after my whole ſtrength I trie,
And with my knees on th' earth did ſtrugling lie.
Shall I be dumb or ſpeak ? a grone I hear
Sound from beneath, and theſe words pierc'd my care.
Why tear'ſt thou me *Æneas* ? ſpare the dead ;
Prophane not pious hands : *Troy* hath not bred
Me ſtrange to thee ; from no root flows this gore.
Fly cruel coaſts, ah fly this treacherous ſhore.
I'm *Polydore*, this iron crop of ſpears
Hides me here ſlaine, and cruel javelins bears.

Then

Then was my mind perplex'd with doubtful fear,
Amaz'd struck dumb, erected was my hair.

This *Polydorus* with vast sums of gold
Unhappy *Priam* secretly of old
Sent to the King of *Thrace*: but when he found
Trojan arras sail, and *Troy* beleaguer'd round,
The *Dardan* fortune, and her power declin'd,
With conquering arms, and *Agamemnon* joyn'd,
Breaks laws, kills him, and wealth with blood did gain.
Dire thirst of gold, what dost not thou constrain
In mortal breasts! When lessened was my fear,
To my father, and prime men declare
The prodigy, and their advices crave.

All vote as one, those impious shores to leave,
And with full sails from tainted friendship fly.
We *Polydore* interr, his monument high
With earth erect, to Ghosts sad altars plac'd
With mourning garlands and black *Cypresse* grac'd.
Round *Ilium* dames with flowing tresses flood:
Cups flowing with warm milk, and sacred blood
We as the custom offer, and we lay
The soul in tomb, then loud, last rites we pay.

Whence, when we first might trust the sea again,
Soft *Southern* breezes calling to the main,
The waves appeas'd, we launch, and fill the strands,
The Port forsake, Cities retreat and lands;
A sacred Isle is plac'd amidst the seas
Pleasing the mother of *Neriades*

And the *Ægean* *Nepiune* most: this land,
The heavenly Archer wandring to each strand,
With lofty *Mycon* then and *Gyaros* binds,
Made firm to dwell in, and contemne the winds.

Here landing, a safe port, and pleasant shore
W'injoy'd, *Apollo's* Citie we adore.

King *Anias*, *Phæbus* priest, and King of men
Crown'd with blest wreathes, and Laurel met us then,
And streight his ancient friend *Anchises* knew.
We joyn right hands, and to the Palace drew.

In his old Temple *Phœbus* I implore.

He would safe dwellings to the tir'd restore;
A stock, a lasting City grant unto
The poor remains of *Troy*: all that the foe
And fierce *Achilles* rage hath spar'd: what way
Now must we seek? whom follow? or where lay
The next foundations? *Father* now impart
One blessed Omen, and revive our heart.

Scarce said, when suddenly the temple shakes,
Apollo's Laurel, the whole mountain quakes;
Within the *Tripos* rung: prostrate to ground
We fall, when to our ears approach'd this sound;

That land bold *Dardans*, did your fires maintain,
The same with joy shall cherish you again:
Seek your old mother; there the *Trojans* shall
For endlesse generations govern all.

Thus *Phœbus*. Then with joy they all demand,
And noise confus'd, where was that happy Land
Apollo to the wanderers had design'd.

My father then, calling old things to mind,
O Peers (he said) your hopes now understand;
Crete plac'd amid'st the Sea, is great *Jove's* land;
Mount *Ida* there, from thence we sprung; this Isle
A hundred Cities hath, a most rich soyle;

Hence our great fire, (hath not my memory fail'd)
First *Teucus* to the *Rhetian* Kingdoms sail'd.

And fought a Realm; *Ilium* as yet unbuilt,
And *Pergam* towers, they in low Valleys dwelt.

Hence *Cybele*, the *Choribants*, the hill
Ida: with silence at the altars still,

The Goddesse Chariot with joyn'd Lyons drawn.
Therefore where Heaven commands let us go on;

Appease the winds, for *Gnosian* Kingdoms steer,
Nor long's the course, if so please *Jupiter*;

Our ships in three dayes may reach *Crete*. This said,
He deserv'd honours on the altars paid:

A bull to *Neptune*, such was *Phœbus* right,
To storms a black sheep, to fair winds a white.

Fame flies, that driven from his fathers fear,
Idomeneus left deserted *Crete*,
 Lands, and Courts, vacant of an enemy.
 We leave *Ortygian* Ports, through Seas we fly,
 And green *Dubysa*, *Naxos* viny head,
Olearus, and white *Parus*, *Cyclads* spread
 Through seas, and floods, thick set with Isles we steer'd.
 The Sayers raise their cry, and their Mates cheer'd.
 Now let's to *Crete*; our Grandfires countrey sayl;
 When at our stern attends a rising gale,
 And then to th' ancient *Cyrets* shores we run.
 The wish'd for Cities, Walls I there begun,
 Stil'd *Pergamus*; our men pleas'd with the name,
 I call to serve the gods, and high towers frame.

And now our Fleet was drawn high on the sands,
 While in the choosing of new wives and lands
 Our young men were employ'd, to whom I soon
 Gave laws, and several habitation.
 When on the suddain a most sad disease,
 By heavens corrupted influence did seize
 The trees, and corn, 'twas a destructive year;
 They die, or at the best, faint bodies bear;
 Hot *Sirius* scorcheth then the barren fields;
 The grasse is burnt, nor food the parch'd earth yields;
 To th' Oracle my Father then would have
 Us go, and put to Sea, there pardon crave:
 What enl our toyls should have, where his command
 Bids them they should addresse, for what course stand.

'Twas night, when sleep profound did mortals seize,
 Gods sacred forms, and *Phrygian* deities
 Which I from *Troy*, and through the burning town
 Had brought, appear'd before me then laid down
 To take my rest, cleer by much light displaid,
 Which through the windows the full Moon convoid;
 Then thus they spake, with these did ease my care.

What *Phœbus* at *Ortygia* would declare,
 Lo! here he sings, and us to thee did send.

We through *Troys* flame, did thee, thy arms attend,

We in ships measur'd the rough seas with thee :
 And to the stars shall raise thy Progenie ;
 And give thy city rule ; great walls prepare
 For greater things ; long flight, nor labour spare :
 Change seats ; *Apollo* not advis'd these lands,
 Nor thee to plant in *Creet* the God commands .
 There is a place the *Greeks* *Hesperia* stile,
Ænotrians till, a rich and potent soile,
 An ancient land, posterity (they fame.)
 Since call'd it *Italie*, from their Captains name :
 These are our proper seats ; hence *Dardan* first,
 Old *Jasius* sprung this place our grandsires nurst.
 Rise, let thy aged father understand
 These truths ; *Corytus* seek, *Ausonia's* strand :
 For *Jove* *Dilean* fields denies to thee.
 Such Visions, speaking Gods astonish me ;
 Nor was it sleep, their visages I knew,
 Their valid haire, and present faces view.
 Cold sweat then flows through all my limbs ; I rise,
 My hands and voice extending to the skies,
 And did due offerings pay ; which done, to o'd
Anchises every circumstance I told
 He knows the double stock, the doubtful race,
 Sees his new error of the antient place.
 Then said, Dear son, busied in *Troys* affaire,
Cassandra only did such fates declare,
 Now I recall, these Kingdomes she foretold
 Due to our race, and oft *Hesperia* would,
 Oft *Italie* name, but who could understand,
Trojans must come to the *Ausanian* strand ?
 Or whom could then divine *Cassandra* move ?
Phœbus obey, best things advis'd, approve.
 This said, all glad performe what was injoyn'd.
 This seat we leave, a few being left behind,
 Set saile, in hollow keels through vast Seas bore,
 After wee took the main, nor any more
 Countries appear; every where sea, and skies ;
 With night and tempest big a cloud did rise :

The water horrid with the darknesse growes;
 Winds rowle huge waves, and mighty seas arose.
 We through vast gulphs are tost, storms hide the day,
 And heaven is to the gloomy night a prey:
 Flames breaking often from the gaping clouds.
 Drove from our course, we wander through dark floods:
 Nor *Palynurus* knows in such a skie
 Or day, or night, or what course now to ply;
 Three daies uncertain, with blind mists we erre,
 As many nights wander without a Starr.
 The fourth day we did rising land behold,
 And far-off hills which wandring clouds infold.
 Sailes struck, with oars the lusty Sea-men sweep
 The foaming waves, and brush the azure deep.
 Escap'd the floods, first met the *Strophades*
 Receiv'd, Isles mid st the great *Ionian Seas*
 The *Greeks* call *Strophades*, which *Celano* took,
 And other Harpyes, after they forsook
Phyneas bar'd gates, and former boards through feare.
 No monsters are like these, nor more severe
 A plague, or wrath of God, ere rose from *Styx*;
 The foul are virgin-fac'd, a loathsome flix
 Works on them still, hook'd claws, and alwaies pale,
 With hunger vex'd.
 This having reach'd, we for the harbor stand;
 When we beheld fat herds about the strand,
 And shaggie goats, no herdsman. on we fall
 Streight with our swords, the Gods, and *Jove* we call
 To share the prey: then tables we prepare
 On winding shores, and highly feasted were.
 When from the hills did dreadful Harpies rise,
 And swift they shake their wings, with hideous cries;
 Our meat they seize, and with foul talions rend,
 And with a putrid breath dire skreeches send.

Far more with-drawn, under Arch'd rocks shut in
 With trees, and with a horrid shade, agen
 Tables we spread, Altars with fire supplide,
 Agen from lurking holes, on th' other side,

Loud troops with pounc'd feet, round our dishes swarm,
 And spoyl our meat; then that my friends should arm
 I gave command, and fight with that dire race.
 They did as I requir'd, and in the grasse
 They leave their swords, and hide their glittering shields,
 That when they sounding flew through ample fields,
Mifenus with his trumpet might a signe
 Give from a hill: they charge, strange battels joyn,
 And horrid sea-fowle with their steel attempt,
 But no stroke hurts their Plumes, their backs exempt
 From wounds, they with swift flight to heaven are born,
 And with fowle prints forsake their prey half torne,

Celano perch'd alone on a high rock,
 Unhappy Prophetesse, thus silence broke.
 For slaughter'd cattel, and slain bullocks, are
 These signes, O *Trojans*? Or prepare ye War
 Us innocent Harpyes from our realms t' expel?
 If so, hear this, these words remember well;
 What *Jove*, *Apollo*, *Phæbus* me foretold,
 I greatest of the furies now unfold.

Your quest is *Italy*, *Italy* you shall sayle,
 Enter her Ports, with the implored gale,
 But ere you shall surround your town with Walls,
 Dire famine for our unjust funerals
 Shall make you eat your trenchers: these she said,
 And to the woods she flies on wings displaid.

Then sudden fear doth my companions seize,
 Cold blood benumbs, their courage falls, nor peace
 Seek they with arms now, but with vows and prayer,
 Whether they Goddesses or foul birds are,
 But from the shore my Sire extends his hands,
 Great powers implores, and sacred rites commands.
 You gods forbid these threats, you Deities
 Avert such chance; to save the pious please.
 And order gave to loose our cables then,
 And clear our trembling anchorage agen.

Pregnant our sayles, we flie through foamie seas,
 What course the South winds and our master please.

Woody

Woody *Zacynthus* now from sea arose,
Dulichium, Same, high-clift *Neritos*,
Ithacus rocks, *Laertian* realms we fled,
 And curse the shore cruel *Ulysses* bred,
Leucates cloud-crown'd mountaines next arise,
 And *Phæbus* which the Saylor terrifies.
 Here tir'd we came, to the small Citie haste,
 Our ships possesse the shores, and anchors cast,
 Then we unhop'd-for land at length injoy,
 We purge to *Jove*, Altars with vowes employ,
 And *Troys* games celebrate on th' *Asian* soyle;
 Naked my friends wrestle in flowing oyle.
 To scape so many *Græcian* Cities we
 Rejoyce, and thus t' have steer'd through th' enemy.

Mean while the Sun had his great circle run,
 And North winds vext the Seas, Winter begun.
 A brazen shield which *Aias* wore I fix
 Upon a pillar, and this verse annex,
These arms from conquering Greeks Aeneas bore;
 I bid them quit the Port, sit to their Ore,
 Striving they cusse the billowes, brush the tide,
Pheacus airie turrets soon we hide,
 By *Epire*, to *Chaonian* Harbours bend,
Buthrotus lofty City we ascend.

Here same incredible did my cares invade,
 That *Helenus Priams* son in *Epire* swaide;
 By *Pyrrhus* wife those Realms he did obtain:
Andromache march'd in her own stock again.
 Amaz'd, my bosome burns with strong desire
 To see the man, and the strange chance inquire;
 I do forsake the Navie, shores, and bay.
Andromache then solemn rites did pay
 To *Heftors* dust; with gifts his ghost implores
 Within a Grove nigh to false *Simois* shores;
 Before the Citie, made of sods she rears
 Two Altars at his tomb, her cause of tears.
 Seeing me advance, when *Trojan* arms she spide,
 Distracted, and with wonder terrifide,

Her limbs grew stiffe; heart flies, she sounding falls,
And scarce at last thus she her speech recalls.

This a true face? com'st thou thy self to me?
O Goddess son, liv'st thou? if dead thou be,
Where's *Hektor*? at these words she wept; her cry
Fills all the place; to her distempers I

In brief with faltring voice short answers give.

Through all extremes escap'd behold / I live;

Doubt not, for truth you see

What chance attends thee, lest of such a Lord,

Can any worthy face one smile afford?

Is *Hektor*'s wife turn'd into *Pyrrhus* Bride?

With looks dejected softly she replide.

O happiest Virgin of King *Priam*'s race,

Who on the enemies Tombe, and in the face

Of *Troy*, didst suffer death, by no chanced

Captive to touch a conquering Masters bed.

We from our Countreys flames, through all Seas born,

Felt the proud youth *Achilles* off-springs scorn,

Both slaves: who after with *Hektor* falls

In love, and *Lacedemon* Nuptials.

And me his slave to 's slave *Helenus* joyn'd:

But him *Orestes*, raging in his mind,

Inflam'd with love of 's lost Bride did pursue,

And taking him at 's fathers altars flue.

Thus *Pyrrhus* dead, part of his Kingdom yields

To *Helenus*, who stil'd these *Chaon* fields;

From *Trojan* *Chaon*, all *Chaonia* nam'd,

And *Ilian* towers hath on these risings fram'd,

What wind, what fate transports thee to this Land?

What God thee ignorant brought to touch our strand?

Lives young *Ascanius*? draws he vital aire?

Whom *Troy* to thee,

Of his lost Country hath he any care:

How doth his fathers, or his uncles name

Hektor, his soul to manly acts inflame?

This she said weeping, and spent floods in vain,

When from the City with a stately train

The Hero *Helenus*, *Priams* son appears.
 He knows his own, and to his Palace steers
 Our course with joy; while his wet eyes afford
 A liberal tear to wait upon each word.

Now I acknowledg little *Troy*, and small
Pergamus like the great one; and did call
 The river by the name of *Xanthus* wave,
 And to the *Scean* gate imbraces gave.
 In their associate City *Trojans* rest.

The King receives at ample ports his guest:
 Amidst large halls *Bacchus* in bowls they taste;
 Cups they present, in gold our banquets plac'd.

One day succeeds another, gentle gales
 Invite to sea, soft *Auster* swells our sails.
 When to the prophet I this suit prefer,
 O *Trojan* born, the Gods interpreter,
 Thou *Phœbus*, tripods, laurel, thou the stars,
 Birds language knowst, swift wings thy augurers:
 Declare (our course all Oracles have said
 Shall prosperous be, this heavenly powers perswade
Latium to seek, attempt prepared seats:
 Onely *Celano* sings, now dreadful threats,
 Dire rage, sad hunger) how we shall eschew
 Dangers so neer, and toyles so great subdue.

Here withslain steers, *Helenus* as the guise,
 Implores the Gods, and from his browes unties
 His sacred wreath, O *Phœbus*, leading me
 Straight to thy flootes, struck with thy Deitie:
 From lips inspir'd the Priest then prophesies.

O Goddesse son (for thou must sail through seas,
 This do the greater auguries design,
 And King of Gods, that doth all Fates injoyn
 By a fix'd law) from much take briefly these;
 Safer to search more hospitable seas.
 From *Helenus* knowledge fate the rest hath hid,
Saturnian Juno hath my tongue forbid.

First, *Italy* which thou conceiv'st is neer,
 And sond prepar'st those neighbouring coasts to steer,

Long

Long waies unknown divide, and distant shores;
 In the *Sicilian* waves first try thy Oars,
Aufonia's briny flood; thy Fleet must go
 By *Circes* Isle, and cut those Seas below,
 Before safe lands to plant in thou shalt find;
 And this the Omen, fix it in thy mind.
 When at an obscure stream solicitous thou
 Under wild Okes, shalt find a mighty sow
 Pregnant, her farrow thirty, laid to rest:
 A white sow, a white issue at her breast:
 There ends thy royle, thy City there erect.
 Nor let thy easing trenchers thee defect:
 Fate shall find means, *Phœbus* implor'd will aid.
 But these coasts, these adjacent shores evade,
 This *Italy* fly, wash'd with our swelling tide;
 For in those Cities wicked *Greeks* reside;
Naritus here hath *Locrian* walls prepar'd,
Idomeneus his arm'd squadrons guard
Salentine fields: there *Melibœus*, small
Petilio joyn'd to *Philsætes* wall.
 But when thy ships transported reach the bay,
 And there arriv'd, Vowes you on Altars pay,
 With purple vails your cover'd haire attire:
 Lest in heavens honours, midst the sacred fire,
 Some hostile face, seen, should disturb the signe:
 This pious use impose on thee, and thine;
 In this thy chaste posterity instruct.

But when to *Sicilies* shores fair winds conduct,
 Opening *Pelorus* narrow straighes, then fly
 The star-board seas, and strands: long courses ply
 Through lar-board deeps, shave thou the left-hand shore;
 Those coasts (they say) by a vast ruine tore,
 (Such change works length of time) asunder start,
 And countries which before conjoyn'd now part:
 With violent waves *Pontus*, *Hesperia* forc'd
 From *Sicilie*; Cities, and Towns divorce'd
 Shores interwash since with a narrow tide.
Sylla the right, *Charybdis* the left side

Inexorable guards; Thrice she doth drink
 vast floods, which down to hells dark bottom sink,
 Then belch'd again, lashed the Skie with waves.
 But *Scylla* keeps her den, and lurking caves,
 Engaging ships in rockie mowthes that gape;
 A female with fair breasts, a Virgins shape
 She is above the waste; beneath a Whale,
 And to her wolvisli Womb, a *Dolphins* tail.
 Better for thee to seek *Pachynas* strand,
 And with long steerage to *Sicilia* stand,
 Then once fierce *Scylla* in vast caves descry,
 Or Rocks resounding with her blew dogs cry.

Besides, if *Helenus* any prudence hath,
Phœbus with truth inspire, if any faith,
 One special charge I presse, O Goddesse sonne,
 Again, again repeat, it must be done.
 Great *Juno* move with prayers, and her adore;
 The powerful Goddesse with free Vowes implore,
 With humble gifts subdue: victor at last
 Then steer *Italian* shores, *Sicilia* past.

When thou hast reach'd to *Cuma*, and hast found
 Lakes sacred, heard in Woods *Avernus* sound;
 In a deep rock the Prophetesse doth sit
 Foretelling fates and doth to leaves commit
 The characters, and names what verse she puts
 In those she counts, and in her cavern shuts.
 Firm they remain, and keep their place design'd;
 Which, the door opening, then a whisking wind
 Disorders, and the thin leaves doth disperse.
 She not collects again the scatter'd verse,
 Or cares to joyn, or place; not hearing fate,
 They next depart, and *Sybils* mansions hate.

But let not such delays disturb thy minde,
 Though thy friends call to Sea, and a fair wind
 Invites with swelling sailes, yet first repair
 To her, and Oracles beseech with prayer.
 Oh, let her as she please our fate declare,
 She shall to thee, *Italy*, future war,

Those

Those labours how to bear, or wave display;
 And honour'd she shall grant a prosperous way;
 These are the things, nor more may I advise;
 Goe raise great *Troy* by valour to the skies.

After these hopeful words the Prophet said,
 By his commands they to the Fleet convey'd
Ivorie, and gold, and with a mighty masse
 Of silver load our keels, and *Dodon* brasse.
 A coat of maile with gold most richly wrought,
 A stately helme with flowing plumbs they brought,
 And *Pyrrhus* arms, my fathers gifts, who then
 Recruits the ears and armeth all our men
 And horse and riders adds.

In the mean time *Anchises* bade prepare
 Our Fleet for Sea, against the wind blew fair.
 Whom *Phæbus* Prophet with much honour calls.
Anchises grac'd with *Venus* nuptials,
 Twice sav'd from ruin'd *Troy*: th'art heavens care now,
 See thy own *Italie*, and possesse it too.
 But thou must steer much wide of this; behold!
 Where these parts are, *Apollo* did unfold,
 Blest with a pious son. Farewell, I stay
 Too long, and coming winds with talk delay.
 No lesse *Andromache* sad, departing brought
 Vests hid in gold, with rich imbroyderie wrought;
 T' *Ascanius* (worthy him) a *Phrygian* cloake,
 And loading him with wealthy gifts thus spoke.

Take these remembrances my own hand wove,
 The witnessse of *Andromache's* long love
 Keep these last gifts of thine: to me, O thou
 Sole Image left, of my *Assyanax* now,
 Such eyes, such hands, thy face the same appears;
 Who now had been with thee of equal years.
 Then with abortive tears, I thus at last;
 Live happy you, your miseries are past.
 Us fate from fate commands, you rest obtain;
 Nor must you plow vast billows of the maine:
 Or seek still flying shores of *Italie*.
Xanthus effigies, *Pergamus* you see;

Which

Which your selves built, a better fate have these
I wish, and not so obvious unto *Greece*.

If ere I enter *Tyber*, fields adjoyn'd :
To *Tyber* view, and walls to us design'd :
Then seats allide, nations one blood with us,
Having one fate, one father *Dardanus*,
Latium and *Epire* both one *Troy* shall be,
And to our sonnes we shall these Laws decree.

From thence by neighbouring *Ceraunia* we
By sea short courses steer to *Italy*.
Mean while *Sun* set, dark mountains shades invest :
Wee neere the Sea on earths lov'd bosome rest,
Our oars being ship'd, dispers'd along the shores
Resting, deep sleep our wearied limbs restores.

Night drove by th'hours scarce reach'd the middle skies
When carefull *Pyalurus* did arise,
Explores all gales, the windes tries with his eares :
And notes each starre which glides in silent sphears.
He the wet *Kids Arcturus* did behold,
The *Triones* and *Orion* arm'd with gold.
After he saw serene and settled skies,
He from his sterne the signal gave : we rise,
Our course we stand, and our furld canvasse spread.
Blushing *Aurora* rose, the stars now fled,
When obscure hills from farre, tow *Italy* we
Descry : *Achates* first cries *Italy*,
With a glad shout *Italy* hail our men.
A Goblet crown'd, my Sire *Anchises* then
Fills with rich wine, and calls the Deities,
Plac'd on the lofty sterne,
Lords of the tempests, Gods of th' earths and seas,
Propitious breath, blesse with faire windes the way.
The wish'd gale rose : then opens straight the day,
The Temple, and *Minerva's* towers appeare ;
My mates strike sayle, their prowes to shore they steer,
Bow bent the Port lay to the Easterne flood,
Dash'd with the brine high cliffes opposing stood
Mongst trowing Rocks, this double guarded lyes
In bays obscure ; from shore the temple flies.

Here

Here our first signe, four Horses I beheld
 Graſing about, whoſe whitenefs ſnow exceld,
 My Sire, then ſaid, fair Soyle, thou War doſt bear,
 Theſe are for battel, horſes threaten War;
 But yet in Charlots they accuſtom'd joyn,
 With curbing reins of peace, a hopeful ſign,

And here we armed *Pallas* did implore,
 Who firſt receiv'd us joyful on this ſhore.

In *Phrygian* vailes we at the Altars ſtand
 Of *Argive Juno*, *Helenus* command

With care perform, and her due honours pay,
 Our vows in order finiſh'd, no delay

But to hal'd bowlings, yards and canvaſs yields;
 Greek ſeats we ſiſe, and leave ſuſpected fields.

Herculean *Tarents* bay, if ſame be true,
 We ſaw, oppos'd divine *Lacinia* view,

Cauloni towers, wrack *Scylaceum* roſe,
 Then farre from ſea, *Sicilian Aetna* ſhews:

Huge groaning of the waves, beat rocks from far
 We hear, and broken thunderings at the bar.

Sholes rage, the ſands with billows mix: at this
Anchiſes ſaid, here ſure *Charybdis* is;

Thoſe Rocks ſung *Helennus*, and horrid ſhores.
 Haſte, helme alee, and ſtoudly ply your oars.

They do as bid; firſt *Palinurus* ſtood,
 Steering his prow unto the lar-board flood;

With winds and ores that courſe the whole Fleet lay;
 Heaven we advance to in the crooked Bay,

Then ſink to Hell with a deſcending wave,
 Three groans the cliffs, and rockie caverns gave,

Thrice breaking foame, we ſaw the Planets wet.
 Then weary, whiſt the winds with *Phæbus* ſet,

We by ſtrange ſhores of the *Cyclopians* glide.
 The Port within was ſafe from ſtormes, and wide.

But *Aetna* with torn ruins thunders neer,
 Black clouds he throws oft through the Hemisphere;

Smoke, blazing ſparks, in pitchy whiſpinds riſe,
 And globes of flame exalted kiſſe the ſkies.

Of rocks, torn bowels of the mountain vent,
And liquid stones belcht to the firmament,
Break thick with groines, heats from the deep aspire.
Fame is *Enceladus* half burnt with fire
This hill deprest, above huge *Ætna* laid,
These flames he breaths, through tunnels broke convey'd,
And when he weary turns, all *Sicilie*
With murmure shakes, and smoke involves the skie.

That night Woods shelter us; huge Monsters there
We heard, nor causes of those sounds appear.
For no star shone, nor were the Poles alowd
Ætherial light, all Heaven was in a clowd,
The Moon in nights tempestuous vapours hid.

Aurora from the East now rising, did
Remove moist shadows, and the day began;
When from the woods a strange and unknown man
Sudden appear'd; pinde, spent, wretchedly poor,
Raising his hands, came suppliant to the shore.
We view him direly foul, o'regrown his beard,
His coat thornes pin'd, the rest a *Greek* appear'd,
Who native arms 'gainst *Troy* had born. When he
The *Trojans* habits, and our arms did see,
Something affrighted, at the first he staid,
And fix'd remaind, then to the shore he made
With tears and prayers. Now, by the stars I pray,
And by the Gods, by Heavens life-breathing day.

O *Trojans*, take, bear me to any strand,
I know my self one of the *Græcian* band,
Let this suffice, and sought *Troys* Gods by warre.
For which, if so great our offences are,
Strew me amongst the waves, drown'd in vast seas,
If by mens hands I fall, my death shall please.
Upon his knees he then embracing hung
On mine: to tell his name, from what race sprung,
And to declare his formines we demand,
As a firm pledge to save his life, his hand
My Sire *Æchises* freely gave the man:
Who shaking fear off, thus at length began;

From

From, *Ithaca*, *Ach'menides* my name;
 Haplesse *Ulysses* friend, to *Troy* I came
 With my poor Sire: Ah had my fate fix'd there;
 But my companions struck with horrid feare.
 In the black *Cyclops* den, forsook their mate,
 And fled the dire abode: the monsters seat,
 A vast and mighty Cave, within all o're
 Was darkned with corrupted food and gore,
 And he so tall his head might knock the skies.
 From earth your Gods avert such plagues as these.
 His Visage stern, a churlish voyce; his food
 Bowels of wretched men, and putrid blood.
 I saw his huge hand seise two of our men,
 He lying on his back stretch'd 'midst his den;
 And broke on Rocks; filth drown'd the sprinkled floore;
 I saw him eat limbs flowing with black gore,
 The warm flesh trembling in his te But thus
Ulysses takes it not, or *Ithacus*.
 Forgetful, did dangers so great decline.
 But when full gorg'd he buried in wine,
 His neck awry, stretch'd in his spacious den,
 Gobbers with bloody wine, mix'd gore agen,
 Belching in sleep; we the great Gods implore,
 And took our chance; surrounding him, we bore
 With a sharp lance his eye, which mighty, did
 Lie single, in his frowning forehead hid
 Like *Phæbus* lamp, or an *Argolick* shield:
 So glad revenge to our friends shade we yeeld.
 But fly, O wretches, fly these dangerous coasts,
 Your cables cut.
 Like *Polypheme*, who in his cave doth keep
 The woolly flocks, and milks th' imprisoned sheep.
 A hundred cruel *Cyclops* wander more
 These lofty hills, and haunt this winding shore.
 Thrice *Phæbe's* horns their light replenished,
 Whil'ſt I my life in wild beasts desarts led,
 In dens and caves, and *Cyclops* view'd from high,
 Trembling to hear their sounding feet and cry:

Shrubs, berries were my wretched food, the fruit
Of stony cornel, and the herbs torn root.
Surveying round, I saw you first arrive,
Resolv'd, who-e're you were, my self to give
Your prison; tis enough their rage to fly;
And if by men no matter how I die.

Scarce said, when we discover from above,
Amongst his flocks, where *Polypheme* did move,
Like to a walking hill, known shores to find,
A horrid monster, huge, deform'd and blinde.
To ease his steps, a mighty Pine he bore
In his right hand; his fleecy sheep before;
His pipe his comfort, and the onely check
To rising sorrow, hung about his neck.

After he touch'd the deeps, and reach'd the flood,
From his lost eye he wash'd the flowing blood;
Groaning, he grinds his teeth, stalks through the tides;
Whil'st the deep waves scarce touch his lofty sides,
We trembling lie; aboard the suppliant put,
So meriting, and silent, cables cut,
And brush with striving oars the deeps profound.
He hears, and turns unto our voices sound.
But when no power was given to use his force,
Nor could *Ionian* billows match in course,
He rais'd a huge cry; *Pontus*, all the Sea
Trembles; it shakes far frighted *Italy*;
Aetna aloud from winding caverns roars:
But the *Cyclopi*an race rush to the shores,
And call'd from woods and mountains, fill the Strand.
We saw in vain the *Aetnean* brothers stand
With a sower look, high heads to heaven they bear:
A horrid council; airy Oaks so rear
Their lofty tops, or spiry Cypresse stood,
Such as *Diana's* Grove, or *Jove's* high Wood.
Drove with sharp fear, cables in haste we cleer,
And with hoist sails and prosperous winds did steer.
But nigh deaths jaws *Helenus* shew'd a way,
Which betwixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis* lay;

that

That course we stood, with turn'd Sails this pursue.
 When from *Pelorus* straits the North-winde blew,
Pantagia's mouths of living stone I clear,
Megara's bayes I passe, by *Tapsus* steer.
 Hapless *Ulysses* friend *Ach'menides*
 Nam'd all those coasts, re-measuring back those Seas.

In the *Sicanian* Bay there is an Isle
 'Gainst rough *Plemmyrium*, which our Grandfires stile
Ortygia: *Alpheus* here (they fame)
 Under the Sea by obscure channels came,
 Now *Arethusa* mingling with thy wave.
 To th' Isles great Gods we rites commanded gave:
 Fennie *Florus* fertile fields we lost,
 And shave *Pachinus* high clift rockie coast,
Camerina ever fix'd by fates commands
 Far off appears, and the *Geloian* Strands,
 And mighty *Gela*, stil'd so from the flood.
 Far off high *Agragus* strong Bulwarks shew'd,
 Which once bred generous horse; with prosperous wind
 Palmie *Selinis* thee I left behinde;
 By *Lilybeis* rocks and sholes I bore:
 To *Drepanum* thence; on that unhappy shore
 I landed, where with many tempests tost,
Anchises, th' ease of all my cares, I lost.
 There my dear Father, weary, me forsook,
 Alas, in vain from so great dangers took.
 Nor *Helenus*, who such horrors did unfold,
 This losse declar'd, nor dire *Celano* told;
 Here was his travels pounds, this his last royl.
 From whence the Gods did guide me to your soyl.

Aeneas having to their listning ear
 Told these sad fortunes, clos'd his Story here.

Virgil's

Virgil's

ÆNEIS,

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Dido complains : Her sister gives advice
To cherish love, and offer sacrifice
To favouring Gods. Juno craves peace ; her ends
Venus perceives, and smiling, condescends.
Æneas and the Queen to hunt prepare.
A Tempest. Juno thunders through the air.
To one came Dido and the Trojan came.
Stoln love through Lybia spread by impious fame:
Jarbas vex't, his Father Jove implores.
Hermes commands Æneas from those shores.
Eliza on the Trojan sword expires,
Quenching loves flame in her own funeral fires.*

BUt long since Dido struck with great desire,
Feeds the sad wound, and wasts in hidden fire.
His valour, his high birth run in her mind ;
His face and language deep impression find ;
Nor doth her care grant rest. Soon as the morn
Did with Phœbean flames the world adorn,
And from high heaven dismiss'd the gloomy shade,
To her lov'd sister thus, she troubled, said ;

Dear

Dear *Anne*, what dreams disturb'd my troubled minde?
 What stranger's this our Court hath entertain'd?
 What noble looks? how brave a man? Sure he
 (Nor vain's the faith) sprung from some Deitie.
Fear shows degenerate minds: Ah, by what fates
 Hath he been toss'd, what fierce wa's he relates!
 Were I not full resolv'd, fix'd in my minde
 No more in wedlock bonds to be conjoyn'd,
 Since my first love by death deceived me;
 Could I with marriage and those rites agree,
 I might perchance give place to this one crime:
 For (I confesse) since poor *Sycheus* time,
 By fratricide our Gods dispers'd, I finde
 This onely bends my thoughts and wavering minde;
 I feel some kindlings now of former love.
 But first earth swallow me, or mighty *Jove*
 Shall to the shades with dreadful thunder smile,
 Pale shades of *Erebus* and deepest night,
 Ere shame I violate thee, or wrong thy rites:
 Who was my first Love, took all loves delights
 With him to's grave; there let him keep it still.
 This said, a flood of tears her bosome fill.

More dear to me then day, Shall grief thy flowr
 Of Youth (said *Anne*) and solitude devoure,
 Children unknown, and *Venus* sweet reward?
 Hath dust a sense, or souls entomb'd regard?
 Grant, though no *Lybian* could your love obtain,
 Though you at *Tyre Iarbas* did disdain,
 Though glorious men of *Africk* could not move,
 Will you declare hostility to Love?
 Hast thou forgot whose fields thou plant'st? here are
Getulian seats, Nations untam'd by war;
Numidians fierce, inhospitable Sands,
 And *Barceans*: there, vast drowth, deserted Strands
 VVhat shall I say of warre from *Tyre* may rise
 Thy brother threats?
 Sure prosperous *Juno*, favouring Deities,
 Here with a storme the *Trojan* Navy cast;

VVhat

What City mayst thou see! what Kingdoms vast;
 By such a Mariage! by the power of *Troy*
 What glories may the *Punick* realms enjoy!
 First to the Gods with sacrifices pray,
 And then thy guest with courtesie delay,
 Whilst *Winter* and *Orion* vex the sea;
 His Navie craz'd, and skies tempestuous be.
 Thus she with love did her pierc'd soul inflame;
 Gave hopes to wavering thoughts, and banish'd shame.

First in the temples, at the Altars, they
 Implore; and choice sheep as the custome slay
 To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, *Bacchus*; before all
 To *Juno*, mistress of rites conjugall.
 Holding a cup, most beauteous *Dido* now
 Betwixt the horns pours of a snowie cow:
 Or walks before the Gods, and th' altars plies
 Whole dayes with gifts, inspects the sacrifice,
 Beasts panting bowels hot consulted are.
 Ah ignorant Priests, What avails temples, pray'r,
 To ease th'inrag'd! whilst soft fire wast her veins,
 And in her breast a silent wound remains.

Unhappy *Dido* burns, and furious roves
 Through the whole town, as in the *Cretan* groves
 Th' incautelous hinde, by an arm'd shepherd shot,
 He leaves the winged steel, and knows it not;
 She through *Diſſean* woods, and Forrest flies,
 Whilst in her side the deadly arrow lies.

Now with *Æneas* to the walls she walks,
 Boasts *Tyrjan* wealth, of her new kingdom talks,
 Begins to speak, and stops vwords half exprest:
 And day declining, she prepares to feast.
 The *Trojan* war she longs to hear once more,
 And on the tellers lips, hangs as before.
 And vwhen departed *Phæbus* paler light
 Hath day subdu'd, rest setting stars invire,
 Alone she mourns, then on his couch she lies,
 And him though absent, thinks she hears and sees;

Or

Or for the father doth the son imbrace,
 If so she might her raging love displace.
 Now towers not rise, nor *Tyrians* use their armes,
 The harbour stops, strong piles 'gainst all alarms
 Are at a stand, works interrupted lie,
 Huge Walls and Rampires equalling the skie.

When *Joves* dear wife perceiv'd how great a bane
 Had seiz'd the Queen, nor fame could her restrain,
 In these words *Juno* did to *Venus* say;
 You and your Son bore gallant spoils away,
 A mighty conquest got, and lasting fame,
 When two Gods fraud, one woman over-came.
 I find thou fearst those walls we now erect:
 And seats of lofty *Carthage* dost suspect.
 But to what end, why such debates? firm peace
 Rather conclude, and lasting marriages
 Let us prepare; thou hast obtain'd thy aims,
 Fond *Dido* burns, her bones are pierc'd with flames.
 Let us in common with like auspice sway
 These men, let her a *Trojan* Lord obey,
 And *Tyrian* dowries I'll permit to thee.
Venus (for she perceiv'd the fallacie,
 To keep the *Roman* sway from *Lybia's* strand)
 Reply'd; who fondly would such things with-stand?
 Or rather would with thee in strife contend?
 If to thy promise fortune condescend,
 Of fates I doubtful am: if *Jove* will grant
Trojans and *Tyrians* in one town shoud plant,
 Nations commix'd in firme leagues be conjoyn'd:
 Thou art his wife, try to perswade his mind.
 Goe, I'll assist. Great *Juno* then begun,
 Leave that to us; but how it shall be done,
 And by what means I briefly shall declare.
Aineas and the haplesse Queen prepare
 To hunt in Groves, when *Titan* next displayes
 The morn, the world discovering with his rales:
 On them commix'd with haile a storm I'll power
 (Whilst nets surround the woods, horse thickets scour)

And

And I all Heaven to thunder shall excite ;
 Their troops shall fly, hid in opacious night ;
 The *Trojan* and the Queen shall take one cave,
 I will be present, if thy aid I have,
 In wedlock firme Ile dedicate her thine,
 There *Hymen* them in private shall combine.
 These fair Proposals *Venus* not denide,
 Smiling when she her cunning drift espide.

Mean-while the morning from the Sea arose :
 When through the gate a troop of prime youth goes
 With nets, toys, spears, and full-mouth'd hounds supplide,
 And fourth *Massilians* bravely mounted ride,
 At the Court gates the *Trojan* Nobles staid,
 Whilst in her chamber the fair Queen delaid :
 In trapping rich with gold and purple, fit,
 Her proud Horse stands, and champs the foming bit
 With a great troop, she guarded comes at last,
 Her *Tyrian* habit a rich border grac'd,
 Her quiver gold, gold did her hair infold,
 The button of her purple vest was gold.
 Then all the *Phrygian* Lords in order went,
 And sweet *Ascanius* : but most eminent
 For person, and for honour, last march'd up
Æneas, and to them conjoyns his troop.
 So *Phæbus* shews, when *Lycia* he forsakes,
 And progress to his native *Delos* makes ;
 The revels then begin, and in a round
 *Bout th' Altars *Cretes* and *Driopes* resound.
 He walks on *Cynthus* tops, soft bowes infold
 His flowing haire, and binde with purest gold ;
 His quiver rung ; such was *Æneas* grace,
 Such honour shines in his majestick face.

After they come to the high mountains side,
 And unfrequented Woods, behold ! they spide
 Wilde goats affrighted, running ore the clifts :
 On th' other hand swift *Dear* put to their shifts,
 In a thick herd the open champaigne take,
 And lost in dusty flight the hills forsake.

But young *Ascanius* in the vallies prides
 In his fierce horse, now these, now them out-rides :
 Wishing a Boar with those dull heards would blend,
 Or a fierce Lyon from the hills descend.

Mean-while high heaven with murmurs loud contends,
 And straight a shower commixt with hail descends.

The *Trojan* Nobles, and the *Phrygian* train,
 With young *Ascanius*, scatter'd through the plain,
 Seek several shelters, floods from mountains rave.
 The *Trojan* Prince and *Dido* take one cave.

First earth and marrying *Juno* gave the signe :
 Fire, ayr, both conscious of the Contract, shine,
 And Nymphs sit howling on the high-browd hills.
 This the first day of death, and first of ills

The cause ; for neither form, nor fame did move,
 Nor *Dido* judgeth this unlawful love ;

She stiles it wedlock, gives her crime that name.

Through *Lybia's* ample Cities, straight flies *Fame*,
Fame is an evil, none more swift, which gains
 By motion strength, in flying force obtains ;
 Small first by fear, to heaven advanc'd, now shrowds
 Stalking on earth, her head amongst the clouds.

To *Cæus* and *Enceladus*, the Earth

Vex'd by the wrath of Gods (they tell) brought forth
 This sister last : swift-footed, quick she flies,

A huge foul Monster, in each feather lies

A watching eye conceal'd, (and strange) she bears

As many tongues, loud mouths, and listning ears.

By night through heaven and earth's dark shade she flies
 Sounding, nor to sweet sleep inclines her eyes.

A watch by day on battlements she lights,

Or lofty towers, and mighty towns affrights.

Falshoods and lies oft as the truth she tels,

And nations then with various rumours swels.

Things feign'd and real, glad, alike she sung,

Æneas from the blood of *Trojans* sprung :

To marry him fair *Dido* condescends,

And the long Winter in vast riot spends,

Carelesse of Rule, took with foul lust : such things
From every mouth the cruel Goddesse flings ;
And swift to King *Iarbas* Court she came,
And with these tidings did his soul inflame.

This *Jove's* and ravish'd *Garamantis* son
Had built within his vast dominion
An hundred Temples to his Fathers name,
As many Altars ; and the Vigil flame,
The Gods eternal watch he hallowed,
The soyl with blood of cattel daily fed,
And with fresh Garlands flowerie porches drest.

With the harsh rumour next, his soul oppress'd,
He at the Altars 'mongst the Gods (they say)
Suppliant to *Jove*, with rear d-up hands did pray.
Great *Jupiter*, to whom the Moors being plac'd
On wrought beds feasting, now with *Bacchus* taste,
Seest this, O Father ? or in vain our hearts
Quake at thy thunder, and when lightning darts
From broken clouds with noise, is fond our fear ?
Wandring our coasts a woman purchas'd here
A little seat, to whom we gave rich lands ;
To whom our Laws ; yet this our Match withstands,
And in our Kingdom Lord *Æneas* states.
That *Paris* now, with his effeminate mates,
In his *Mæonian* hat, and perfum'd hair,
Injoyes the prize : we to thy Temple bear
Offerings, and have in vain thy name extold.
Thus praying he the Altar fast did hold,
Th' all-potent heard : then views the royal frame,
And lovers mindlesse now of better fame.

And such things then to *Mercury* injoyn'd :
Fly (Son with speed, and call the Western wind,
And to the *Trojan* Prince on swift wings glide,
Who now resolves at *Carthage* to abide,
And promis'd seats neglects : this message bear
With speed to him, and cut the yeelding air.

For him fair *Venus* no such promise gave,
And therefore twice from *Grecian* arms did save ;

But one that should command *Italian* Realms,
 Groaning with war, pregnant with Diadems,
 A race must spring from *Tenurers* noble line,
 That shall their Laws to the whole world injoyne.
 If him no glory of such Acts inflame,
 Neither will strive to raise his own great fame,
 Will he his Son the *Roman* towers envie?
 What strange hope stays him with the enemy?
 Forgets he *Latium*, and those promis'd Lands?
 Let him set sail; in brief bear these commands.

This said, he his great Fathers will obeys,
 And first on's feet his golden shoes he ties,
 Which winged bore him over Sea and Land,
 Swift as the fleeing clouds; then takes his wand
 With which from Hell he calls up dismal Ghosts,
 And others sends to sad infernal Coasts;
 Gives, and takes sleep, and seals up dying eyes:
 With this drives winds, and through loud tempests flies.
 At last rough *Atlas* clefts, and rockie side,
 Who on his shoulders heaven supports, he spide.
Atlas pine-bearing head, black clouds still binde,
 Snow hides his shoulders beat with showers and wind,
 His horrid beard with crufted ice is froze,
 And from the old mans chin a river flows.

Here first with wings displaid *Cyllenius* stood;
 From thence then swiftly glides unto the flood,
 Like to a bird which haunts the deeps, and nigh
 The fishie rocks; does with low pinions flie.
 So the *Cyllenian* race 'twixt earth and skies
 Cutting the aire, to sandy *Lybia* flies;
 And from his Mothers father took his flight,
 As his wing'd feet did on a Corage light;
 He saw *Aeneas* towrs and roofs prepar'd,
 A sword he wore with shining Iaspar stard,
 Loose on his shoulders a rich mantle plaid
 Of scarlet Dye, which wealthie *Dido* made,
 The thread with fine Gold mix'd. Who thus did say,
 Thou now uxorious dost foundations lay

Of lofty *Carthage*, dost fair seats prepare,
 Of Realms unmindful, and thy own affair :
 The King of Gods who rules both earth and skie
 To thee from high Heaven sends this Embassie,
 And gave command with speed I should convey :
 What plot? what hope makes thee in *Lybia* stay?
 If thee no glory of such great acts move,
 And thy own fame thou striv'st not to improve,
 Hopeful *Ascanius*, fair *Julus* view,
 T' whom *Italy* and *Roman* Lands are due.
 From sight, this said, abruptly *Hermes* fled,
 And to thin aire afar off vanished.

At this *Æneas* is struck dumb with fear,
 Amaz'd he stood, erected was his hair.
 Earnest to flie, and leave those pleasant Lands,
 Admonish't strictly by the Gods commands,
 Alas what shall he do? or which way move?
 Or how begin to *Dido*, mad with love?
 His swift thoughts he divides, this course he tries,
 Then that, and rapt, through all invention flies.
 At last as best on this opinion falls;
Sergestus he, *Mnestheus*, *Cloanthus* calls :
 Bids private rig the Fleet, tackling prepare,
 Gather their men, and a feign'd cause declare.
 Himself mean-while would beauteous *Dido* move,
 Since she suspected not in mighty love
 So great a breach, and times of best access
 Would choose to speak, and make his best address.
 With joy they execute what he propounds.
 But she (who can deceive a Lover) sounds
 The guile : at first perceives their future aim,
 All things suspecting ; the same impious *Fame*
 The furious told, to sail they had design'd.
 Through the whole Town she rages, vext in minde.
 Like *Thyas*, when the sacred things are stir'd,
 And dire *Trienials* rais'd, *Bacchus* being heard,
 When with loud shouts nightly *Cytheron* calls :
 Then in such words she on *Æneas* falls.

Couldst thou (perfidious) use such subtle art?
 Such wickednesse? and secretly depart?
 Could not our love, nor our conioyn'd right hands,
 Nor perishing *Dido* stay thee in our lands?
 But thou wilt say! under the winter star?
 Prepare to sea, when *North* winds frequent are?
 Fa th'esse if no strange country thou shouldst gain,
 Unknown seats find; did ancient *Troy* remain
 Through swelling seas, wouldst thou to *Troy* now stand?
 Or fly'st thou me? by these tears, this right hand,
 (Since nothing else remains to woful me)
 Our marriage, our prepar'd solemnitie;
 If I have well deserv'd, or ought was mine,
 Pity a falling house change this designe,
 If prayers have power: for thee I gain the hate
 Of all my *Tyrans*, and the *Lybick* state;
 For thee alone extinguish'd is my shame,
 And what I climb'd the stars by, former fame.
 For whose sake leav'st thou dying me O guest?
 That name doth after husband only rest.
 Why live I, till my brother raze my wall,
 Or captive to wrong'd *Larbas* fall?
 If I had prov'd before thy flight, by thee
 Had off-spring, could a young *Aeneas* see
 Sport in my palace, with thy face, and look,
 I should not seem so captive, or forsook.

She said; but he fix'd by commands of *Jove*
 His eyes, and in his heart conceals his love.
 Then briefly said, those many favours I
 From you receiv'd, great Queen I'll not deny,
 Nor shall I *Dido's* memory disdain,
 Willst I draw breath, or life these limbs sustain;
 But for my cause I'll plead; that I did plot
 From hence to steal in secret, feign it not:
 I thee to be my wife did never take,
 Nor did I ever any promise make.
 If *Fates* gave leave to order my affairs
 At my own will, and to compose my cares;

The *Trojan* towers I would again erect,
 And the poor remnant of my friends protect :
 Then *Priams* courts should stand, another *Troy*
 By this hand rear'd, the vanquish'd should enjoy.
 But *Phœbus* now bids us for *Latium* stand,
 And *Lycean* lots for *Italy* command.
 This is my love, and this my Country is.
 If *Carthage* towrs thee a *Phœnissian* please,
 And the fair prospect of thy Citie like ;
 Why should it trouble you that *Trojans* seek
 New seats in *Latium*, and *Ausonia* gain ?
 And why nor we in forreign Kingdoms raig'n ?
 Oft as the nights moist shadow canopies
 The earth, as oft as radiant Stars arise,
 My fathers Ghost, me warning, frights in dreams,
Ascanius losse of the *Hesperian* Realms,
 And destin'd fields, my dear Sons injury.
Jove sent the Gods Ambassador to me,
 Both our heads witnesse, through th' ætherial skie
 He brought commands : I saw the Deity
 Enter these walls, distinct his voice did hear.
 With plaints to grieve thee and my self forbear.
 Against my will I *Latium* seek.

She turning, views him, having these things said,
 Rouling her eye each where, and round survai'd
 With silent look : incens'd, then thus begun.

Thou art not *Dardans* race, or *Venus* son,
 But the perfidious *Caucasus* hath bred
 On cruel rocks, and *Hyrcan* tygers fed.
 Why seign'd ? or why stay for greater woes ?
 Turns he his eyes ? sighs at our grief ? or shews
 Vanquish'd a tear, a lover pitying ?
 What shall I say ? Great *Juno*, nbr heaven's King
 view these with equal eyes : True faith is lost.
 In want him I receiv'd, drove on our coast,
 And fond, with him part of my Kingdom shar'd,
 His friends preserv'd from death, his Fleet repair'd.

Ah, how am I transported with fond love!
 Now *Phœbus*, *Lycian* lots, and now from *Jove*
 A strict command the Gods interpreter bears;
 Yes, heavenly powers regard these things: such cares
 Disturb their quiet: Well, I make no suit
 To stay thee here, nor shall with words refuse:
 Go, sail for *Latium*; Realms seek through the Seas,
 I hope (if there be any Deities)

That thou 'mongst Rocks, cruel like thee, shalt fall,
 Where oft thou *Dido* by her name shalt call?

And absent, I will follow thee with fire:

And when my soul shall in cold death expire,

I'll haunt thee; and thy tortures I shall know,

By same convey'd me to the shades below.

Then midst her speech breaks off, and sick, the light
 Avoids, away she flings, withdraws from sight,
 Forfaking him perplex'd in mighty fear:

's many things to speak he did prepare:

Her maids support her sounding then, and led
 To her marble chamber, laid upon her bed.

But good *Aeneas* though he strove to swage
 With comfort grief, with words to avert her rage,
 Oft sighing, shook with mighty love, yet he
 Reviews his fleet, obeys the Deitie.

Then *Trojans* labour, from all shores they come,
 Tall ships are launch'd, and well cark'd bottoms swoom,
 And from the woods branch'd oke and oars unhew'd,
 Studious of flight they bring.

Each where thou might'st have rushing *Trojans* view'd,
 As when large heaps of corne pillag'd by ants

They lay in hoards, remembring winters wants,

The black band march, the prey through grass is borne
 In narrow tracts; others the fuller corne

With shoulders joyn'd sustain, others the slow
 Chastise and force: all parts with labour glow.

What couldst thou think, O, *Dido*, at this sight?
 Or what sighs send, when from a turrets height

Thou

Thou saw'st the shores wax hot, the sea to move,
 Commix'd with mighty murmurs? *Impious Love,*
What canst not thou compel in mortal breasts?
 Again to tears, again to try requests
 She is inforc'd, and suppliant love obey'd.
 Lest dying she should leave ought unassay'd.

Anne, seest not how they hasten to the Port
 On all sides? how their sayls the winds do court?
 And the glad Sea-men crown their sterns? if I
 Had such woes fear'd, (sister) the misery
 I might have borne: thou must for woful me
 This one thing do, the false man still lov'd thee:
 To thee he made his greatest counsels known,
 And thou the times of best accession
 To move his pity know'st. Dear sister'goe,
 And suppliant, thus petition the proud foe.
 I did not swear at *Aulis* to destroy
 The *Dardan* race, or sent one ship to *Troy*,
 Nor yet defac'd his fathers sepulcher.
 Why 'gainst my suit stops he his cruel ear?
 To a sad lover let him be thus kinde;
 Then he may sayle before a prosperous wind,
 Nor I th' old contract he hath broken crave,
 Nor that he kingdomes in fair *Latium* wave:
 Some rest I ask for love, a short reprieve,
 Whil'st my own fortune teach me how to grieve.
 This last request to thy dear sister grant,
 And at my death thou shalt no riches want.
 This said, to and again sad *Anna* bears
 Her deep complaints: But he's not mov'd with tears,
 Nor can be wrought upon by all her woes;
 A God hath stop'd his ear, and Fates oppose.

As Northern winds striving to overthrow
 Some ancient Oke, now here, now there they blow:
 Huge gusts resound; her boughs and curled locks
 Strew thick the earth, whilst she stands fix'd 'mongst rocks
 How much to heaven her head advancing shoots,
 So much to hell descend her fixed roots:

So daily shee the *Trojan* Prince invades,
 Now with these reasons, now with those perswades,
 And storms his valiant brest with mighty cares;
 Yet his Resolves are fix'd, in vain her tears.

Unhappy *Dido*, terrifi'd by Fates,
 Then wish'd to die: to look on Heaven she hates.
 But this provok't her more to leave the day.
 As gifts on incense-burning Altars lay,
 The sacred milk grew black (to mention strange)
 And wine infus'd to putrid gore did change.
 This shee to none, not to her Sister told.
 Besides, there was a Temple to her old
 Husband, of stone, which much she did respect;
 And had with bows and snowie fleeces deck'd;
 Here, she suppos'd, she heard *Sychaem* call
 When gloomie night upon the earth did fall;
 And oft from thence the Owl extends her throat,
 With death-presaging, and a direful note.
 Many predictions her before did fright:
 Cruel *Aeneas* troubles her each night,
 And raving alwaies seems to walk alone,
 Still wandring far, without companion,
 And seeking *Tyrians* in a wilderness.
 So *Pentheus* saw troops of *Eumenides*,
 Two Suns beheld, as many *Thebes* espies;
 Or like *Orestes* acted, when he flies.
 His Mother, who black snakes and torches bore,
 Whil'st the revenging furies guard the door,

Struck with the rage, vanquish'd with sorrow, now
 Resolv'd to die; the time, and manner how,
 Contriv'd; to her sad Sister thus she went.
 She cleers her brow, and covers her intent.

Sister, I have the means, rejoyce with me,
 Which may gain him, or me from passion free.
 There is a place in utmost *Aethiop*, neer
 The setting Sun, the Oceans Confines, where
 Great *Atlas* shoulders bear heavens Starry frame:
 From hence a Priestess, a *Maslian* came,

Who kept th' *Hesperian* Temple, did allow
 The Dragon food, and sav'd the sacred bough
 By sprinkling honey, drowsie Poppy : she
 Can keep all minds she please from sorrow free,
 Or send to pains, swift streams stop in their waies,
 Call back the Stars, and nightly spirits raise :
 Under her feet earth seems with groans to rend,
 And from the mountain stubborn Okes descend.
 Witnesse the Gods (Sister) and thy dear head,
 Unwilling I to Magick Arts am led.

In the back Court a pile in secret rear,
 The Arms and Garments from my chamber bear
 The Impious left ; above these place the Bed
 Where I was lost : for all abolished
 Of the false mans must be, the Priestess said.
 Thus ending, palenesse did her lips invade.
 Nor *Anne* did think her funerals design'd
 By this, or that such rage possess'd her mind :
 Or fear'd worse things then when *Sycheus* dy'd ;
 Therefore did her commands.

But *Dido* in the inward court did raise
 A mighty pile, where she in order layes
 Whole loads of cloven *Ash*, set torches round,
 Which she with wreaths, and funeral branches crown'd
 His picture, cloaths, and sword, which he forgot,
 Laid on the bed, too mindful of her plot.

Altars stand round ; the Priestesse with long hair
 Unto three hundred Gods thunders her prayer ;
 Hell, *Chaos*, and the triple *Hecate*,
 Virgin *Diana*, who hath aspects three :

Then sprinkling dewes sain'd from *Avernus* brought,
 Drugs cut with brazen sythes by moon-light sought,
 And did with juice of deadly poyson brew
 Th' *Hippomanes*, on a colts fore-head grew,
 The love snatch'd from the Damme.

She with a cake erecting pious hands,
 Before the *Altars*, on foot naked stands :
 With garments tuck'd, she dying, invokes

The Gods, and *Planets*, conscious of her Fates,
If any power regardeth lovers cares,
Those just and mindful, she implores with prayers.

'Twas night when weary limbs sweet sleep possess
Through all the world; woods, raging seas, at rest:
The stars had midnight told, and silence deep
Commands the fields; beasts, gaudie birds asleep
Which haunt the crystal fountains, or delight
In wood-land Countreys, under quiet night
Forget their labour, and their cares appease:
But slumber could not hapless *Dido* cease.
Her eyes ne'er clos'd, or night her woes asswag'd:
Cares double, and again love rising rag'd
With a great flood of wrach: when she revolves
Thus with her self. Lo! what are my resolves?
Shall I old suiters court I did disdain?
Suppliant implore *Numidian* loves again,
These I so oft despis'd? shall I submit
To *Trojan* laws, and follow now their Fleet,
Because that for my help they prove so kinde,
And my great favours bear so well in minde?
But grant I willing were, who'd give me leave,
And me now scorn'd in their proud ships receive?
Ah wretched woman, hast thou yet not known,
That perjur'd off-spring of *Laomedon*?
Shall I alone with haughty Seamen go?
Or raise the *Tyrians* to pursue the fo?
And those who scarce I could perswade from *Tyre*,
Shall I again to try the Sea desire?
Nay rather, as thou hast deserved, die;
And with a sword conclude thy miserie.
Won by my tears, thou sister, first with wo,
Did'st load the furious, and let in the fo.
And why like wilde beasts, faultless might not we
Live without marriage, from such troubles free?
My promise to *Sycheus* I not kept.
With grief oppress, thus she complaining, wept.

But

But now *Aeneas* ship'd, resolv'd to weigh,
All things prepar'd, in quiet slumber lay.
To whom the God in the same forme presents
Himself again, with these admonishments.
In all like *Hermes*, both in voice, and face,
His yellow haire, and comely youthful grace.

Oh *Goddeſs* ſon, can'ſt thou now ſleep ſo ſound ?
Perceiv'ſt thou not what dangers thee ſurround ?
Doſt thou not hear how the fair gales invite ?
But ſhe's contriving now ſome ſtrange deceit,
Reſolv'd to dye, rage doth her blood incenſe :
Fly'ſt thou not then whil'ſt thou haſt power from hence ?
Thou ſhalt behold the ſea to foam with oars,
And fires and torches flaming on the ſhores,
If thee *Aurora* here delaying finde.
Fly ; ſtill inconstant is a womans minde.
Then mix'd with gloomy night, thus having ſaid,

Aeneas, at the viſion much diſmaid,
Starts from his ſleep, and ſtraight gives this command :
Riſe quickly, ſirs, and to your tackling ſtand :
With ſpeed unſurl your ſailes, your oars now ply,
To haſten flight: a *God* ſent from the ſkie
Bids Cables cut, and ſuddenly depart.
Bleſt power, we follow thee, whoe're thou art ;
And joyfully obey thy will again ;
Be pleas'd to aid, and prosperous ſtars ordain.
This ſaid, he drew his ſword, with ſhining ſteel
The hauſers cut, all the like ſpirit feel.
The ſhores forſook, the Navie hides the deep,
They roule the ſome, and azure billows ſweep.

And now *Aurora* with freſh beams had ſpread
The earth, leaving *Typhonius* ſaffron bed.
The Queen from a high Tower, as dawn appear'd,
Saw how with ſailes a-trip to ſea they ſteer'd,
The Strands, and vacant Coaſts without an oar.
Then bearing off her beauteous breſt, ſhe tore
Her haire, and ſaid, *Jove*, ſhall he go ?
And ſhall this ſtranger mock our Kingdom ſo ?

Shall

Shall not the City arme and follow them ?
 What, will none launch our Fleet into the stream ?
 Goe, haste, bring fire, saile, row ; what shall I say ?
 Or where am I ? What folly I betray !
 Doe impious deeds now touch thee hapless Queen ?
 E're thou gav'st up thy Crown, this should have been.
 Behold his faith, and promise, (who they say)
 Did from the foe his native *Gods* convey :
 And hath on's back his aged father borne.
 What, could not I him limb from limb have torne,
 And scatter'd in the sea ? his friends and Boy
 At once with my revenging sword destroy ?
 Then serv'd the son up for the fathers dish ?
 But chance of war is doubtful; 'tis my wish.
 Whom should I dying fear ? I should have thrown
 Fire on their fleet, and burn their floating town,
 And the whole race, father and son destroy,
 And last above them fall my self with joy,

O Sun, whose eye views all the worlds affairs ;
 And thou great *Juno* conscious of these cares :
 Nocturnal *Hecate*, who oft doth raise
 Loud cries through Cities, in cross meeting wayes,
 Revenging Furies, and you *Gods* that are
 Dying *Eliza's* hearken to my prayer :
 Shew your deserved wrath : if he must gaine
 His port, that impious man those coasts attain ;
 If Fate decree, and fix'd the periods are,
 Let him be vex't with a bold peoples war,
 Exil'd, forc'd from his sons embrace ; may he
 Seek aid, and his own friends sad funerals see.
 Nor when dishonour'd peace he makes with them,
 Let him lov'd life enjoy, or Diadem :
 But dye before his day, the sand his grave,
 And with my blood this last request I crave.
 O *Tyrians*, strive this Nation to supplant
 With restless Wars ; this to my ashes grant :
 Never joyn leagues, contract no amities,
 And from our bones let some revenger rise,

Who

Who *Trojans* may pursue with fire and sword.
Ah ! may, when ever time shall strength afford,
Shores shores oppose, seas seas, our stocks debate
With arms 'gainst arms maintain, I imprecate.

This said, her fancie each where did revolve,
How best she might her loathed life dissolve.
To *Barce* then, *Sycheus* Nurse, she said
(In native dust her own long since was laid)
Dear Nurse, my sister call, and bid her bring
The cattel, the appointed offering
Let her with river-water sprinkle now,
And binde thy temples with a sacred bough :
Those rites which I to *Stygian Jove* prepare
I mean to finish, and conclude my care.
Fire must consume the *Dardan* monument.
This said, with an old womans pace she went.

But the fierce Queen, shook with an enterprise
So horrible, rousing her bloody eyes,
Her cheeks were spotted, pale with thought of death,
The inner court by violence entereth,
And furlous, mounts the lofty pile : then draws
The *Dardan* sword, not left for such a cause :
After the *Ilian* garments she survey'd,
And the known bed, with tears and thoughts delay'd
A while she stops ; then spake her last : To me
Sweet spoiles, whil'st God was pleas'd, and Destiny,
Receive this soul, and free from cares. I have
Liv'd, and perform'd that course my fortune gave,
And now the earth must my great shade seclude.
I a fair City built, my own walls view'd,
Punish'd my Brother, pleas'd my Husbands Ghost :
Bless'd, too much bless'd, if never on our coast
Troy's keels had touch'd. This said, she kiss'd the bed.
Shall we dye unreveng'd ? But Die, she said :
Thus, thus it pleaseth to the shades to goe.
These flames at sea may to the *Dardan* show,

And let our death sad omens him afford.
 This said, they saw her fall upon the sword;
 Sprinkled her hands with blood, the weapon sones.
 Then from the lofty Palace clamour comes:
Fame wanders the distracted City round;
 The roofs with lamentations, groans resound,
 And female shrieks; loud sorrows pierce the skie;
 No otherwise then if the enemy

All *Carthage* seiz'd, or ancient *Tyre*; the frames
 Of men and Gods, involv'd in raging flames.

Her Sister pale, dismaid, with trembling pace,
 Beating her breast, disfiguring her face,
 Rush'd in, and call'd the dying by her name;
 For this, O Sister? was this fraud your aim?
 For this the pile, fire, Altars? ah! lost me,
 What shall I do? scorn'st thou my company?
 Dying, thou should'st have call'd me to these Fates,
 One sword, grief, hour, had finish'd both our dates.
 Built I this pile, and to our Gods did make
 My pray'r, that cruel, thee I should forsake?
 Me, and thy self, dear Sister, and the Town,
 Both Peers and people thou hast overthrown.
 Some water bring, that I may bathe the wound;
 And if that any breath be wandring found,
 My lips shall gather it. Thus having said,
 She mounts the pile, her dying Sister laid
 With sweet embraces closely to her breast,
 And groaning, dries the black blood with her Vest.

To raise her heavie eyes again she try'd,
 And fails, the deep wound bubbling in her side:
 Thrice leaning on her arms, assay'd to rise,
 Thrice turning on her bed, with wandring eyes
 Heaven's light she sought, and finding organs again.

Then royal *Juno* pitying her long pain
 And tedious death, *Iris* from Heaven commands
 To free her soul, and ease life's struggling bands.
 Since she dy'd not by death deserv'd, nor Fates,
 But sudden rage her day anticipates,

Nor *Proserpine* did yet her bright hair take,
 Nor doom'd her head unto the *Stygian Lake*.
 From Heaven then dewie rose-wing'd *Iris* flew :
 She 'gainst the Sun a thousand colours drew :
 Plac'd on her head, Sacred to *Dis*, from thee
 This charg'd, I bear ; Be from thy Body free.
 This said, she cuts her hair, all heat expires,
 And with it life into the air reires.

Virgil's

Virgil's

ÆNEIS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Dido's ascending flames sad Trojans see.
 Storms drive Æneas back to Sicilie.
 Anchises rites renew'd. The annual games.
 Iris from Juno stirs the Trojan Dames
 To burn the Fleet. Æneas prays; a shower
 Prevents the mischief, quenching all but four.
 Trojans set sail. Venus of Neptune craves
 Safe passage for their Navie through his waves.
 The God assents. Somnus with Stygian boughs
 Besprinkles watchful Palynurus brows:
 Ore-board he falls; the losse Æneas spies.
 And weeping at the helm, his place supplies*

Mean while, his course resolv'd, Æneas sails,
 And the dark waves divides with Northern gales,
 Viewing unhappy Dido's walls, which shone
 With flames, the cause such fire had rais'd, unknown;
 But what a woman might, in sorrow drown'd,
 Struck deep with grief, and burning love, was found;
 Which by sad aug'ries Trojans understand.

As they possess'd the deep, nor any land
 Now more in ken, seas every-where and skies
 Frighted with night and tempest, did arise
 A black cloud, waves grew horrid with the shade;
 Then from the high Stern *Palynurus* said,
 Ah, what huge storms sur round the Hemisphere!
 Or, Father *Neptune*, what dost thou prepare?

Here

Here bids them ply their oars, stand to their tack,
Then turns her side to wind-ward, and thus spake:

Great Prince, if *Jove* should promise, with this wind
I should despair *Italian* coasts to finde;
Gusts rising shift, the black West grows more loud,
And the whole heaven condens'd into one clouds;
In vain we strive, nor make we any way;
Therefore, since fortune conquers, let's obey,
Where she call, sail: kinde shores of *Erix* are
And the *Scycanian* Ports from hence not far,
If rightly Stars observ'd I bear in minde.

Then said the Prince, I saw long since the winde
Grew scarce, and you in vain strove: Roomer stand.
To ease our weary Fleet not any Land
More gratefull is, or I could wish for more,
Then the *Dardanian Acestes* shore,
Whose lap infolds my fathers bones. This said,
Fair *Zephyre* swells their sails, the Port they made,
With a swift current in the *Navie* stands,
And joyfull, sails at last to well-known sands.

Acestes wondred from a mountains height
To see them come, then hasts to th' friendly Fleet.
A *Lybian* Bears skin rough with darts he wore;
Whom th' *Ilian* Dame to Flood *Crinise* bore;
He mindfull of's old Stock, congratulates
Them now return'd, and cheeres with rural cates,
The tir'd inviting to a friendly feast.
When the next morn had chas'd Stars from the East,
Aeneas having warn'd from all parts round
His friends to meet; spake from a rising ground;
Ye *Trojans* sprang from the high blood of Gods,
A yeer hath finish'd monthly periods
Since we interr'd the dust of my divine
Father, and made funeral altars shine:
The day draws nigh (*I ghes*) which I must still
Lament and honour (*Gods*, such is your will.)
An exile in *Gerulian* Sirts where I,
Or in *Mycene*, took i'th' *Grecian* sea;

Yet annual vows and solemn rites I'll pay,
And heap'd up offerings on his Altars lay.

Now we are present at my fathers dust,
Nor without heavenly providence, I trust,
Arriv'd all safe within a friendly shore,
Let us glad honours pay, and winds implore :
These rites he bid should annually be paid
In temples dedicate, our Citie laid:
Trojan Aestes will two Beeves bestow
On every ship; your Country Gods allow,
And those *Aestes* honours at the feast.
And if the ninth *Aurora* from the East
Brings a clear day, doth earth with beams disclose,
I'll for the swiftest ship a prize propose,
For him runs best, who bold strong nerves excite;
Good at the dart, or shoots the nimble flight,
Or dare in fight a cruel *Cestus* trust.
Come all, due palms receive, and honours just;
Give your applause, your temples crown'd with boughs.
This said, his Mothers Myrtle shades his brows.
This *Helmus*, this old *Aestes* did,
Ascanius this, the youth all followed.

'Midst a great troop from thence *Aeneas* went
With many thousands, to the Monument,
And pour'd two bowls of rich wine on the floor,
Two of new milk, and two of sacred gore.
Strewing the place with purple flowers, then said :
Hail, my blest'd father, hail paternal shade,
And dust preserv'd in vain; Heaven would not grant
Iatium with thee, and promis'd fields to plant,
Nor (what-e're) *Lydian Tyber* to be sought.

This said, a huge Snake from the secret vault
With seven vast gyres, seven mighty foldings, glides,
And gently wreath'd the Tomb, by th' Altar slides,
His back with green was freckled, and a bright
Purple, with gold, cast from his scales a light.
As in the clouds the mighty Bow displays
A thousand various hues, 'gainst *Phæbus* rays.

Aeneas

Æneas wonders ; his long train he rous
 Amongst the Goblets, and the standing bowls,
 Then feeds, and having tasted, harmless went,
 Leaving the Altars, to the Monument.
 This made him more his Father's rites renew,
 And solemn sacrifice, suspecting now,
 That either this one of his servants was,
 Or else the sacred *Genius* of the place ;
 Five sheep he then did kill, as many Swine,
 With black-back'd Steers, and as the use, pours Wine
 From bowls, and great *Anchises* soul implores,
 And Ghosts remitted from the *Strygian* shores.
 Then all his friends of their own plenty paid
 Glad offerings, and slain Steers the Altars laid ;
 Some spits prepare, and boylers plant of brass ;
 They entrails rost, disperst upon the grass.

Th' expected day was present, with the dawn,
Phaeton's bright Steeds the ninth morn fair had drawn ;
 Glad troops from all parts fill the shore, by fame
 Brought thither, and renown'd *Acestes* name.
 Some *Trojans* come to see, others to play.
 Amidst the Cirque, in view the prizes lay,
 Wreaths, sacred Tripods, Palm, the Victors prize,
 With Arms, a Garment of rich scarlet lies,
 Gold, silver Talents ; and appointed Games
 A Trumpet from amidst the heap proclaims.

First from the Fleet four cholen Gallies try
 Their pond'rous oars, striving for victory.
 In the swift *Pristis* stout-oar'd *Mnestheus* came,
Mnestheus who gave the *Mnemnian* house a name :
Gyas in huge *Chimera*, a vast Hull,
 The Cities work, which lustie *Trojans* pull
 With triple oars, on threefold banks. Next came
Sergestus (who gave *Sergius* stock a name)
 I'th' Centaur : *Scylla* bold *Gloanthus* drives,
 Whence *Romes* *Chuenthian* Family derives.

Against the forming shores an high rock stood,
 Which oft was drown'd with the tempestuous flood

When

When storms involve the Stars, and seen again
 When a soft calm doth over-spread the Main,
 To sea-fowl a most grateful station now ;
 The Prince here fix'd the Goal, an oaken bough,
 The Sailors mark, by which they understood
 To turn and bend long courses to the flood.

They draw for place ; in the high sterns, behold,
 The Captains shine in scarlet clad and gold.
 The rest with Poplar crown'd, their shoulders bare
 Glitter with oyl ; fix'd on their banks they were :
 Their arms stretch'd forth with oars the sign th expect,
 Whil'st their insulting hearts are counter-check'd
 With trembling fear, and rais'd with love of praise.
 Thence as the Trumpet sounds, without delays
 All start, the sea mens shouts the heavens ascend,
 And with long strokes they foamie billows rend.
 All plow the waves, the gaping Ocean feels
 Their wounding oars, and force of thundering keels.

In Chariot games not swifter Chariots are
 Born through the Champaign, when they leave the bar.
 Nor Charioteers bending their bodies, strain
 More at a loose, shaking the flowing main.
 With loud applauses, shouts from parties then
 Favouring their friends, the woods resound again,
 Including shores tumble the voice about,
 And the struck hills re-echoe every shout.

First *Gyas* swiftly through the billows glides
 With clamours great : *Gloanthus* next divides
 The waves with better oars, his Pine a slug
 Lost way : Next *Pristis* and the *Centaur* tug
 Who shall get formost, with an equal oar.
 Now *Pristis*, now great *Centaur* is before,
 And now together they their fore-decks joyn,
 Whil'st their long keels plow up the shallow brine.
 At last the Rock drew neer, the Goal they make,
 When *Gyas* first a Conqueror bespake
Menates at the helme. Why dost thou steer
 The Starboard thus ? love thou the shore : lie here :

Binde

Binde Larboard cliffs; let them stand off (he said,) But still *Menates* of hid Rocks afraid, Bore to the Sea. Where goest thou, *Gyas* here Again calls loud? these cliffs, *Menates*, steer. And close behind him, lo, *Loanthus* spies Shaving the lar-board rocks, and inward plies Betwixt the sounding tops, and *Gyas* ship, And sudden'y the foremost did our strip, The Goal being left behind, to safe seas came.

But then great grief the young mans bones inflame, Nor tears are wanting; slow *Menates* then (Honour forgot, and safety of his men) From the high Stern, he tumbles in the flood, And at the helm *Pilate* and Master stood, Cheering his mates; to shore the rudder bends. At length the old man from the deep ascends, *Menates* clog'd with garments, dropping wet Seeks a high cliff: and on the dry Rock set. The *Trojans* shout to see him fall and swim, And vomiting salt-water, laugh at him.

Sergestus, *Mnestheus*, now the two last, were Hopeful to beat retarded *Gyas* here, *Sergestus* first drew nigh the Rock, nor more Then his ships length a-head, part was before, Part emulous *Pristis* prest with fore-decks neer. When *Mnestheus* midst his ship his men did cheer,

Now now rise to your oars *Hectorian* mates, Whom at *Troys* fall I chose associates: That force shew'd in *Getulian* syrts again Make good, and as before in th' *Ionian* main, Or *Malea's* following streams: *Mnestheus* desires Not to be first, nor victory requires. Though O Let them thou please great *Neptune* gain, But to be last, this vanquish, such a stain, Such shame forbid. Then their whole strength they use, And with vast strokes they shake the brazen prowes, The seats are past, and short breath shakes their sides, Drowth clams their mouths, sweat down in rivers glides.

Fortune

Fortune her self the man wish'd honour brought :
 For whil'st too near the rocks *Sergestus* sought
 An inner course, a fatal space betwixt.
 Unhappy on the cliffs he running fix't ;
 The crags being stuck, and oars contending rang
 In the sharp rock, and the struck foreship hung ;
 The sailers rise, staid with a mighty cry ;
 Staves tipt with steel and pointed poles th' apply,
 And gather in the Sea their broken oars.

But *Mnesteus* joyful with successe, implores
 The winds, and with a band of rowers stood
 Through the safe seas, and glides to th' open flood.
 O'th sudden so a frightened Dove doth rise,
 Whose loved nest, in some dark pumice lies :
 And striking the house tops with timorous wings,
 Amaz'd into the field at random springs ;
 Till with a slide, to calmer air she comes,
 And cuts it without motion of her plumes.
 So *Mnesteus* through the frowning billows glides,
 So *Pristis* last the flying waves divides :
 And with a violent course her way she makes,
Sergestus first on the steep rock forsakes,
 Who struggling in the shallows, aid implores
 In vain : learning to row with broken oars.
Gyas in vast *Chymera* next ore-took,
 And past, since she her Master had forsook.
Cloanthus only left to be subdu'd,
 To him he bears, with his whole strength pursu'd.
 Then showles are doubled, cheering him comes last,
 And all the skie resounds with clamours vast.
 These their new glory, honours got despise,
 Unless they keep it, and to gain the prize
 Would sell their lives : success feeds them ; they may
 Because they think they can obtain the day.
 And for the Goal with equal prows they'd flood ;
 But that *Cloanthus* pray'd unto the flood
 With rear'd up hands, and Gods call'd with a vow.
 You powers who rule the sea, whose waves I plow.

Joyful

Joyful Ple place a white bull on this coast
 Before your *Altars* and sat offerings cast
 In your salt waves, and purest wine I'll pay;
 This said, all heard him from the deepest sea:
Niriades, Panopæa, Forcus band,
 Him old *Portunus* shoves with his great hand:
 Swifter then tempest, or wing'd shaft he glides
 To shore, and in the harbour bosome hides.
Æneas (as the use) all summon'd; there
Cloanthus with a herauld did declare
 Victor, and with fresh laurell vails his brows:
 And to the ships three steers with wine allows,
 And a great silver talent; then presents
 The Captains with especial ornaments.
 A vest of gold he to *Cloanthus* gave,
 Edg'd with rich purple in a double wave;
 The royal boy in leafy *Ida* wove,
 Seeming to pant, as with his dart he drove
 The nimble Deer, whom *Joves* swift Eagle bears
 From thence aloft, trust in his hooked fears.
 In vain th old Guardians hands to heaven did rear,
 And dogs their mouths spend, raging in the air.
 But who by vertue second place did hold,
 He gave a curious male, wrought thick with gold,
 (Which he a Conquerour from *Demolius* bore
 Under high *Ilium*, on swift *Simois* shore)
 Both for defence and grace in armes; scarce this
 With shoulders joyn'd, *Phegetus*, and *Sagurus*
 His servants bore: *Demolius* in times past
 In these aims swiftly stragling *Trojans* chas'd.
 Two brazen *Caldrons* to the third was brought,
 And two fair *Cups* with silver richly wrought.
 And now all proud with honours thus assign'd;
 Their temples they with rosie Garlands bind.
 When from the dire rock scarce with much are clear'd,
Sergestus his scorn'd ship unhonour'd steer'd:
 His oars, being broke, weak with one single rank.
 Such in the way a Serpent on a bank,

Ore whom oblique, swift brazen wheels are gone:
 Or passenger left half-dead hurt with a stone:
 Flying in vain, he long contortions wrests,
 Part fierce, with burning eyes, and hissing crests,
 Rising aloft, part main'd a wound with-holds,
 Tangling in knots his own coile him infolds.
 With such a rowing his slow ship made way,
 Yet sayl'd, she with full sails possesse the bay.
 The Prince the promis'd gift *Sergestus* gave,
 Glad he his ship and friends so well did save,
Pholoe a *Cretan* born, who skill profess
 In *Pallas* art, two twins hung at her breast.

Pious *Aeneas*, this sport finish'd, led
 To a green plain, which woods incompass'd
 With trending hills, the vale a Theater crown'd.
 The *Heroe* here, with many thousands round
 About him plac'd, did his high Chair ascend:
 Here those who would in the swift race contend
 He with rewards invites, and prizes fixt
Trojans, *Scicanians* come, from all parts mixt.
Nisus, *Euryalus* first.

Euryalus most fair and youthful was,
 Who *Nisus* dearly lov'd; next him took place
 Royal *Diores*, *Priam's* famous stem,
Salus and *Patron* next, conjoyn'd with them:
 From *Epire* this, *Arcadia* that descends,
Helymus *Panopes*, old *Acestes* friends,
Sicilian youths in woods accustom'd, came
 And many more buried in obscure fame.

To them thus spake the Prince; Hear, and regard
 None shall depart from hence without reward;
 Two polish'd *Gnosian* spears I shall afford,
 And with a silver hilt a two edg'd sword:
 This honour each shall have, and I allow
 The first three shall with olives binde their brow.
 I to the first a brave horse furnish'd yield:
 The next an *Amazonian* quiver fill'd

With *Thracian* shafts, the belt a golden one
Fast with a button of a polish'd stone.

This *Grecian* helmet shall the third content,
Thus having said they to their station went.

The signal heard the bar forsook; they came
Like a swift showre, and at the goal they aim.

First *Nisus* gains the start of all by far,
Nor swifter winds, nor wings of lightning are;
Next him but a great distance followed next,
Salius, and after him a space betwixt,
Euryalus was third.

Helymus *Euryalus* pursues, next whom
Diore hasts, now side by side did come;
Strikes foot by foot, and had there been more space,
Had got before, or doubtful left the race:

Now to the end they came, and tir'd drew neer,
When *Nisus* in the blood of a slain steer
Which wet the verdant grass, unlucky slides.

Here as the young man, now a victor prides,
Tripping, his steps could not recall agen,
But fell in sacred gore, and mud unclean.

Yet not unmindful of *Euryalus* love,

Rising, he gave to *Salius* a shove.

And tumbling with him, on the hard sand laid,
Euryalus got first by *Nisus* aid.

Out-stripping all with shouts and joyful cries;
Helymus next, *Diore* the third prize.

Here *Salius* makes the Theater to ring
Moving the Fathers with loud clamouring
To grant those honors he's bereav'd on thus.

Beauty, sweet tears defend *Euryalus*:

Virtue with beauty joyn'd more grateful is;

Diore helps aloud, who the last prize.

If *Salius* got the first, had won in vain,

Then spake *Æneas*, Firm your gifts remain;

None shall remove the palme, but I may yet

My hapless friends mischance compassionate.

Then a huge lions hide he *Salius* gave
 Rich-fur'd, with golden claws. If vanquish't have
 These things, said *Nisus* and such pity be
 On them that fall, what gift's reserv'd for me,
 Who with applause had the prime honour got,
 Had I not met with *Salius* spightful lot?
 This saying, he his limbs and face defil'd
 With foul mud shew'd; The best of Princes smil'd,
 Bids the shield give him *Didymaon* wrought,
 Which he from *Neptun*'s sacred pillar brought.
 The brave youth this fair present satisfies.

After the course was done, dispos'd each prize,
 Now come the stout whose bosomes courage fill,
 And for the prize now shew their strength and skill,
 This said, two honours for the fight are plac'd,
 A Bull the conquerors prize with Garlands grac'd,
 A sword and helme to cheer him got the worst.
 Straight from the throng then mighty *Dares* burst:
 And his vast limbs with great applause were shown.
 He oft with *Paris* did contend alone.
 He huge siz'd *Butes* at great *Hectors* tombe,
 Who from *Amycus* of *Bebricia* come
 Did overthrow and with his conquering hands,
 Measur'd his length upon the yellow sands.
 Such *Dares*, for the fight, his head rais'd high
 Shews his broad shoulders, and alternately
 Swings his extended arms, and beats the winds.
 His match is sought, none that great concourse findes
Dares take the *Cestus*, or himself present.

To bear the palm from all he confident
 Before *Aeneas* stood; nor more delay'd,
 His left hand holding the bulls horn, then said,
 Great Goddess son, if no man dare resist,
 Why stand I here command I be disaist,
 And grant the prize. *Trojans* with one consent
 Cry'd that he should, gifts promis'd, him present,

Here old *Acestes* chides *Entellus*, as
 Near plac'd they sat on beds of verdant grass ;
Entellus, valiant st *Hero* once in vain,
 If thou let him untride, such honour gain :
 Where's now thy God and Master *Erix* name
 In slight regard ? and where is now thy fame
 Through *Sicilie* spread ? and spoils hung on thy walls
 Then he : not love of praise and glory failes
 Weaken'd by fear ; but me cold blood restrains,
 Benumb'd with age and weakness in my veins.
 Had I that youth which he with insolence
 Doth triumph in, from me long parted since ,
 Gifts should not draw me, nor would I regard
 A goodly steer, nor stand upon reward.
 Two mighty bats he casts in, this being said,
 With which the cruel *Erix* oft had plaid,
 And tride th' hard skins. All were astonished,
 Seven huge bull hides, sow'd stiffe, with ir'n and lead ;
Dares was most dismay'd, and long denies ,
 The mighty weight great *Anchisiades*,
 And immense foulding, here, and there did roul :
 While in such words the old man spake his soul.
 Had any seen those clubs *Alcides* bore !
 And cruel battel fought upon this shore !
 These arms thou seest, which blood and brains yet smear,
 Thy cousen *Erix* in times past did bear ;
 With these cop'd *Hercules* ; I with these did fight
 Whil'st blood gave better strength ; before the spight
 Of envious age had silver'd thus my brows.
 If *Trojan Dares* shall my arms refuse ,
 If so *Æneas* and the King shall please,
 We'll match our arms, nor shalt thou fight with these ,
 Fear not, lay by thy *Trojan* arms. This said,
 His thick lin'd vest he from his shoulders laid,
 His huge limbs, bones, and brawnie muscles shew'd :
 Then midst the place a mighty man he stood.
 When Prince *Æneas* equal clubs commands,
 And weapons match'd he puts into their hands.

Here

Each stood prepar'd, themselves then raising high,
 Boldly they lift their arms unto the skie :
 Far back they draw their tall heads from the stroke,
 They joyn in fight, and blows with blows provoke.
 One trusting youth best traversed his ground,
 Th' other in strength and size advantage found :
 But with stiff knees *Entellus* earnest slides,
 Whil'st short thick breathings shake his ample sides.
 Many blows past, yet neither had the best,
 Redoubled strokes ring on the ir spacious brest,
 And hollow sides about their ears and brows
 A swift hand flies, and cheeks resound with blows.

Unmov'd yet old *Entellus* stood, his skill
 And watchful eye, warding his body still.
 As at a fenced City *Dares* lies,
 Or a high tower by leagure to surprise :
 This entrance, that strives by his Art to gain,
 And with oft storming seeks to get in vain.
Entellus rais'd his arm, and high did rise
 To make a stroke ; the coming blow he spies,
 And with his nimble body did prevent ;
 Upon the air the old mans strength is spent,
 And heavie, he with a huge weight comes down.
 In *Erymanthus* so or *Ida's* Crown,
 Torn from the roots, tumbles a hollow *Pine*,
Trojans applauding rise, *Sicilians* joyn.
 Clamour scales Heaven ; *Acestes* first runs forth
 To raise his equal aged friend from earth.
 But th' *Heroe* this retards nor, nor affrights,
 He fiercer now comes on, rage strength excites,
 And shame with conscious vertue force revives.
 Then *Dares* headlong every where he drives
 With both his hands redoubling blows, nor stops
 Nor staves. As in a storme the houses tops
 Rattle with hail, so thick he strokes bestows,
 And falls on *Dares* with a showr of blows,
Aeneas here forbids then to engage
 Further, unwilling that *Entellus* rage

Proceed, so ends the fight, and thence conveyd
 Spent *Dares*, and with words appeasing, said.
 Haplesse, what folly did thy minde bereave?
 Dost thou not more then humane strength perceiue?
 Yield to the God: then brought him off, this said.
 But *Dares* with weak knees tossing his head,
 His teeth all bloody, and gore vomiting,
 His faithful equals to the Navie bring:
 The helme and sword appointed they receive,
 The Bull, the prize unto *Entellus* leave,
 Proud of the Palme, the Conquerour rais'd with joy,
 Then said, know Goddesse son, and you of *Troy*,
 By this, what strength I in my youth might have,
 And from what death you rescu'd *Dares* save.
 This said, as he against the bull did stand,
 Now his by fight, his bat pois'd in his hand,
 Rising, betwixt the horns he takes him full,
 And beats into his batter'd brain his skull.
 Dead he falls down, trembling on th' earth he lay;
 And thus much adds, *Erix* to thee I pay
 This better gift then *Dares* life, and part
 A victor here, both with my Arms, and Art.

Forthwith *Æneas* those would exercise
 The nimble shaft invites, and plac'd the prize.
 Brought from *Serestus* ship with a great throng
 A mast he fix'd, to it a pidgeon hung,
 This as a mark to aim at he made fast,
 And in a brazen helm the lots were cast,
 All being met, first place with great applause
 The bold *Hyrtacides Hippocoon* draws,
 Then *Mnestens* conquerour in the naval game,
 Crown'd with fresh Olives up glad *Mnestens* came.
Eurytion third; thy brother most renown'd
Pandarus, who did once the peace confound,
 And first his arrow 'mongst the *Grecians* shot,
Acestes last drew from the helm his lot,

And bold in youthful games will yet contend.
Then with great strength their hooked bowes they bend,
Each for himself, and forth their arrow drew;

First through the skie from his loud bowstring flew
Hyrtaides shaft, and cutting swift air past,
Then fix'd it self upon the adverse mast.

It shook; the frighted bird flutters her wings,
And every part with loud applauses rings.

After bold *Mnestheus* stands, his bowe he bent,
Taking his aim, his eye with th' arrow went;

Though he was not so happy with the shot

To hit the pigeon, yet he broke the knot,

By which her feet to the high mast were tide;

She down the winde in a dark cloud did glide.

Then swift *Eurytion* did his shafts prepare,

And ready calls his Brother in his prayer;

As with spread wings thence the glad pigeon flew;

Through vacant air, in gloomy clouds he flew.

Breathless she fell, life in ætherial sphears

Forsook, and falling the fix'd arrow bears.

Acestes still remain'd, the palm being got;

Yet through the ample skie his arrow shot,

Boasting his art, and sounding bowe; streight, here

A future prodigie, and great signes appear,

Such after-chance declar'd, and omens late

Which dreadful prophets did prognosticate.

For flying through moist clouds, the arrow fires,

And chalks the way with flames then spent expires

Amongst the winds; as often through the aire

A meteor shoors, and stars with blazing haire.

All are amaz'd: *Trojans, Sicilians* joyn

In prayers: but great *Aeneas* lik'd the sign,

And did *Acestes* joyfully embrace,

Then loading him with mighty gifts, thus says:

Best father take, (for so would Heavens great King

By these strange signs we thee prime honours bring.)

This Cup inchac'd with figures thou must have,

Which *Thracian Cisseus* old *Anchises* gave:

The mighty gift my Sire he did present,
Both of his love the pledge and monument,
And with fresh lawrel binds his brows. This said,
Then over all *Acestes* conquerour made;
Nor good *Eurytion* did such grace envy,
Though he the Dove brought from the lofty sky.
Next he rewards him, broke the cord, and last
Who fix'd his winged arrow in the mast.

But Prince *Æneas*, scarce this sport being don,
Epytides, tutor, and companion
T' *Ascanius*, calls, and speaks in's trusty ear;
If *Julus* and the young troops ready were.
The horses train'd, he with the band should come,
And shew himself, arm'd at his Grandfires tomb;
Then streight commands the throng'd-in people, here
To make an open field, the place to cleer.
The boys march up, before their Parents shew
On gallant Steeds, whom *Trojans* as they go
And the *Trinacrian* youth with shouts admir'd.
All as the use, bright helm'd, and brave attir'd,
And with steel points two cornel javelins bore,
Light quivers, some, and chains of gold they wore
About their necks, that rich and curious be.
Three troops march'd on, led up by Captains three;
Twice six youth march in a divided band,
Bravely drawn up, whom equal chiefs command.
Young *Priam* nam'd from's Grandfire first in place
Lead up his youth, *Polites* thy fair race,
Latium t'augment a *Thracian* courser bore
With white spots dapled, and white feet before,
Who lofty in his forehead shew'd a star.

Next *Arys*, whence the *Latine Atij* are,
Young *Arys* whom *Ascanius* lov'd; and last
Ascanius who in beauty all surpass,
Rid' a brave horse, which *Dido* did present
Of her dear love the pledge and monument.

Each other youth was mounted on a Steed
 Of old *Acesses*, pure *Trinacrian* breed.
 The *Trojans* full of joy, did entertain
 With acclamation this ambitious train,
 Who by their faces their old Parents knew,
 When these they had seen delighted with the shew,
Epyides gave the signe, to them prepar'd,
 And makes his loud switch ring, no sooner heard,
 They ran together, in three squadrons, then
 Divide, and open at the word agen,
 Their courses change, and cruel javelins bear,
 They counter march, the front becoms the rear;
 Alternate orbs with wheeling they include,
 Now arm'd they seem to fight, and now subdu'd
 They make retreat, then cheer'd they turn the lance,
 And peace concluding equally advance.

As once the Labyrinth in high *Crete* (same says)
 A thousand turnings had, with doubtful wayes,
 Which did no sign unto the followers leave,
 But with perpetual errors did deceive.
 So youthful *Trojans* wheel, and in that sort,
 They flight and battel interweave with sport:
 As *Dolphins* who the swelling waves divide
 In *Lybick* seas, and wanton in the tide.
Ascanius when long *Alba* he did frame
 Did first appoint this custome, and this game,
 And th'antient *Latins* taught to celebrate:
 What he and *Trojan* youth did, th' *Alban* state
 Their off-spring shew'd, this greatest *Rome* from hence
 Receiv'd, and kept those honours ever since,
Trojans the troop, and childrens *Troy* blessed they call;
 Name his fathers funerall annuall.

Here first inconstant fortune chang'd her brow,
 Whilst they with various rites perform'd their vow,
 From heaven *Saturnian Iuno Iris* sent
 To the *Ilian* Fleet: winds breathing as she went:
 Revolving much, nor was her ancient spleen
 Yet satisfi'd; the Virgin swift unseen,

Streight through the bowe of thousand colours flies,
 The shores she views, and mighty concourse spies,
 The Port forsook, all from the Navie gone?
 But far off *Trojan* dames she saw alone,
 Who mourn'd *Anchises*; and the deeps survaid,
 And weeping ah so many floods (they said)
 And shoals must yet the weary passe, all pray
 For seats, toyl'd with the troubles of the sea.

Skilful in mischief, in 'mongst these she prest,
 And lays aside her goddes form and vest,
 And streight old *Beroe*, *Dorycles* wife became,
 Who once had children, honour, and great fame,
 And thus she did midst *Ilian* Dames declare,
 O wretches! whom no *Grecian* in this war
 Vouchsaf'd to kill at home, unfortunate,
 For what sad end are you preserv'd by Fate?
 Since *Troys* destruction now seven years are past,
 Whilst we by seas, dire rocks, and countreys vast,
 Raising new stars, are born through floods: whilst we
 Involv'd with waves, seek flying *Italy*.

Fraternal *Erix*, kind *Acestes* strands
 To plant in, build a City, who withstands?
 O Country, and our Gods preserv'd in vain;
 Shall no place *Troy* be stil'd? shall we again
Hectorian streams, nor *Xanthus Simois* see?
 Come, this unhappy Navy burn with me.

In sleep to me *Cassandra* did appear,
 She brought me fire, and said, Your *Troy* seek here,
 This is your seat; now is the time to act,
Neptune's four Altars see; let's not protract:
 The God himself courage, and brands, affords;
 Then cruel fire she snatch'd (using these words)
 And far off brandishing she casts the flames,
 Rais'd and astonish'd are the *Ilian* dames.

Here one call'd *Pyrgo*, who by age took place,
 Nurse to so many of great *Priams* race;
 Said, This not *Beroe*, *Dorycles* wife, nor this
 A *Rhetian* dame; here divine beauty is:

Mark her bright eyes and breath; behold her face,
Her voices accent, and her stately grace.

I now left *Beroe* sick, much griev'd that she
Should only from such offering absent be,
Nor could t' *Anchises* bring due sacrifice.
Such things she said.

But they the Fleet behold with cruel eyes,
Doubtful 'twixt woful love of present seats
They stood or lands to them design'd by Fates:
When with spread wings to Heaven the Goddess glides;
And the great bowe under the clouds divides.
Inrag'd and wondring then the *Ilian* dames
With great noise snatch from private hearths the flames;
Some altars spoil, and boughs, leaves, fire-brands threw;
'Mongst painted sterns, banks, oars, with loose reins flew,
Vulcan inrag'd. When to *Anchises* tomb

And to the theatre *Eumelus* did come
From the fir'd Navy, and such tidings told,
Then they in clouds black rising smoke behold.
And first *Ascanius*, sprightly as he did
His troop lead to the Camp disturbed rid;
Nor by his fearful tutors could be staid;
What new, rage? whither now? what mean ye? said.

Ah wretched women, you your own hopes burn,
Not th' enemies Camp; to your *Ascanius* turn:
And at their feet his empty helm he cast,
Which personating War, his fore-head grac'd.

Aeneas hastes; with him the *Trojan* bands;
But they amaz'd, fled, scatter'd through the strands.

So woods, and hollow rocks; their mindes restor'd
They know their own; their enterprise abhor'd,

And *Juno* now is shaken from their breast;
But not those untam'd fires could be suppress,

Tow, smothering lives under the sappy oke;
The vessels catching, vomit gloomy smoke;

The cruel plague seiz'd the whole Fleet at length,
'Gainst Rivers pow'r, and all the Hero's strength,

Pious *Aeneas* then his Garments rends,

And to the Gods for aid, his hands extends.

All-potent *Jove*, if all the *Trojans* be
 Not in thy hate, if ancient *Pietie*
 Humane affairs regards; these flames destroy;
 O father, save the poor remains of *Troy*;
 Or if deserv'd, with thunder strike me dead,
 And now overwhelm with thy right hand. Scarce said,
 When a black tempest rag'd; a mighty rain
 Fell without mean; the mountains, and the plain
 With thunder shook; condensing *Auster* sent,
 A most black storm through the whole firmament.
 The decks are fill'd; Oke once half burn'd, grows moist
 Until the flame was quench'd: four only lost,
 Sav'd from that plague. But Prince *Æneas* here.
 Shook with the bitter chance, now here, now there,
 Great cares revolving in his breast; if he
 Mindless of fates, should plant in *Sicilie*,
 Or take *Italian* shore. Old *Nantes* said,
 Whom *Pallas* with much Art had famous made,
 Then to the Prince: What ere the mighty ire
 Of gods portend, or what the fates require,
 We must endure. Comforting he begun
 Thus to *Æneas* O thou Goddess son,
 Let us obey the fates; whatever chance
 All fortunes vanquish'd are by sufferance.
Trojan Acestes of a race divine,
 Unto thy counsels an-associate joyn.
 Let him receive thy lost ships companies:
 And those now tir'd with thy great enterprise.
 The weary Matrons, and old men select,
 The weak, and those whom dangers now deject;
 Here let them plant, and here a city frame,
 And from *Acestes* give the walls a name.
 He with these words of his old friend was cheer'd;
 Yet in his breast still many cares appear'd,
 When nights black chariot had possess the pole,
 From thence he saw descend *Anchises* soul,
 And such words usin'g did to him appear;
 O son, then life, whilst life remain'd, more dear!

O son, busied in *Trojan* fates ! I am
 By *Joves* command sent hither ; who from flame
 Preserv'd thy ships, and pitied from the sky.
 Old *Nantes* counsel take, for *Italy* ;
 And bold youth chuse ; a race thou must overcome
 Cruel by use of war in *Latium*.
 But first to *Pluto's* dismal courts repair,
 And deep *Avernus*, where my dwellings are.
 I am not with sad shades, in impious hell,
 But with the blest in glad *Elizium* dwell.
 Chast *Sybil* shall conduct thee to the place,
 With offerings of black sheep : there all thy race,
 And new seats thou shalt know, and now farewell,
 Moyst night hath reach'd her vertick parallel ;
 The cruel East blows me with panting steeds,
 He through thin air like smoke thus saying, speeds.
Aeneas then : Where hast thou ? to what place ?
 Whom dost thou fly ? why driven from our embrace ?
 This said, he ashes stirs, and cover'd fire,
 The *Trojan* lar : and in old *Vestas* quire,
 Suppliant with holy bread, and full cups bends.
Acestes raising first, and next his friends.
 Both his dear fathers will, and *Joves* command
 Declares : and what shall now resolved stand.
 Nor more advice ; these did *Acestes* grant.
 Th'inrould the matrons, and the people plant :
 A city there such as respect no fame :
 Ships half consum'd repair, new bancks they frame :
 Oars, cables fir, but few their numbers are,
 But of most lively courages in War.

Mean while *Aeneas* plows their city walls,
 Houses allots this *Troy*, that *Ilium* calls :
Acestes joyes in his new realms ; and draws
 A Forum out, gives Conscript fathers laws.
 On *Erix* top, a fane nigh heaven was rear'd
 To *Venus* ; and a sacred grove prepar'd,
 And a Priest added to *Anchises* tombe ;
 And now the ninth day of their feast was come ;

Altars they grace : when soft gales calm the main,
 And breathing *Auster* calls to Sea again,
 Through trending shores complainings loud ascend,
 Both day and night they with imbraces spend,
 Those women now, To whom before the Sea
 Seem'd rough, nor could indure the Deitie,
 Would fly and every danger now contemn,
 With kind words good *Æneas* comforts them,
 And weeping recommends t' *Acestes* care.
 To storms a lamb, three calves to *Erix* are
 Offer'd, and then loose cables he commands,
 And on the prow, crown'd with cut Olive stands,
 Holding a bowl, and in the swelling brine
 He entrals casts, and powres forth generous Wine :
 Fair gales attend his sterne : the sailers sweep
 The curled waves, and brush the azure deep.

But *Venus* mean while exercis'd in cares,
 To *Neptune* spake, and such complaints declares.
Juno's sad wrath and unappeased breast,
 Makes me descend to thee with this request :
 Whom neither time nor piety can move.
 Nor fates can quiet, nor commands of *Jove*.
 Was't not enough with fierce spleen to destroy
 The *Phrygian* City ? poor remains of *Troy*.
 To force through miseries, but bones and dust.
 She persecutes, can such a rage be just ?
 Thou know'st what storms on *Lybian* seas did rise
 By her commands, commixing waves and skies,
 And with *Æolian* gusts what hills she rais'd,
 Thus daring in thy Realms.
 Ah shame ! behold, the *Trojan* Dames she drove
 To fire their Fleet ; and their ships lost, did move
 Their friends to leave them on strange shores. I crave
 Those yet, remain may through their billows have
 Safe passe : *Laurentian* Tyber touch : if I
 Those walls require, granted by destiny.
 The great seas Tamer then, O *Erycine*
 Trust to our Realms, from whence thou draw'st thy line ?

I also have deserv'd, who did withstand
 Heaven and seas, rage so oft : nor lesse by land
 My care of thy *Aeneas*, witnessed
Symois Xanthus, when the *Trojans* fled
 Trembling before *Achilles* to their wals,
 Who many thousands sent to funerals.
 Full rivers groan'd, nor *Xanthus* to the Seas
 Could find his course ; from strong *Æacides*
 I in a hollow cloud brought off thy son,
 Too weak for him, when I destruction
 Wish'd to that perjur'd *Troy* which I did rear.
 My minde is still the same ; then banish fear ;
 He shall in safety touch th' *Avernian* coast :
 One only shall he misse in th' *Ocean* lost ;
 One life for many must be paid.

At this the Goddesse sad care intermits,
 The God his steeds conjoyns, and foamy bits
 Adds to the fierce, and with rejected rein,
 His azure chariot hurries o're the main.
 Billows give place, beneath his thundring axe
 Waves level'd are, darkness the sky forsakes ;
 Then varied shapes, and mighty whales appear,
 Old *Glaucus* troops, *Inous*, *Palamon*, there
 The active *Tritons*, *Forcus* finny train,
 Upon the left hand of th' appeased main,
Thetis, *Thalia*, *Spio*, *Panope*,
Melite, *Nice*, and *Cymodoce*.

Here Prince *Aeneas* flattering joys did find
 At last to raise his long dejected mind.
 Then cheerful to the sailors gave command,
 To rear the top masts, to their tackling stand.
 All pull at once ; larboard and starboard hale :
 Th' unfurl the sheets, and hoist the lofty sail,
 The wish'd gale drives them : *Palinure* precedes,
 And being Admiral, the Squadron leads.
 All steer as he commands. And now moist night
 Had almost touch'd mid-heavens verrick height.
 The sailor on hard benches 'mongst his oars,
 His weary limbs with quiet rest restores.

When

When from ætherial stars, soft *Somnus* glides,
Darkness removes, and airy shades divides,
With a sad dream (poor *Palinure*) to thee,
Upon the high stern sate the deitie,
Like *Phorbas*, and with these words did appear;
Palinure, the sea it self thy ship will steer:
A soft gale breaths, there is a time to rest:
Lie down, steal sleep for eyes with toyl oppress'd,
And I thy charge shall for a while supply.
Palinure then said, scarce lifting up his eye;
Wouldst thou I should a quiet sea believe,
To this inconstant monster credit give?
Should I *Æneas* to false *Auster* leave:
And serene skies that me so oft deceive?
This said, he fix'd unto the rudder lies,
Holds fast, and on the stars he held his eyes.
The God, behold, in *Lethe* steep'd, a bough
Sleepy with *Stygian* strength, shakes o're his brow
And wandering eyes of him resisting clos'd.
Scarce were his nerves in quiet slumber loos'd,
Leaning, that part being loose on which he stood,
He with the helm falls in the briny flood,
And oft in vain to his companions cries
With wings the God mounts the ætherial skies.
Fearless, the ship not slower, a safe course sails,
Nor in his promise Father *Neptune* failes.

Neer *Syrens* rocks, once dangerous, they stood
White with the bones of men, beat with the flood
Hoarse waves resound; but when the Prince perceiv'd
The ship to wander, of her guide bereav'd.
Through nightly waves he did the helm attend,
Much sighing the misfortune of his friend:

O *Palinure*, trusting fair seas and skie,
Thou naked on some coast unknown must lie.

THE
SIXTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*At Sybils cave Æneas asks his fates ;
Inspir'd, she answers through a hundred gates.
Misenus rites ; the golden bough is found,
Hells dismal passage, and the Stygian sound.
Rude Charon pleas'd ; a sop loud Cerberus takes
Sad souls hem'd in with nine infernal lakes.
Dido is seen ; Deiphobus appears.
Hell and Elizium. Every thousand years
Souls Lethe drink, and bodies reassume.
Anchises shews his son those Lords of Rome
Must spring from him ; their character relates ;
And after lets him forth at ivory gates.*

THUS he said weeping, and with full saile stands,
Gliding at last to the Euboick strands.
They turn from Sea their prows, their ships they moare,
And the tall Navy guards the winding shore.
The glad youth leap'd on land, streight some desire
To force from flint the hidden seeds of fire.
Some tear the shelters of wild beasts, the woods,
Whil'st others look about for fresher floods.

But

But good *Æneas* sought high towrs which have
Phœbus their Lord, dread *Sybil's* wondrous cave,
 Secrets remote; on whom the God bestows
 An ample mind, and future things foresews,
 To *Dians* growes and golden roofs they came,
Dædalus leaving *Minos* realms, (they same)
 To swift wings trusting boldly, through the skies
 A way untraced to the cold North flies,
 At last on *Chalcis* towre he stands, where he
 First lightning, *Phœbus*, gave his wings to thee;
 And a large Temple built; whose porch presents
Androgeus death, *Athenian* punishments,
 (A woful thing) seven children, the demands
 Annually paid, with lots the sad urne stands.
Crete that surveyes the Sea was opposite;
 A bulls dire love, *Pasiphaes* stolne delight,
 The mix'd race *Minotaure*, his Monstrous son,
 The monument of her foul lust, was done.
 The structure and the Labyrinth here was seen;
 But *Dædalus* pitying th'inamord Queen,
 The art and windings of that house betrayes,
 Shewing the clew; thou *Icarus* in these
 Shouldst a great part (had grief permitted) shar'd;
 To draw thy chance in gold he twice prepar'd,
 Twice fell the fathers hands, Soon the whole frame,
 They had survaïd; but that *Achates* came
 And did the Priestess of great *Phœbus* bring
Deiphobe, who thus bespake the King;
 This is no time such fights to entertain;
 Then bids seven steers from untouch'd herds be slain,
 And as the custome equal sheep be paid.
 Having said these, the rites were not delaid
 And bids the *Trojans* to the Temple come.
 A cave was cut from a rocks vaster womb,
 Whence through a hundred gates, a hundred ways,
Sybil as many prophesies convayes.
 As he drew neer, the *Virgin* cries; Be bold
 To ask thy fate; The god, the god behold!

This

This said, her colour chang'd ; nor had her face
 And comly tresses, the same form or grace :
 But her swoln bosom pants, a mighty rage
 Doth all the faculties of her soul ingage :
 Nor humane voice greater she seems to be
 Inspired with th' approaching *Deitie*.

Trojan Æneas, then aloud she said,
 Hast thou not made thy vows ? hast thou not praid ?
 Nor vast gates of the fatal house rill then
 Shall open. Here she silent was agen ;
 And through the *Trojans* bones shot trembling feare ;
 Whilst from his soul the King pours forth his prayer.

O *Phœbus*, thou that strov'st still to protect
 Unhappy *Troy*, and didst the shaft direct,
 And *Paris* hand to wound *Æacides* :
 I, led by thee, strange lands and many seas
 To the remote *Massylian* shores have past,
 And realms extended unto deserts vast.
 We *Italies* flying coasts at length have rook,
 But by our own sad fortune not forsook.
 And all you *Gods* and *Goddeses* that were
 Foes to *Troys* glory, now that Nation spare,
 And you blest Prophetesse humbly I intreat,
 (I seek but realms are due to me by fate)
 That we in *Latium* may finde new abodes,
 And habitations for our wandring gods ;
 I then to *Phœbus* and *Diana* shall
 A temple build of marble ; where Ile call
 On solemn dayes, on great *Apollo's* name,
 And in our realm chappels for thee Ile frame,
 In which the fates and fortunes of our race
 Which pleas'd you now foretel, shall have their place ;
 And there blest maid, Ile consecrate choice men.
 Commit not unto leaves thy verses then,
 Lest they to wanton winds a sport be made :
 But sing thy self, I pray. He ends, this said.
 But in the cave she furious takes no rest,
 Striving to shake the great God from her breast.

Who

Who tires her more, her raging mouth he frames,
And by constraining her fierce bosom tames.
The hundred gates themselves now open fling.
And through the air *Sibylla's* answer bring.

Thou scap'd from dangers of the sea far more
Remain at land; the *Trojans* shall the shore
Of *Latium* find; thy breast from such cares free,
And soon repent; Wars, horrid wars I see,
And *Tyber* swell'd with blood, nor shalt thou misse
Greek camps, a *Xanthus* and a *Symois*,
A new *Achilles* of a Goddess come,
And you shall *Juno* find in *Latium*.
What people, what *Italian* seats in want,
Shalt thou not sue to as a Suppliant?

A wife shall cause again the *Trojan* wo,
And forrain marriage.
Yet dangers fear not, but on bolder go.
What force thy fortune grants, thy first supplies
Which thou least thinks, from a *Greek* seat shall rise.

These horrid circumstances from her cell,
Cubean Sybil bellowing did foretel,
With dark phrase clouding truth; then *Phœbus* shakes
His reins, and her chaf'd heart more fury takes.
When she grew calm and her wild rage alaid;
Æneas spake; Not any toyle, O Maid,
To me a new unlook'd for shape presents,
I foresee all, and cast their worst events.
One boon I crave (since to *Infernal* realms
This way conducts, and *Acherons* dismal streams)
That *Imy* dearest father may behold
Open the way, inchaunted gates unfold;
Him I from thousand weapons, through the flame
Brought on my shoulders, through an host I came,
He me accompanied through all the maine.
And weak did threatening seas and skies sustain
Above the strength, and temper of his age,
Us at thy gates t' attend, he did engage.

O pitie then the father and the son
 Blest Maid, for all things can by thee be done.
 Nor *Hecate* plac'd thee ore those groves in vain.
 If *Orpheus* could *Euridice* regain,
 Help'd by his *Thracian* lyres sweet harmony;
 Could *Pollux* by alternate dying free
 His brother And return? why should I name
Theseus, *Alcides*? that from *Jove* I came?
 Such things he pray'd, and by the altars hung,
 Then she reply'd; *Trojan Aeneas*, sprung
 From blood of Gods: to hel's an easie way,
 Black *Pluto's* gates stand open night and day;
 But to return, and the bright air to view,
 This is the work, the labour of a few,
 Whom *Jove* esteems, or vertue hath rais'd high,
 And sprung from Gods. Woods in the middle lie,
 And round, *Cocytus* motes with a black lake.
 If so great love, if such desires thee take
 Twice to swim *Styx*, black hell twice to survey,
 And to strange toyles th'art pleas'd to give such way,
 Hear thy first task. A golden bough doth lye,
 With shining leaves hid in a shadie tree;
 Sacred t' infernal *Juno* this is said:
 This the whole woods, and obscure valleys shade:
 To visit parts below all are restrain'd
 Until the bough with golden leaves is gain'd,
 Which to fair *Proserpine* must presented be.
 This pluck'd, another golden from the tree
 Sprouts with like metal; with your eye search round,
 And break it gently off, when it is found.
 If fates call thee, it will with ease be gain'd,
 Else not by any violence constrain'd:
 Nor shall by thee with hardest steel be got,
 But now thy dead friend, ah thou know'st it not,
 The whole fleet with his corps contaminates,
 Whilst thou consulting at our threshold waits;
 Him first in quiet shade intombe; then bring
 Black sheep, an expiating offering;

Dark

Dark realms denyde, the living thou may'st then
Behold. Then said, the silent was agen.

Aeneas with fix'd eyes, and sad looks went,
And leaves the cave musing the sad event;
Faithful *Achates* his companion goes
With equal steps, dividing equal woes;
Betwixt themselves many conjectures, whom
She meant was dead, what corps they should intombe.

When as they go; they saw *Misenus* left
On the dry shore, by a sad death bereft.

Misenus, none more excellent was found,
T'inflame to battel by his trumpets sound;
Great *Hectors* friend, who with him fights atchiev'd,
Whom, when *Achilles* had of life depriv'd,

This valiant *Heroe* to *Aeneas* joyn'd,
Who nothing was in feats of War behind,
But sounding his shrill trumpet towards the seas,

And fondly challenging the Deities;
Him, emulous *Triton* (if it credit have)
Among the rocks, drown'd in a foamic wave.

Groaning with great complaints, about they stand:
Pious *Aeneas* chief: *Sybils* command
Weeping they haste, and with heap'd wood the while
Up to high heaven they rear his funeral pile.

He visits an old wood, where wild beasts dwell,
Elms ring with Axes, and tall Cedars sell.

They trunks of ash, and oke with wedges rive,
And down the hills, woods of wild ashes drive.

Amidst the works, *Aeneas* formost cheer'd
His friends, and girded with like arms appear'd.

When with a sad heart to himself he said,
Viewing the mighty wood, and thus he praid;

O that the golden bough it self would shew,
In this huge grove, since all hath prov'd too true

Of thee *Misenus*, which the priestess said.
Scarce spoke: when from the skies two pigeons made

Their flight to him, and to the green earth drew.

His mothers doves soon the great *Heroe* knew:

And

And joyful praid, If through those tracts above
 Lies any way, direct me to the grove,
 Where the rich bough the fertile soyle doth shade :
 Blest mother help, still ready to my aid.
 These having spake, on cheerfully he went.
 Their flight observing, and what course they bent.
 But feeding they, no farther distance flew,
 Then they which follow with clear sight may view.
 Thence to *AVERNUS* noisome gulph they fly
 A nimble course; and cut the liquid sky :
 On seats descride, two boughs they parch'd, whence raies
 Through branches of discolour'd gold displays.
 As in the woods oft times a tree will shew,
 Fresh in cold winter, green with mistletoe,
 And a new leaf not from her own sap shoots,
 Embracing the smooth bole with blushing fruits.
 So from the shady elme the branches shinde,
 The spangles crackling with the gentle wind,
 Th'unwilling branch straight down *Æneas* tore,
 And to the Prophetesse *Sybilla* bore.

Nor less mean while *Trojans* *Misenus* mourn,
 And his sad dust with funerall rites adorn.
 First a huge pile with sappy pine erect,
 And cloven oak, with sable branches deckt :
 About the sides they mournful cypresse place,
 And with his shining arms the structure grace.
 Some water warm, the flowing Caldron swims
 Ore flames : they bathe, and 'noint, his frigid limbs.
 Then with a groan him on the brier they lay :
 Above his purple vest, known weeds display.
 Part, a sad work, take up the ponderous hearse,
 And as the ancient use, faces reverse
 Held to the torch : full bowls of oyl they turn,
 And gifts of frankincense congested burn,
 After the ashes fell, and flames decline,
 The reliques and dry sparks they quench in wine,
 In brasse the bones then *Chorineus* urns,
 And round his mates twice with pure water turns,

And

And he from boughs of happy olive spread
 Light dews, and they being purg'd, the last words said,
 But good *Æneas* a huge tombe did raise,
 On which his arms, his oar, and trumpet layes,
 Under a mighty hill which now they call
 From him *Misenus*, and for ever shall.
 This done, he did *Sybil's* commands dispatch.

There was a deep cave with a mighty breach,
 With black lakes moted, and a horrid grove,
 Ore which not safely swiftest wings could move,
 Such were the vapours from those fowle jaws came;
 This place the *Græcians* did *Auernus* name.

Here first he four black bullocks did designe
 The Priest upon the forehead powring wine,
 Hair pluck'd betwixt the horns, on sacred flame
 Lays the prime gift, calling on *Hecates* name,
 Powerful in heaven and hell: with knives some stood
 Prepar'd, and sav'd in bouls the reeking blood,
 A black fleec'd lambe pious *Æneas* slew,
 The furies mother, and great sisters dew,
 A barren Cow, thee *Proserpine* they bring,
 Then rear night alrars to the *Stygian King*,
 And buls firme entrals on the flames did pile,
 And pour on scorching bowels purest oyl.
 When with the dawn behold! and rising sun,
 Beneath their feet earth groans, the cliffs begun
 Of the high woods to move, dogs in the shade
 Howle as the Goddessse her approaches made.

Far, O far off from hence, be all prophane,
 (The Priestesse cries) and from the Grove abstain;
 And thou *Æneas* draw thy sword, and go,
 Now courage needs, now thy great valour shew.
 This said, in th' open caves the Furies leaps,
 As fast he follows with undaunted steps.
 You Gods who souls commands, and silent ghosts,
Phlegeton, *Caos*, nights vast dismal coasts,
 Grant I declare things heard, by your aid shew
 What earth and darkness long hath hid below.

Obscur'd through shades, and woful night they past
 Through *Pluto's* empty courts, and kingdoms waste,
 As through dark woods, when a new Moon displaid
 Pale beams, and *Jove* the skie hides with a shade,
 And black night colour did from things compell.
 Just at the door, before the gates of Hell,
 Sorrow repos'd, with her revenging rage,
 Pale sicknesses, and discontented age,
 Fear, with dire *Famine*, and base *Povertie*,
 Labour and death, shapes terrible to see,
 Then sleep allied to death, and fond joys are
 Plac'd on the other side with deadly War,
 On iron beds, *Furies* and *Discord* sit,
 Their viperous hair with bloody fillers knit.

Here a dark elm did ancient boughs display,
 The seat (as they report) where vain dreams lay,
 And stuck to every leaf: then a huge brood
 Of various monsters, bisform'd *Scylla* stood,
 And *Centaurs* in the porch; with hundred hands
Briareus and the *Lernian Hydra* stands,
Chymera hissing loud, and arm'd with fire,
 The triple shade, *Gorgons* and *Harpies* dire.
Aeneas draws, then struck with sudden fear,
 Opposing the sharp point to them drew near.
 But that his learn'd companion him perswades,
 They were but fleeting formes and empty shades,
 In vain he had attempted ghosts to wound.

Hence led the way to th' *Acherontick* sound,
 With a vast gulph here whirlpits vext with mud,
 Boiling casts sands up from the *Stygian* flood.
Charon the horrid ferry-man these deeps
 With dreadful squallidnesse, and river keeps.
 His untrim'd cheeks were rough with hoary hair,
 Knotty his beard, his fiery eyes did stare,
 Tyed on his shoulders hung a sordid coat,
 He trims his sails, drives with a pole his boat,
 And in his rusty bark wafts Passengers,
 The God was youthful still, though struck in years.

Here

Here all the scatter'd throngs rush to these coasts,
Men, Women came, and valiant *Hero's* Ghosts,
Boys, and pure virgins and stout her youth drew near,
Before their Parents laid upon the bier.

As in first cold of Autumne from the trees,
The leavs fall thick, or to the shore from seas
The birds repair in flocks, when early frosts
Drive them from water unto warmer coasts,
They stand, and first for passages implore,
Their hands lift up, longing for th'other shore;
But the grim waster these, now them receives,
But others far off on the sand he leaves.

Æneas wondring at the tumult, said
Wherefore this concourse to the streams, O maid?
Say what these souls require, why those the shores
Forsake, and other billows roul with oars.
Brief, th'aged Priestesse thus to him replies,
Anchises son, sure flock of deities,
Thou *Styx*, *Cocytus* view'st, by this to swear
And to deceive the power, the Gods do fear,
All those sad troops thou seest, are not interr'd;
That *Charon*; those he wafts are sepulcher'd.
Until their bones in quiet rest, before,
None passe these hoarce waves to the horrid shore.
A hundred years to wander here they're bound,
Permitted then to passe the *Stygian* sound.

The Prince at this no further did advance,
And full of thoughts, plying their sad mischance,
Leucaspes, and *Orontes* there he spies,
The *Lycian* chief, sad, wanting obsequies;
Whom the black south o're set with tempest, when
They sail'd to *Troy*, waves swallowing ship and men.
Lo! *Palinure* the master next appear'd,
Whom whilst by Stars from *Lybia* he steer'd,
Fell mid'st the waves, and rumbles with the stern,
Him when he could in so much shade discern,
O *Palinure*, first said, what deitie
Snatch'd thee from us and drown'd amidst the Sea.

Speak ; for to me still *Phæbus* words prov'd true,
 But onely in my hopes concerning you.
 He said, thou safe to *Latium* through, the seas,
 Shouldst passe ; behold ! Are these his promises ,
 Great *Trojan* Prince, *Phæbus* deceiv'd not thee,
 Said *Palinure*, nor hath the God drown'd me ;
 For the torn rudder grasping with much force,
 As to my charge I stuck, and steer'd my course,
 With it I fell, by the rough seas I swear,
 Nor for my self conceiv'd I so much fear,
 But that the Master wanting at the helme,
 Such swelling waves thy ship might overwhelm.
 Three stormie nights rough south winds carried me
 Through the vast waves ; the fourth dawne, *Italy*
 Rais'd on a swelling wave I saw, and swam
 Softly to shore ; and to firm footing came,
 When cruel men on me with weapons set ,
 Grasping rough bancks, loaden with garments wet ,
 Who ignorantly took me for a prey ;
 The waves possesse me now, and in the sea
 The winds oft rowle my body to the shore ;
 But by heavens pleasant light I thee implore,
 By thy dear father , and thy hopeful heire
 Take me from hence great Prince, or else interre
 (For, thou hast power) and seek m' in *Velins* bay.
 Or if thy mother *Venus* shew the way ,
 (For I believe without some aiding God
 Thou com'st not now to saile this dreadful flood)
 Then help a wretch, and me transport with thee,
 That I at last in death may quiet be.
 This said, then *Sybill* thus her self exprest ,
 Whence *Palinurus*, comes this strange request?
 Wouldst thou unburied, *Styx*, the furies Lake,
 Behold, and without leave these shores forsake ?
 Desist to hope that fates will heare thy prayer ;
 But take this comfort to appease thy care.
 The neighbouring Cities shall thy bones interre,
 And mov'd by omens, build thy sepulchre ;

Then

Then to thy tombe pay yearly rites, and shall
The place for ever *Palinurus* call.
These words appeas'd his cares, and grief ore-came,
Proud of a country that should beare his name.

Then on they went, and to the stream drew nigh.
As *Charon* these from *Stygian* waves did spie
Bending through silent groves, to his sad strands :
Thus rudely first begins, and threatning stands.

Who ere thus arm'd approachest to our streams,
Your businesse tell ; this is the place of dreams,
Of shades, and drowsie night ; depart, nor can
My *Stygian* boat transport a living man.
Nor pleas'd it me to waite ore *Stygian* seas,
Theseus, *Perithous*, nor great *Hercules*,
Though sprung, from Gods, men never vanquished.
From our Kings Throne, in chains *Alcides* led
Hells porter trembling, the other did combine
To take from *Plutoe's* bed chaste *Proserpine*.

Then *Sibyl* said, give not such way to rage,
Here are no stratagems nor arms t'ingage
A violence ; let hells Porter ever lie
In's kennell, and pale shadows terrifie ;
Still in her Uncles Court the Queen may be.
Æneas fam'd for armes and piety.
To see his father, through dark shades descends.
If thee no shape of such affection bends,
Behold this bough (which hidden in her vest
She shews) then swelling rage forsakes his breast :
Nor more he said, but the strange gift admires,
The fatal bough not seen in many years.
Then turns his sable vessel toward the strand,
Thence drives those Ghosts sate waiting on the sand,
Opens his hatches, and receives his freight.
The craz'd boat groans with great *Æneas* weight,
And leakie drunk much water ; safe at last
He with the Priestesse and *Æneas* past,
And free from foul mud, 'mongst black rushes lands.

From triple jaws great *Cerberus* through those strands

Still barks, and huge in a vast kennel lies.
 When she his neck dreadful with serpents spies,
 She casts to him a soporiferous bit:
 He opens his three mouths to swallow it,
 Then being laid, stretcht forth his long back lies
 Measuring his kenell with his mighty size.
Aeneas past, whilst *Gerberus* sleeps, and leaves
 The shores of irrenavigable waves.

Then they heard voices, and a mighty cry
 Of infants weeping, which in th'entrance lie;
 Whom from sweet life a woful death did call
 From the loved teat, with timeless funerall;
 Next, those who falsly were condemn'd to die,
 And did not without lot or Judgement lie.
Minos being plac't, a silent council calls,
 And lives examines of the criminals

Next after these, those wretched Ghosts recide,
 Who haring life, have by their own hands dyde,
 And lost their souls: who now to live again
 Would not hard toyle and poverty disdain;
 Them fates deny, and the most dreadful sound
 Binds in, and *Styx* nine times incircles round.
 Not far from hence they to large champaigns came
 The fields of sorrow call'd, such was the name;
 Here those whom cruel love with grief devours,
 Did haunt close walks, conceal'd in mirtle bowres,
 Nor in their death relinquish they their woes;
 Their *Phedra*, *Procris*, and *Eriphyle* goes,
 Shewing those wounds her son hath made, he saw
Pasiphae, *Evadne*, *Laodamia*,
Ceneus with them, now women, once a man,
 Whom fates restor'd to her own sex again.

Amongst these, *Dido* wandred the great wood,
 With a fresh wound, whom, as *Troys* Heroe stood,
 And drawing nigh, through obscure shades he knew:
 Such in her prime, the rising moon we view,
 Or seem at least to see, through clouds displaid:
 Pourcing forth tears, then with sweet love he said:

Ah hapless *Dido*, truth that news did tell
 Which said thou'rt dead, and by thy own hand fell.
 I was the cause; now by the stars I vow,
 By Gods, and faith, if any is below,
 Unwillingly best Queen, I left thy lands,
 But was enforced by the Gods commands:
 Who now compel me through these shades to pass,
 Through deepest night, and this most dismal place.
 Nor my departure could I ere suppose
 Could thee, alas, ingage in so much woes.
 O stay, and part not thus. Whom fly'st thou? me?
 We ne're shall meet again, so fates decree.
 These to her vext and frowning he declares
 Her to appease, but forceth his own tears:
 Fix'd on the earth her eyes averse she held;
 Nor was to change no more with words compeld,
 Then if hard flint, or *Parian* Rocks had stood:
 Then flies displeas'd, and seeks some shady wood;
 To her first Lord *Sichæus* she repaires
 Who answers all her love, and meets her cares.

Aeneas no less strucken with these woes,
 Follows with tears, lamenting as he goes.
 Thence on they passe, to fields remote they went,
 And Groves where souls renown'd in war frequent;
 Valiant *Parthenopus* and *Tydeus* here
 With pale *Adrastus* shade, did first appear;
 Those much above lamented, in a train,
 He all those *Dardans* saw in battel slain,
Glaukus, and *Medon*, *Thersilocus* he moans,
Polybetes *Ceres* Priest, *Antenors* sons,
Idæus in's chariot arm'd; thick souls frequent
 Now on each hand, nor is't sufficient
 To see him once; to tarry they desire,
 And walk with him, his coming they inquire.
 But the *Greek* Captains, *Agamemnon's* bands
 Viewing the mans bright armes through shady strands,
 Shake with huge fear: part, as in times past, fly
 To seek their ships, part raise a feeble cry,

And the rais'd clamour in the utterance dies.

Here *Priams* son *Deiphobus* he spies,
Wounded all ore; his mangled face appears,
His face and hands his head dispos'd of ears,
With a dishonour'd wound his ravish'd nose;
Him pale, and dire wounds hiding, scarce he knows;
At last with known voice spake: O valiant
Deiphobus, of *Teniers* high descent,
Whom could such cruel punishments delight?
Who had the power? that last and woful night,
I heard that thou with *Gracian* slaughter tir'd,
Upon a heap of confus'd corps expir'd.
An empty tombe I on the *Rhetian* coast
Have rear'd, and thrice aloud implor'd thy Ghost;
There are thy arms and name; but thee not found,
I could not bury friend in native ground.

Then he: Nothing dear friend didst thou neglect;
All rites are paid, my tombe thou didst erect:
But my own fates, curst *Helen* me bereft,
Drown'd in these woes, and she these monuments left.
For as thou knowst, we past with false delight
Never to be forgot, that last sad night,
When through great *Troy* the fatal horse did come,
And pregnant with an army in his wombe;
She sail'd a dance, and *Phrygian* dames in wild
Orgies she led, amidst a huge torch held,
And calls the *Gracians* from a battlement.
Tir'd with my cares, and drowsie, then I went
To my unhappy bed, where in calme rest
I slept as with the charms of death possist.
Mean while my dear wife took my arms away,
And from my head did my good sword convey,
Opens the gates, lets *Menelaus* in,
Hoping by this great act his love to win,
And past offences to extinguish thus
They rush in (to be brief) with *Ithacus*
Plotter of mischief, heaven such *Greeks* repay,
For revenge with pious lips I pray.

But tell what chance thee living hither sent,
Driven by storms, or by the Gods consent ?
Or by what fortune brought, that thou resorts
To these dark places, sad and dismal courts.

By this the morn in her bright chariot ran
Betwixt the Poles to heavens Meridian,
And th' whole time granted they had thus delaid;
But *Sybil* them advis'd, and briefly said :

Night hastes, O Prince, and hours in weeping glide,
This is the place where the two wayes divide;
The right, which to great *Pluto's* Pallace bends,
T' *Elizium* leads the left, to hell descends,
Where wicked men receive their punishment.

Deiphobus said, great Priestesse be content,
I shall depart, and fill in shades the list.

But go you on and better fates assist.

This said, he takes his leave. On his left side,

Æneas then under a Rock espide

A mighty Fort surrounded with three walls,
Where *Phlegeton* with a swift current falls
Of flaming waves : rowling huge stones along.
The gares on adamantine pillars hung ;
No strength of men, of steel, nor gods, has power
This to destroy, high stands the brazen towre.
Girt in a bloody robe *Tisiphone* keeps
The entrance night and day, and never sleeps.
Hence cruel lashes sound and groaning pains,
Clashing of steel, and ratling of huge chains.

Amaz'd *Æneas* stands, and frighted said,
What dreadful sights are these, declare O maid.
What are these tortures ? whence these hideous cries ?

Renowned *Trojan*, *Sybil* then replies,
In this dire place none but the guilty are :

When *Hecate* left these dark groves to my care,
She shew'd me all their pains, and lead each way.

Stern *Gnosſian Radamanth* these Realms doth sway,
Hears and corrects their crimes, forcing to tell
What they 'mongst mortals vainly did conceal,

Sins which at late death unrepented were.
 Then fierce *Tisiphone* makes the guilty fear,
 Shaking her whip from her left hand extends
 Her twisted snakes, and calls the cruel fiends :
 On groaning hinges then th'enchanted gates
 Are open'd straight; seest thou what porter waits
 In th'entrance there, what monster keeps the door?
Hydra with fifty ugly jaws : one more
 Cruel then this by far, within doth dwell,
 Whence two steep wayes lead headlong down to hell :
 So far it doth beneath earths surface lye,
 As all *Olympus* thrusts into the sky.

Here young *Titanians* are, earths ancient race,
 Struck down with thunder to the lowest place.
 There saw I both th'*Alcides*, those vast
 Gyants, who strove heavens fabricks to have raz'd,
 And *Jove* e' have thrust from heavens high Monarchie;
 And saw *Salmonius* in great torures lye,
 Whil st he heavens fire, and thunder imitates,
 Brandishing flames, and through the *Grecian* States,
 Born on soure steeds, proudly through *Elis* drives
 With fond pretence to heavens prerogatives :
 Who did in imitable fire and raine,
 With brasse, and speed of horne hoof'd horses, feign.
 Then through the clouds from *Jove* almighty came
 Adarr, he sends no brands, nor earthly flame,
 And headlong him with inrag'd whirlwinds queld.

Th'all bearing earths son *Tityus*, I beheld
 There, whose vast corps did nine whole acres fill,
 And a huge vulture with a hooked bill
 His bowels and immortal liver search'd,
 Fresh food for pains, and on's breast tiering pearch'd,
 To his renewing veins allows no ease.
 What need I mention both the *Lapithes*,
 A black stone seems now falling on their heads ;
 Go'den frames shine with high and genial beds,
 Before them cates, with kingly luxuries ;
 But not far off the greatest surie lies,

Forbids

Forbids to eat, and rising from the ground,
 Swings her black torch, and makes a thundring sound.
 Here those, who living, did their brother's hate,
 Murder'd their fires, to clients us'd deceit,
 Or who alone brooding on riches lie,
 Lending to none, the greatest companie;
 Who slain for lust, who impious arms pursu'd,
 Nor fear'd the trust of Princes to delude.
 Here meet their dooms: Seek not these woes to sound,
 Nor by what way fate did their souls confound,
 These roll huge stones, and stretch'd on wheels do lye.
 There *Theseus* sits, and shall eternally.

Aloud through shades sad *Phlegyas* warning cries,
Admonish'd, justice learn, nor Gods despise.
 This to a Potent Prince his country sold,
 And laws enacted, and repeal'd for gold;
 This beds his daughter, and no incest spar'd;
All dar'd strange crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.
 Had I a hundred mouths, as many tongues,
 A voice of iron, to these hard brazen lungs:
 Their crimes and tortures ne're could be displaid.

When *Phœbus* aged Priestesse thus had said,
 Go on, she bids, and finish your intents,
 I see the *Cyclops* forged battlements
 And ports which stand with obvious arches; there
 To place the present, we commanded were.
 Then through dark wayes they went with equal pace,
 The mid path taking, and approach the place:
Aeneas came to th'Porch, and purg'd with cleere
 Water, the golden bough he fixed there.

These rites perform'd, the Goddesse gift being plac'd,
 In joyful places they arriv'd at last,
 And came to Groves where happy souls do rest
 In pleasant Greens, the dwellings of the blest,
 Here larger skies did cloath with purple rayes
 The field, which their own Sun and Stars obeys.
 Some in green meads their time in wrastring spend,
 Some gallantly on the bright sand contend,

Some.

Some graceful footing with a song present,
 In a long robe the *Thracian* Poet went,
 On seven sweet strings he descants sacred laics,
 His hand now strikes, his ivory quill now playes.

Here *Tenfers* old line, a fair race appears,
 Most valiant Heroes born in better years,
Ilus, *Affracus*, and who built *Troy's* spires,
 Their arms and empty chariots he admires,
 Their spears stuck down, their horses through the ground
 Carelessly fed; and what delight they found
 In arms, or chariots, or brave steeds alive,
 That pleasure under earth did still survive.
 Others he saw on each side banquetting,
 And in a solemn dance glad *Pæans* sing,
 Shaded with odorons Laurel, by whose woods
Eridanus rising, rolls his swelling floods.
 And here were those did for their countrey die,
 With Priests who in their lives vow'd chastitie;
 And sacred Poets who pleas'd *Phæbus* best,
 Or by invented arts mans life assist,
 And others in their memories renown'd,
 Their temples all with snowie garlands bound.

To those about her thus *Sibylla* sayes,
 But to *Musæus* first, who midst them was,
 And taller by the head then all the rest:
 Say blessed souls, and thou of Poets best,
 Where is *Anchises* seat? to him we come,
 And the great streams of *Erebus* have swom,
 To whom the Heroe in few words again:
 We have no certain places, we remain

On beds of grasse, and walk in shade Woods
 And meadows ever fresh with chrystal floods.
 But if you please t'ascend this rising brow,
 I shall the most convenient passage shew.

This said, he went before and a fair plain
 Discovering there, thence they descend again;
 But old *Anchises* sought with mighty care
 Souls which in pleasant vales confined were,

Which

Which soon must view th' aetherial skies ; where he
Numbred his own renowned progenie,
Their manners, power, their riches, and their doom.
When towards him he saw *Aeneas* come,
Through pleasant greens, joyful, his hands did raise,
And bathing of his cheeks with tears, thus sayes.
Thou com'st at last, and thy great love to me
Hath vanquish'd the hard journey, I may see
Thee now dear son, and change discourses here,
Thus I forethought, and judg'd the time drew neer :
Nor hath my care deceiv'd me, from what coast
Through vast seas com'st thou, with what perils tost,
That now I meet thee here ? my mind misgave
Lest thou in *Lybia* some mischance might have.
But he Dear father thy, thy woful shade
Appearing oft, this journey did perswade :
Our fleet hides *Tyrrhen* shores, grant, grant that we
May joyn right hands, nor our imbraces flee.
Large floods then drown'd his cheeks, thrice he assaid
T'insold his neck, three times the fleeting shade
In vain he with extended arms assails,
Which like a swift dream flies, or nimble gales.

When in a winding vale *Aeneas* sees
A secret Grove, and far off murmuring trees
And pleasant seats, which *Lethe* water'd, here
People in numerous nations did appear :
And as in meads, the bees, in the bright spring
Sit on the various flowers, incircling
Bright lillies, and the fields resound with noise.
Aeneas being ignorant, asks the cause,
Struck with the sight what were those streams, wherefore
Such multitudes of men had fill'd the shore :
Anchises then : Those souls to whom fates owe
New bodies, where the streams of *Lethe* flow,
Drink secure draughts, and long oblivion,
These I desir'd to thee should be foreshewn,
And these our stock to number : whence the more
Thou may'st rejoyce finding th' *Ausonian* shore.

O fir, most such pure souls ætherial air
 Review again, and to dull flesh repair ?
 Why have the wretches such a strange delight
 To visit day ? I shall the cause recite,
 Nor will I hold thee in suspense, dear son ;
 Then thus *Anchises* orderly went on.

At first the heaven, and earth, the liquid plain,
 The Moons bright globe, and Stars *Titanian*,
 A spirit sed within, spread through the whole,
 And with the huge heap mix'd infus'd a soul.
 Hence man, and beasts, and birds derive their strain,
 And monsters floating in the marbled main,
 These seeds have fiery vigour and a birth
 Of heavenly race ; but clog'd with heavie earth,
 Which their dull limbs and dying members drown'd :
 Hence fears, and hopes, sorrows, and joy abound ;
 Shut in dark flesh their natures they forget ;
 But when their latest light and life is set,
 Not all woes leave them, nor all tortures quite
 Forsake the wretches there ; and 'tis but right ;
 Things strangely grown by custome into crimes,
 They must be punish'd for their mispent times,
 And tortures feel ; some in the winds are hung,
 Others to cleanse their spotted sins are flung
 In a vast gulph, or purg'd in fire they are :
 We all have our own tortures : then repara
 T'*Elizium* and some few blest seats obtain,
 Till length of time purge their contracted stain,
 And leave a fire cleans'd from all earthly sence,
 A pure ætherial intelligence.
 When thousand years have fill'd their period,
 All these God calls in troops to *Lethes* flood,
 To th'end that they forgetful of what's past,
 May reascend, and bodies take at last.

Anchises then his son and her (this said)
 'Mongst busie troops, and noysful throngs convaid,
 Then takes a hill from whence they might discern
 Them march in order, and their faces learn.

Now

Now comes thy glory, and the *Dardan* race,
Nephews which shall in *Latium* have great place.
Illustrious souls, to whom our name must be.
In brief, I'll shew thee thy own destiny.

Seest thou that youth, who leans upon his Lance?
Next lots shall him t^r aetherial air advance:

Sylvius, an *Alban* name, thy posthume race,
Sprung from *Italian* blood shall next take place;
To thee then old, thy wife *Lavinia* brings
Him forth in woods, a King, and sire of Kings,
From whom our race shall in long *Alba* reign.

Next *Proci* glory of the *Dardan* strain,
Numitor, *Capys*, *Sylvius* nam'd from thee
Aeneas, match'd in arms and piety,
If he at any time rule *Alba*. View

Now those brave youths, and what great strength they shew
These shall with civick wreaths their temples bound,

Nomentum, *Gabii*, *Fidena* found;
These *Collatine* towers famous for chastity!
Shall raise 'mongst hills, and proud *Pometii*,
And *Inous* city, *Bola*, *Cora* frame,
Thus cal'd hereafter, now without a name.

Then *Martial Romulus* shall himself conjoin
Companion to his grandfire from the line
Of great *Assaracus*, whom *Ili*a bare.

Behold, a double crown impails his hair;
Jove this shall honour as himself (dear son)
He shall to *Rome* give earths dominion,
Mer fame to Heav'n advance, inclosing the n
Seven hills with walls, happy with valiant men.

As *Berecinthia* crown'd with turrets rides
Through *Phrygian* cities, joyful: by her sides,
Her race of Gods a hundred she imbrae'd,
All heav'n's inhabitants supremely plac'd.

But here bend both thine eyes, this off-spring see,
Thy *Roman Caesar Julius* Progenie
Must heav'n's great axe next scale: this, this, the Prince
That was so often promis'd thee long since!

Augustus Caesar, sprung of Gods, once more
 To *Latium* shall the golden age restore,
 Where *Saturn* reign'd, and stretcht his proud command
 Past *Garamant* and *Inde*: there lies a land
 Beyond the year and Sun, where *Atlas* bears
 Heav'n's axletree adorn'd with shining stars;
 The *Caspian* and *Meotick* lands, when he
 Draws nigh, heav'n's oracles shall terrifie,
 And *Nile* shall tremble in his seven fold streams,
 Nor did *Alcides* know so many realms,
 Though the swiit stag and boar he did subdue,
 And with his shafts in *Lerna Hydra* slew,
 Nor conquering *Bacchus* who joyn't tygers bent;
 With viney reins, from *Nifas* steep descent.
 Doubt we to raise our glory then shall we
 Despair to plant our selves in *Italie*.
 What's he far off grac'd with the olive bough
 Presenting offerings? his white chin I know,
 A *Roman King*, whose laws first settled *Rome*,
 And from small *Curets*, a poor soyl shall come
 To great command, next *Tullus* who shall break
 His countreys peace, and sloathful people make
 Who knew no triumphs, active in the War.
 Next him comes *Anchus*, one more haughty far,
 And swoln with popular breath. Wouldst thou behold
 The *Tarquine* Princes, and the mighty fould,
 Revengeful *Brutus*, who the fasces had,
 Sharp axes, and was first a Consul made.
 Who th'haplesse sire shall cause his son to die,
 Raising new war, for specious liberty:
 How ere posterity the fact shall doome,
 Him love of fame, and's country did orecome.
 The *Decii*, *Drucii* stern *Torquatus* see,
Camillus full of gold and victory.
 But these behold, whose like arms shine so bright,
 Concording souls, now hid in shady night:
 Ah when they live, what wars shall they maintain,
 Opposing each? what fights, what numbers slain?

From

amand

From the steep *Alpes*, and the *Meotick* towers.
 The fire descends, the son brings Eastern powers,
 Do not brave youth in such a War contend,
 Nor with such force your countreys bowels rend.
 But thou my blood who drawst from heaven thy race,
 First pity and thy arms lay down.
 Fam'd with *Greek* slaughters he a Conquerour shall
 From *Corinth* proudly to the *Capitol*
 His Chariot drive, *Argos*, *Micene*, deface,
 And shall revenge on great *Achilles* race,
 Old *Troy*, and temples which prophaned be.
 Who could forget great *Cato*, *Gracchi*, thee
Cossus, or the thunderboults in Warre
 Those *Scipios*, who the *Lybian* conquerours were:
 Temperate *Fabricius*, or *Serranus* thee
 Holding the Plow? Where will the *Fabii* me
 Transport? thou *Maximus* the onely man
 Whom by delays *Romes* fortune must regain,
 Others I grant shall mould respiring brasse,
 And cut in marble a most lively face;
 Some better plead, and some *Astronomers*,
 Describes heavens motion and the rising stars:
 Be thou ambitious how to govern best,
 In these Arts, *Roman*, thou must be profess,
 That we a peace well grounded may enjoy,
Subjects to have, and *Rebels* to destroy.
Anchises said, they wondring all the while,
Marcellus view, glorious in wealthy spoile,
 This conquerour doth in verue all orecome,
 And shall in mightiest tumults calme great *Rome*,
 The *Pænie* wast, and *Gauls* most rebel swarms,
 And thrice to *Romulus* dedicate their arms.

Aeneas here (for he a youth beheld
 March in bright arms, whose personage exceld
 But with sad looks, and a dejected face)
 Said who is this? with him keeps equal pace,
 Is he his son, or one of his gear stock?
 How like himself! what noyse! what suters flock!

But

But black night with sad clouds, involves his head.
 Then with abortive tears *Anchises* said,
 Know not, dear son, great sorrows of thy own :
 This to the world by fates shall be but shown,
 Then snatch'd away, *Romes* stock too great had seem'd,
 Should the Gods grant a gift so much esteem'd,
 What groans from *Mars* his camp afflict great *Rome*,
Tyber, when gliding by his new made tombe,
 What funerals wilt thou see ! nor any shall
 Like him who sprung from *Troys* original
 Raise *Latium's* hope : and never *Roman* earth
 Shall boast her self to foster such a birth.
 Ah piety, ancient faith, th'unconquer'd hand,
 None shall him arm'd with any power withstand :
 Whether on foot he comes, to charge his foe,
 Or from his foemie steed makes blood to flow.
 O youth to be lamented, thou shalt be
Marcellus, if thou break'st thy destiny,
 Handfuls of Lillies bring and purple flowers,
 That I may strew this noble soul of ours,
 And heap with gifts. Thus through all parts they went
 And saw the vast aerial continent.
 Then with his son alone *Anchises* came,
 And fires his minde with love of sature fame ;
 After to him he did the war relate,
Laurentian people, and *Latium's* state,
 And how all toyles should be eschew'd or borne,
 There are two gates of sleep, the one is horne,
 From whence with passage free true visions fly :
 The other fair, shines with bright Ivory ;
 This to the skies in sleep false *Manes* bears.
 These, whil'st to's son and *Sibyl* he declares,
Anchises lets him forth at Ivory gates.
 He streight to's Fleet went, and reviews his mates,
 And to *Caieta* came, where then abode
 His Navie, and at anchor safely roade.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Many strange signs and prodigies declare,
A forraign Prince must wed th' Ausonian betre.
Æneas enters Latium: threated wants
Turn'd to a jest: the promis'd Land he plants,
And Embassies to King Latinus sends.
A peace is made. Vext Juno stirs the Friends,
And calls Alectos aid, since heaven denies.
A tame deer kill'd, has bloody obsequies,
The Queen and Turnus Fur'd by hellish charms,
From long peace Latium rous'd to impious arms.
'Gainst th' old Kings advice, all fireight engage:
Janus gates open'd, the fierce vulgar rage.
The Martial list. Camilla in the reare.
A Virgin march'd, arm'd with a Myrtle speare.*

And thou *Æneas* nurse *Caieta*, hast
Given to our shoares a name by death, shall last;
The place thy honour keeps, seal'd with thy name,
Great *Latium* hath thy bones (if that be same)
But good *Æneas*, Funeral rites being paid,
Her Tombe high rear'd and swelling Seas alaid,

Hoists sayle, and leaves the Port ; fresh gales arise
 With night, nor the bright Moon his course denies,
 But with a trembling splendor guilds the flood.
 By the next lands *Circean* coasts they stood.
 In unpast Groves, there *Sols* rich daughter calls
 With usual songs, burning in sumptuous halls
 Sweet smelling cedar, with nocturnal flame,
 Running neat shuttles through a curious frame.
 Hence before night, is heard the raging sound
 Of Lyons chaff'd, refusing to be bound ;
 And bristled Boars ; hence, Bears in collars storm,
 And shapes of huge Wolves house, whose humane form
 The cruel Goddesse *Circe* there invests
 With fierce aspects, and chang'd to salvage Beasts :
 Lest pious *Trojans* were transform'd to such
 Ent'ring the Port, lest they dire shores should touch,
 With fair Winds *Neptune* swel'd their sailes, and bore
 With prosperous flight, beyond that dangerous shore.

And now the Sea blush'd with the morning beam.

Aurora shining from her golden team,
 When the winds fell, a sudden calm again,
 And oars now struggled in the azure main.
 And here *Aeneas* spies a mighty Wood,
 Through which ran *Tyber*, with a pleasant flood
 And nimble edies, bright with golden sand
 Into the Sea, about, and ore the strand.
 Much fowl did haunt, and in the channel throng ;
 Then flying through Groves, high heav'n pleas'd with a song
 Here he commands to bend, and steer those lands,
 And glad he for the shady River stands.

Now *Evato*, what Kings, what times those were,
 What was old *Latium*, when the stranger, there
 First with his Fleet arriv'd, I shall recite,
 And what first made such quarrels, bring to light.
 Help Goddesse, help, *I* horrid wars shall sing.
 Armies, and Kings, rage did to funerals bring,
 The *Tyrrhen* troupes, and all the *Ausonian* land
 Muster'd in arms, great tasks I take in hand,

And

And bold attempts. Glad fields, and cities blest
 Now ag'd *Latinus* in long peace, possess.
 Whom, on the Nymph *Marica* as they fame
Faunus begot, *Faunus* from *Picus* came,
Picus, O *Saturne*, thee did father call,
 Of the high blood thou the original.
 But to *Latinus*, heaven no son had left,
 For he was in his prime by fates bereft;
 One daughter was t' enjoy this vast estate,
 Now ripe for Marriage, and a Princely Mate.
 From all *Ausonia*, and great *Latium* went
 Many to win her, *Turnus* by descent
 From a high stock, and most for beauty fam'd
 A sister was, whom the great Queen, inflam'd
 With much affection strove to her to joyne,
 But threatening prodigies hindered the designe.

A sacred Laurel, midst the Court did rear
 A lofty top, long kept by pious fear,
 Found by *Latinus* when he built that seate;
 Which then to *Phæbus* he did consecrate,
 And gave from this the *Laurentines* a name.
 When swarms of Bees (a wondrous story) came
 With a great murmur, and a sudden flight
 Through the clear skies, then on the branches light,
 Cling to the Bows, and hang upon the tree.
 Sreight cries the Augure a strange man we see,
 From those parts coming now, and forraign powers
 To take these coasts, and rule our lofty Towers.
 Besides, when chaste *Livinia* did beare
 To Altars Virgin flames, her father there;
 Her faire long tresses seem'd to catch the fire,
 And crackling flames to burn her rich attire,
 Her royal dresse, and crown with jewels bright:
 Then smoak involveth with a pitchy light,
 And through the high roofs conquering *Vulcan* rould;
 But this, the wondrous prodigie foretold,
 That she in fame, and fortune should transcend;
 Yet to the Nation did great war portend.

But

But troubled with these signes, *Latinus* moves
 His inspir'd Father, in th' *Albunean* gloves
 Asks *Raunus* Oracles, where the sacred floods
 Sulphure exhales, in thick resounding woods.
 From hence *Italians*, all *Oenotria*, sought
 Answers to doubts; when gifts the Priest had brought,
 Here he repos'd on skins of slaughter'd sheep,
 And under silent night prepares to sleep.
 When many wondrous fleeting forms he sees,
 Strange voices hears, and talks with Deities,
 Confers with *Acheron*, and the deeps below.
 Here King *Latinus* Oracles to know,
 Then did a hundred choice sheep sacrifice,
 And on their skins, and spreading fleeces lies:
 When the thick grove gave answer to this sence.

Match not thy childe to any *Latine* Prince,
 Dear off-spring, nor those rites prepared grant:
 A forraign son must come, our name shall plant
 Amongst the Starres; from him a progenie,
 Beneath their feet shall all things govern'd see,
 Which *Phœbus* doth from Sea to Sea behold.
 These answers which in silent night were told,
 And Counsels King *Latinus* not conceal'd.
 But to *Ausonian* Cities 'twas reveal'd
 By flying fame, when first the *Trojan* bands
 Did moore their Fleet on high and verdant strands.
Eneas his prime chiefs, and the young Prince
 Repos'd, under a spreading trees defence,
 Then feasts prepare on grasse, and cut their meat,
 (So *Jove* foretold) on cakes of purest wheat:
 And did with juicy fruit their bisket swell.
 Their victuals spent, as hunger did compel,
 They on the hard bread fall with violence brake,
 And with bold teeth assault the fatal cake.
 Nor spar'd their wheaten plates thus squard, t'invaide:
 We eat our trenchers too, *Ascanius* said.
 Nor saying more: this heard, an end affords
 To all their toyle, his father took the words,

Amaz'd at the accomplisht prophesie.

And streight he said, hail lands are due to me

By fates, and haile you faithful *Trojan* Gods

This seat is yours, and here are your abodes.

Such secrets I reca. my Sire did leave.

Dear son, when unknown shores shall thee receive,

And hunger shall inforce trenchers to eat :

There expect rest, remember there to seat,

And there build walls, and roofs with bulwarks plant,

This is the famine, and remaining want

Last ruine threats.

Glad let us then, with early dawne prepare

To search these coasts, and what the people are,

And severall wayes discover from the shore.

Now pay *Jove's* boules, my father now implore,

On tables place *Anchises* wine : his brows

(Thus having said) he wreaths with Olive boughs.

The genius of the place, the first of Gods

Tellus adores, with Nymphs, and unknown floods,

Nights rising Stars, *Idæan Jupiter*,

And to the *Phrygian* Mother made his prayer,

And parents which in heaven, and hell abode,

Thrice from above thundred th' all-potent God,

He brandish'd lightning in his hand did hold,

Which in the sky sparkled with beams of gold.

Here, through the *Trojans* spread a sudden lame,

The day was come, their promis'd walls to frame,

Joyful they feast, and at the mighty signe,

They goblets place and crown the flowing wine.

When the next day the world with beams displaid,

To search the Country severall wayes they made:

And here the fountains of *Numicus* swell,

Hence *Tyber* flows, and there bold *Latines* dwell,

Æneas then a hundred prime men calls,

To bear his Embassie to the Royal walls.

With Kingly presents, they with olives crown'd.

Should for the *Trojans* terms of peace propound.

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Without delay they haste that was injoynd :
 Whilst he slight works to a mean trench design'd,
 Erects a Fort, and camp-wise did begin
 His first aboads, and fenc'd with bulwarks in.

Now going on, they to the Walls draw nigh,
 When *Latine* roofs, and lofty Towers they spy,
 And gallant youth before the City just.
 Riding brave horse, who chariots tam'd in dust,
 Or cast light Javelins, or stiffe bowes did bend,
 Or in the race, or tilting they contend.
 When one with speed brought to the Royal care,
 That great men in strange weeds, attending were,
 He commands streight to th' presence they be showne,
 And takes his place then, in his Grandfires throne,
 Rais'd on a hundred pillars midst the Town,
 Stood *Picus* Court, and *Pallas* of renown,
 Awful with Groves, and mysteries profound.
 Here Kings first Scepters had, and first were crown'd,
 This was to them their Temple, and their Court,
 Here they at sacred festivals resort,
 And fathers, when a Ram was offered, sate
 As was the custome, at long boards in state.
 Cut in old Cedar the Effigies there,
 Of antient *Italus*, *Sabinus* were,
 Who first ser vines, his hook still in his hand ;
 Old *Saturne* and bisfronted *Janus* stand
 In th' entrance, with some of the ancient straine,
 Who bold in Wars were for their Countrey slaine.
 Then many arms on sacred pillars fixe,
 With captive chariots, battel axes mixt,
 Helms, and huge bars of gates, the posts adorne,
 With darts, and shields, and prowes from Galleys torne.
 Horse-taming *Picus*, a short garment wore,
 A little shield, an augure staffe he bore :
 Whose love, when slighted *Circe* could not gaine,
 She with her charming wand, and hellish bane
 Chang'd to a bird, and spors his colour'd wings.
 In such a Temple, in th' old Throne of Kings,

Latine

Latinus sate, and calls the *Trojans* in,
And thus with pleasant language did begin.

Say *Trojans* (for your City we have known
And stock, your voyage hath to us been shown)
What is your sute, what cause inforc'd you come
Through many swelling waves to *Latium*?
Mist you your coast, or by some tempest tost,
(For many so in the deep seas are lost)
That thus you have enter'd, anchor'd in our road.
Nor scorne our friendship; know from *Saturns* blood
We *Latines* sprung, who without Laws, or tye,
Justice afford, like the old deitie.

Now I recal, but time obscureth fame,
That old *Aruncus* said, *Dardanus* came
To *Phrygian Idas* cities, from that place
To *Thracian Samos*, now call'd *Samothrace*:
Whom now from *Tyrrhen Coryths* city gone,
Heavens starry court hath in a golden throne,
And fills the number of the deities.

He said; then *Iloneus* thus replies:

Great King, from honour'd *Faunus* sprung; not tost
By waves and tempests came we to your coast,
Nor mist our course, we by advice were brought,
And have with willing mind thy City sought,
Driven from our realms, which once *Sol* looking down
From high *Olympus*, saw of most renown.

From *Jove* we sprung, the *Dardan* nation are
Proud of their mighty grandfire *Jupiter*;
The King himself deriv'd from *Joves* high race,
Trojan Æneas sent us to this place.

How great a storm cruel *Mycene* hurl'd
On *Trojan* fields, and by what fates, each world
Of *Europe*, *Asia* strove: if any man
Dwell in far lands, beyond the Ocean,
These he hath heard, or who so ere resides
Where hot *Sols* lines stretch'd out, four zones divides.
Through vast seas from so great a deluge bore

A small seat for our gods, a harmlesse shore,
 Water and aire, common to a l, we crave.
 Nor shall we be your realms disgrace, nor have
 Your glory light, nor shall forget your grant,
 Nor *Latium* irk *Troy* in her lap did plant.
 I, by *Aeneas* fates, and right hand swear,
 If any try'd his faith or force in war,
 Us many Realms, (nor slight us that we bring
 These wreaths, and speak like men petitioning)
 And many Nations to themselves would joyn :
 But fate did us unto your shore design :
 Hence *Dardan* sprung, and here returns again ;
 Us *Phœbus* did with great commands constrain
Tyber to seek, and blest *Numicus* spring.
 Besides small gifts of former wealth, our King
 Presents to thee, from burning *Troy* convoid.
 In this gold Cup *Anchises* Off'rings made :
 When *Priam* Laws establish'd, this he bore
 And he this sacred Crown, and Scepter wore,
 And robes, the art of *Trojan* dames.

All *Ileoneus* speech *Latinus* bent
 A stedfast look, and fixt his eyes intent
 Upon the earth : the King not much approv'd
 Wrought purple, not with *Priams* Crown was mov'd
 As in his daughters match he was delaid,
 Fortunes revolving which old *Faunus* said :
 This was the son, fate told from forreign strands
 Was call'd with equal auspice to these lands,
 Whose progeny in valour should excel,
 And by their prowess, the whole world compel.
 Then joyful said, you Gods assist our tasks,
 And your own signe ; take *Trojan* what thou asks.
 Nor I despise your gifts : rich fields enjoy
 Whilst I am King and what you brought from *Troy*.
Aeneas, if such love he us intend,
 If to joyn leagues he halts, and be stil'd friend,
 Let him approach, nor fear our amit e ;
 T'imbrace your King, of peace shall th'earnest be.

And to your Prince from us bear this reply :
 I have a child, paternal lots deny
 And many prodigies from heaven debar
 To match at home : a son must come from far :
 This they foretel remains for *Italy*,
 Whose stock shall raise our name unto the sky.
 This I believe is he, the fates require,
 And if my mind prompt rightly, I desire.
 This said, he chosen horses did command,
 Faire steeds three hundred, in high stables stand,
 And bids they should be to the *Trojans* led.
 Whom gallant trappings grac'd with skarlet spread :
 Gold portals hung, gold did their breast infold.
 And with their teeth, they champ'd the burnish'd gold.
 The King a Chariot sent, which four steeds drew
 Of heavenly race, fire from their nostrils flew,
 Of the same kind, who were of *Circes* breed,
 Stole by a Mare, leapt with a heavenly steed.
 With these gifts, and the answers of the King,
 The *Trojans* bravely mounted peace did bring.
 But then behold ! from *Argos* did repaire
Joves cruel wife, and flying cuts the aire.
 The *Trojan* Fleet, and glad *Æneas*, she
 Saw through the skie, as far as *Sicily*;
 Sees how thy houses build, and leave the flood,
 Now trustin' land, with sharp grief fixt she stood ;
 Shaking her head, thus forth her woes did poure :
 Ah hateful race, and *Troys* fate crosse to our :
 In *Dardan* fields why did they not expire ?
 Or captives took, why did not *Iliums* fire
 Consume these men ? 'midst arms, through flames they past.
 My power I fear wearie lies down at last,
 And I with hatred satisfied, rest.
 I bold, these fugitives with waves distrest,
 My self and all the floods against them bent,
 And fury of the winds, and waters spent.
 How helpt me *Scylla*, or *Carybdis* vast ?
 Since now through *Tybers* with'd streams they have past ;

Free from the Sea, and us; could *Mars* destroy
The mighty *Lapirhes*? could heavens King annoy
At *Dians* suit, so much old *Calidon*?

What were those great offences they have done?

But I, great wife to *Jove*, unhappy I,
Lest nothing unassay'd, did always try.

Aeneas, I am vanquished by thee:

But if my own power not sufficient be,
Undaunted, aids I seek where e're they dwell;

Will heaven not grant my suit, I'll raise up hell;

Grant, spight of us he must in *Latium* scate,

And that *Lavinia* shall be his by fate:

Yet we may work delay in such great things,

And may destroy the subjects of both Kings.

Let son and father joyn such rates being paid,

Trojan and *Rutile* blood shall dowre the Maid,

Bellona give thee, nor alone a brand.

Shall pregnant *Cisseis* beare to waste the land:

A *Paris*, and such births she shall enjoy,

And funeral Fires again for rising *Troy*.

This said, she dreadful to the earth descends,

And from th'infernal shades, and seats of fiends

Woful *Alecto* calls who breeds sad warre,

Rage, Treachery, and all crimes that are.

Pluto himself doth this foule Monster hate,

And her own sisters do abominate:

So oft she's chang'd, and forms so dreadful takes,

And foule still pregnant with so many Snakes.

Whom *Juno* with such words exciting said,

Virgins nights daughter help, and now give aid,

Lest our unquestion'd name, and honour fall,

Lest by these marriages the *Trojans* shall

Latium enjoy, and great *Ausonia* share.

Thou loving brothers canst provoke to war,

Houses destroy with hate, both sword and flames

Bring to their roofs; thou hast a thousand names,

As many nocent arts; then quickly shake

Thy pregnant breasts, and peace confirmed, break:

Lay grounds for cruel war, make with thy charms
Their wild youth rage, require, and take up arms.

Big with foul poyson thence the hag resorts
To *Laridum*, and *Latinus* lofty courts.

And silent to *Amatas* chamber went,

Who boyl'd with female care and discontent,

'Bout *Turnus* match, and *Trojans* coming there.

At her *Aletho* from her snakeie haire

A serpent cast, and fix'd it in her side :

By which inrag'd, she might th' whole house divide.

It 'mongst her weeds did on her bosome rould,

And her then raging with a viperous soul

Unfelt, inspir'd : The snake's a chain of gold,

A fillet now her tresses to infold ;

And each were glides. When first this pestilence

Had with a strong infection seiz'd each sense,

And fill'd her blood with fire : not yet the flame,

Her soft mind catch'd, nor though her bosome came.

But as kind mothers use to speak, she sayes,

Mourning her child, and *Phrygian* marriages.

Sir, will you give *Lavinia* to the exild

Trojan ? thy self not pittying, nor thy child,

Nor me, whom the false Pyrate will forsake,

And next fair wind to sea the virgin take.

The *Phrygian* Swain so enter'd *Greece*, and bore

Ladean Helen to the *Trojan* shore.

Where's sacred faith? and eare thou hadst of thine?

The hand with *Turnus* thou so oft didst joyn?

If that a son must come from foraign lands,

Thou fix on that, and this thy fire commands :

Sure I believe all countryes foraign are

Which we not rule, and so the Gods declare.

And if you *Turnus* lineage view, he springs

From *Inachus* and *Acrisius* Grecian Kings.

When she had found perswasion was in vaine,

And saw him fix'd, then wrought the viperous bane,

Shoots through her bowels, spread through all her breast

Then troupes of fiends the hapless Queen possess,

And through the Town distracted she did rove,
 So flies a top with strokes resounding drove;
 Which boyes in huge rings earnest at their sports
 Through winding entries and large vacant courts
 With scourges force; amaz'd the childish troop
 And smooth-chain'd band, admire the spinning top,
 That lives with stroke: so giddily she went
 Through the whole Town, and people discontent.

Then flies to th' woods like a wild *Baccanal*,
 And more inrag'd, on greater plots doth fall,
 For she in shady hills her daughter hid,
 That so she might the *Trojan* banes forbid.
 And *Bacchus* cries, The virgin's only thine,
 Who bears for thee javelins adorn'd with vine,
 For thee they dance, and save their sacred haire.
 Fame flies the matrons all distempered are
 Like rage moves all, they leave their own to find
 New roofs, their tresses flowing in the wind.
 Others made heaven with hideous cries resound.
 Girded with skins, with viney javelins bound,
 Bearing a flaming pine, amidst she sings,
 And *Turnus* and her daughters *Hymen* sings.
 Rowling her bloody eyes, loud she exclaims.
 With dreadful looks; lo! you *Latine* dames,
 If any love in your chaste bosomes yet
 Remains for me, the most unfortunate;
 If any care of mothers power excites;
 Bound tresses loose with me act *Bacchus* rites.

Thus through vast woods and wiles *Alecto* brings
Amata, raging with infernal stings
 After she saw enough her fury burn'd,
Latinus counsel, his whole house on turn'd:
 Straight the sad Goddess thence on black wings came
 Unto bold *Turnus* walls, whose feat they fame
Danae built with her *African* race,
 Drove there by storms: from birds of old the place,
Ardea stil'd, *Ardea*s name now great.

It chanc'd, then *Turnus* in his lofty seat

Amidst

Amidst the silent night, soft quiet took.
Alesto leaves her shape, and furies look,
And is transform'd to an old woman now,
Plowing deep furrows in her wrinkled brow ;
Binds her white hair, then olive-branches ties,
And she old *Calybe Juno's* Vestal is,
And straight her self presenting thus began.

Tamely, wilt thou, *Turnus* such wrongs sustain !
Thy crown transferr'd to th' *Dardan* Colonie ?
The King, the match, and dowre thou shouldst enjoy,
Denies, and now a foreign heire hath chose.
Scorn'd, go, thy self t' ingrateful toyl expose;
Tyrrheus destroy, yes, and *Latinus* guard.
Great *Juno* bid, this News should be declar'd
To thee in silent night : Arise with speed.
Arm the bold youth, and through the gates proceed ;
March where the *Trojan* Captains in the sweet
Tyber now ride, and burn their painted fleet,
A god bids this ; and if the King withstands
Thy marriages, nor yields to thy demands,
Let him in arms then *Turnus* valour try.
Here the Prince smiling, thus did make reply.

Not as thou think'st the News hath 'scap'd my care,
Of ships hath enter'd *Tyber* streams ; such fear
Thou need'st not feign, nor royal *Juno* will
Unmindful be of us.

But thee, O mother, fond age doting still,
Troubles in vain with care, and terrour brings,
Deluding with false fear of arms and Kings.
Take for the Temple and the Statues care,
Let men t' whom it belong, make peace and war.

At this *Alesto* rag'd ; but whilst he spoke
A sudden trembling all his body shook,
His eyes grew stiff, such shapes she did unfold,
Hissing with snakes, her flaming eyes she roll'd ;
Repulsing him, who lingring did prepare
To speak : two serpents darring from her hair.
Then lashing him, from dire lips thus she storm'd :

Lo ! I whom doting age hath ill inform'd,
Of Kings and arms deluding with false fear,
I from the furies fear am present here,
And in this hand bring war and death.

This said, at him a blazing torch she cast,
And gloomy fire fix'd in his bosome fast.
Great fear doth vanquish sleep, through all his limbs
A salt sweat flows, in brine his body swims.
Arm, arm, he cries ; for arms the bed, room sought,
Love of steel rag'd and wars curst madnesse wrought.
Ire swells ; As when fir'd havins are applyde
With mighty noise to a full cauldrons side
Scas rage within, the boyling liquor steams,
And fuming high, bubbles with frothy streams,
Nor self-contain'd, to heaven black vapours rose.

He to the King and the prime Nobles shewes,
Peace thus being broke, that arms should be prepar'd
To drive the foe from thence, and *Latium* guard,
Trojans and *Latines* both he could invade :

Then calls the gods with vows and prayers. This said,

Rutilians strive each other to engage,
This taken with his noble personage,
His royal pedigree another charms,
Him youth inticeth, and great deeds in arms.

Whilst *Turnus* his *Rutilians* did inflame,
The hag on *Strygian* wings 'mongst *Trojans* came,
Where fair *Ascanius* did with course and snares
Pursue wild beasts, there she new art prepares.
Here th'hellish Virgin cast a sudden rage
Amongst the dogs, did with known scent ingage
More hot to chase : hence sprung the woful jar,
And first incens'd the rustick soule for war.

There was a fair large Deer with stately crests,
Whom *Tyrrheus* sons took from the mothers breasts,
And *Tyrrheus* fed, the royal cattel were,
And those large fields intrusted to his care.
This same, their sister *Sylvia* with great care
Adorn'd his crest, and bindes with garlands faire,

Did

Did combe and bath him in the chrystal ford :
He us'd to hand, and to his masters bord
Wandred in woods, and would return, although
Late in the night, and his own dwelling know.
This wandering far *Ascanius* fierce hounds chac't,
When he by chance the pleasant River past,
And not on verdant banks prepar'd to rest.
Then love of praise inflam'd *Ascanius* breast,
That from his bow he lets the arrow flie ;
Nor to his hand wanted a *deitie*.
The sounding shaft did through his bowels come.
But the Deer wounded flies to his own home,
Entring he groans, and bloody, with sad voice
Imploring aid, fills all the house with noise.
Beating her breasts, first *Sylvia* complains;
And calls aloud to aid, the sturdy swains :
They (for in silent groves *Alesto* hides)
Suddenly came; this a burnt stake provides,
That a huge knotty club; what each man finds
Rage makes a weapon, *Tyrrheus* calls his hinds
As he by chance did cleave in four an oak,
And threatening mainly, a sharp ax he took.
Eut the foule hag watching her time to harme,
Ascends, and sounds the pastoral alarm
From a high roof, and her infernal voice
Sends through a winding-horn : at the dire noise
The woods did tremble, and the groves profound
Thundred, and *Trivius* lake far off the sound,
And sulphure *Nar*, and *Velins* fountains hear,
And mothers grasp their children struck with fear.
But then fierce Rusticks swift, where the alarms
The trumpet sounded, rust with snatch'd-up arms
From all parts, and *Trojans* & *Ascanius* aide
From open camps like a full torrent made,
In order draw; No rustick fight they make
With knotty clubs, and a burnt pointed stake :
But fierce with steel they charge, the duskie field
With drawn swords dreadful, arms a spendor yield

Struck with the Sun, and casts to heaven a light.
 As when with rising winds the waves grow white,
 Seas by degrees advance, then higher rise,
 At last roll'd from their bottom, kisse the skies.
 And here young *Almon Tyrrheus* eldest son,
 Was in the front by a swift shaft orethrown:
 For in his throat it stuck, and stopt his breath,
 Imprisoning th'a fiery soul with blood in death.
 There many were, with old *Galesus* slain,
 Whilst he for peace oppos'd himself in vain;
 The justest man which all *Ausonia* yields,
 And once the richest both in stock and fields;
 Five bleating flocks, five heards he did command,
 And with a hundred plows turns up his land.

Now whilst the field with equal fortune stood,
Aleto promise kept, when she in blood
 Had both imbruv'd, and had first slaughters made,
 She leaving earth, to heaven her self convaide,
 Proud with success, to *Juno* these declares.
 Behold division ripen'd for sad wars!
 Now let them friendship joyn and leagues conclude,
 Since *Trojans* I with *Tyrrhen* blood imbrude.
 And to the æt Ile adde this, if you please;
 The bording Towns to war with rumors raise,
 To love dire *Mars* them Ile inflame with charms,
 All parts shall aid; Ile strew the fields with arms.

Then *Juno* said, Of jealousies and fears
 There are enough, firm stand the grounds of wars;
 Now they have fought, what weapons they have gain'd
 By chance at first, with forraign blood is stain'd.
 Let *Venus* great stock, and *Latinus* joyn
 Such Nuptials, and such marriages design.
 But thee, great *Jove* who rules high heaven, denies
 Boldly to wander through celestial skies;
 Retire; what new emergencies betide
 Shall be my care. *Saturnia* thus replide,
 But she displaid her hissing wings with snakes,
 Stooping to hell, and heavens bright sphear forakes.

There

There is a place 'midst *Italie*, which stands
Under high mountains, sam'd through many lands;
Which sacred vail's, and a thick grove surrounds,
And on each side with a dark shadow bounds,
And in the midst a foaming torrent grones,
Ratling with mighty edies through the stones.
Here the dire cave and *Pluto's* gates were shewn,
And the huge gulph of gaping *Acheron*
Opens foul jaws: hither *Aleſto* flies,
And hated, eas'd at once both earth and skies.

No lesse mean while *Saturnia* perfects war
To Court the shepherds flie, and slain friends beare,
Young *Almond* and *Galesus* soul with gore:
The Gods they call, and the old King implore.

Turnus arriv'd amidst these loud debates,
And terrors of the fight ingeminates:
That *Trojans* there should p'ant, the *Phrygian* race
Should mixe with them, he thrust forth in disgrace,
Then they whose mothers *Bachanalian* rage
Orgies to lead through deserts did ingage;
(Great was the Queens example) gathered are
From every part, and weary *Mars* for war
Against the gods, and fate, and omens all
For impious war with strange perversnesse call;
And clamouring round *Latinus* court they stood.
But he like a fix'd rock against the flood,
Like a fix'd rock, which when a breaking wave
Tumbles against him, and loud billows rave,
Stands by his weight; the sorny clifts in vain
Thunder, and black bruis'd weeds are roll'd again.

But when no power mad counsels could prevent,
And th' whole affair with cruel *Juno* went;
Then did the King, the gods, and heaven attest,
Ah we are lost by fates, by storms distress!
Wretches, your impious blood shall punish'd be
For this; and *Turnus*, sad rewards for thee
Remains; when thou shalt late the gods request,
I soon shall reach my haven, and finde rest,

Through

Though glorious funerals want. Nor more he spake,
But straightly retires, and did the helm forsake.

There was an ancient use in *Latium*,
Which *Alban* towns held sacred, and now *Rome*
Greatest in power, observes; when they prepare
'Gainst *Geta*, *Hircans*, *Arabs* cruel war
Or march to *India* and the Eastern main,
Or ensigns from the *Parthians* to regain.
There are two gates of war, that name they bear,
To dire *Mars* sacred, with religious fear;
A hundred brazen doors, which lasting bands
Of steel inclos'd; in th' entrance *Ianus* stands,
Here when the *Senate* have a war decreed,
The Consul glorious in his regal weed
And *Sabine* robe, opens the groaning gates;
Proclaiming it; and all the youth then waits,
And doleful notes on brazen trumpets found.
Then to the King 'gainst *Trojans* they propound
War to denounce, and open *Ianus* gates;
He shuns the task, and soul engagement hates,
Hiding himself. Then *Iuno* from the skie
Descending, made th' unwilling gates to flie
Open by force, and the huge brazen bars
Saturnia breaks, and turns the hinge of wars.
Ansonia rais'd now burns, rows'd from long peace;
Some in the fields foot-squadrons exercise,
Some break proud steeds, and use them to alarms,
Wrapt in a dusty cloud, all mad take arms.
This scours his shield, his axe whets, oyles his spear,
Proud to bear ensigns, and loud trumpets hear.
Five mighty towns to make arms, anvils lay,
Tyber, *Ardea*, potent *Atina*,
Towric *Antemna*, *Crustumere* the great:
Helm of high proof they work, and shields compleat
With fallow wrought; these shining breast-plates cast,
Or with fine silver smooth-wrought Greves in chace,
Farewel all love, and honour of the plow!
Their fathers' sword again they surbush now:

The trumpets sound, proclaimed is the war ;
 These fit their casks, those neighing steeds prepare,
 This brac'd his shield, his golden male that tride,
 And girds his trusty sword unto his side.

Open your springs you Muses, raise my verse !
 What Kings provok'd to wars, what armies fierce
 Supply'd the field, with what men *Latium* fam'd
 Did flourish then and with what arms inflam'd,
 'Tis, you can tell, for you did register ;
 Onely a slender fame did touch our ear.

First proud *Mezentius* from the *Tyrrhen* lands
 The gods contemner march'd, with armed bands :
 And *Lausus* next, his son, then whom more fair
 Was none, unlesse *Laurentian* *Turnus* were.
 Horse-tameing *Lausus* wild beasts vanquished.
 A thousand men from *Agelina* led ;
 Worthy in better times his realms to have swaid,
 And not *Mezentius* for his fire to have had.
 With conquering steeds, in's chariot next to these
 Came *Aventine*, thy son bold *Hercules*.
 Upon his shield his fathers arms he takes,
 A hundred serpents, *Hydra* girt with snakes,
 Whom *Rhea* bore in *Aventina's* wood
 Private, a woman proving by a god,
 After *Alcides* to the *Laurent* plain
 A conqueror came, when *Geryon* he had slain,
 And *Spanish* bulls washt in the *Tyrrhen* wave.
 In war these piles and cruel weapons have,
 They fight with Tucks, and with *Sabellian* spears ;
 Himself on foot a *Lyons* huge skin wears,
 Rough hair, and white teeth, dreadful on his head,
 Thus horrid, he the palace entered,
 Th' *Herculean* mantle flowing on his back.

Two brothers then *Tyburrian* walls forsake,
 Whose brother *Tybert* gave the place a name.
 From *Greece* fierce *Coras* and *Catillus* came.
 Before the ranks amidst thick arms they bend,
 As cloud-born *Centaur*s from the hills descend,

When

When *inowic Othrys* they or *Omoley*
 Forsake; then to their flight the woods give way,
 And all the boughs with mighty fragor yield.

Nor was he wanting did *Prænestæ* build.
 The race of *Vulcan*, who 'mongst cattel reign'd.
 Found on the hearths; all times this truth maintain'd.
 Rusticks a legion, *Cæculus* commands
 From high *Prænestæ*, and cold *Anio's* strands
 Whom *Gabii*, and rough *Hernicis* bred,
 With rivers clear those rich *Anagnia* fed,
 Old *Amasens*: not all bore arms, or ring
 With shields and chariots: A great number sling
 Bullets of lead, and some two javelins bear,
 And on their heads did yellow bonnets wear
 Of a wolfs skin, with their left foot they did
 March naked, a raw brogue the other hid.

Well horst *Messapus*, *Neptunes* off-spring, whom
 Nor fire or sword had power to overcome,
 People in ease, uncustom'd to alarms
 Invites to war, soon taught to use their arms
 These the just *Falscians* and *Fescennian* bands,
 Those held *Sorattes* towres, *Flavinian* strands.
 Mount *Cymins* lake and *Capen* groves; who sing
 Marching harmonious numbers of their King.
 As midst the clouds when silver Swans retire
 From their repast; they in a joyful quire
 Tune their long pipes; then all the *Asian* coast
 And floods far off resound.

Nor think the brazen bands in that great hoast
 Confusion had: like thick clouds through the skie
 Of cackling fowl from sea to land they flie

Lo! antient *Sabine* blood, *Clausus* commands
 Great troops; himself great as his mighty bands:
 From him the race, and *Claudian* Family come,
 After the *Sabines* shar'd a part in *Rome*.
 Great *Amiterna*, old *Quirites*, and
 Oliv'd *Mutisca*, all the *Erebian* band,

who

Who *Nomentum*, those rosey *Velina* till,
Tetricah, rough with rocks, *Sewerus* hill :
 Those plant *Casperia*, *Feluxus*, and them
 Drink *Hymel*, *Faber*, and the *Tyber* stream.
 Cold *Nursia*, *Hortine* troops and *Latines* came.
 Those *Allia* parts, with an unhappy name.
 As many waves from *Lybick* seas are rowl'd,
 When stern *Orion* winter storms infold,
 Or as thick corn parch'd in the summer stands :
 In *Hermus*, or in *Lycias* golden strands.
 So shields resound, earth trembling as they came.
Atrides son, foe to the *Trojan* name,
Halesus strait his chariot horses joyns,
 A thousand fierce men brought, those blest with *Vines*,
Massica plow, *Aruncian* fathers train
 From the high hills *Sidicina* near the main.
 Those who left *Cales*, and who till the stream
 Of dry *Vultur*, *Saticulus* with them
 And *Oscian* bands : these fight with javelins long,
 But as their custom, fit with a soft thong ;
 These faulchions have, and leather shields protect.
 Nor thee, O *Oebalus*, must our Muse neglect :
 Whom Nymph *Seberide* to *Telon* bore,
 Now old he held the *Telebonian* shore :
 The son not with his fathers realms content,
 To his subjection the *Sarraftians* bent ;
 And those whom *Sarnus* watereth, forc't to yield,
 Them *Rufus*, *Barulus* hold, and *Celen* field,
 And those fruit bearing, *Bellus* rampiers view,
 Who darts in the *Teutonick* manner threw.
 Their heads are arm'd with Cork-trees torn from *Vines*,
 They shine in brazen arms, a brass sword shines :
 With thee to war from hilly *Nursia* came
 O *Ufens* blest in arms, and great in fame,
 A cruel race, with huntings us'd to toyle
 In woods : *Aequicola* a barren soyle.
 These armed plow, and always love to drive
 Preys, who by plúnder, and by rapine live.

Next

Next came a priest of the *Marubian* race,
 His helm, green bowes, of happy olive grace,
 From King *Archippus* sent, *Umbro* most bold,
 The vipers blood, and hissing Serpents could
 By charms, or with his hand to sleep engage,
 Their bitings cure, and by his art assuage:
 But for the *Dardan* spear no help he found,
 Nor could a sleepy medicine ease the wound,
 Nor all those herbs in *Marsian* mountains be:
 The *Angis* grove, *Fucinus* cleer waves, thee,
 Thee chrystal lakes have wept.

To war the fair race of *Hyppolitus* went,
Virbius, whom his mother *Ariia* sent
 T' *Ægeias* groves, in the *Hymetian* strand,
 Where altars sat of pleas'd *Diana* stand.
 After his stepdames art, *Hyppolitus* kill'd,
 Paternal punishments with blood fulfil'd;
 Torne by mad steeds: T'etherial stars (they fame)
 And heavens supernal air again he came
 Restor'd by physick, and *Dianas* love;
 This much incensing the all-potent *Jove*,
 A mortal from infernal shades should rise,
Phœbus son, who so great skill did devise
 With thunder sent to *Styx*. But *Trivia*
Hyppolitus did to secret seats convey,
 And to *Ægerian* groves confin'd alone,
 He in *Italian* woods did live unknown,
 Where by a chang'd name he was *Virbius* stil'd,
 From *Trivias* fane, groves sacred, are exil'd
 All horses, since the youth and's chariot they
 Frighted orethrew to monsters of the sea.

No lesse his son did horses exercise,
 And to the Wars he in his chariot flies.
 Among the first most beauteous *Turnus* led,
 Marching in arms, and taller by the head:
 From his high crests three bushy horse-maines came,
Chimera there, breathing *Ænean* flame;

Then louder roars, with fire more fiercely glows,
 When in hot fight blood in abundance flows.
 His polish'd shield, *Io* with gold adorns,
 A cow now cloath'd with hair, and drest with horns:
Argus who kept the maid, and *Inachus* stood,
 Where with rare art his urn poures forth a flood.
 A cloud of foot did follow, the whole strands
 Shield-bearing Squadrons hide; the *Argive* bands,
 The *Arunci*, *Rutilii*, ancient *Sicanie*,
Sacrans, and shields of painted *Labici*:
 Those plow thy shores, O *Tyber*, people tills
 Sacred *Numicus*, sow *Rutilian* hills.
Circus tops, who *Anxurs* fields, where *Jove*
 Commands, and glad *Feronias* verdant grove:
 Where black send *Satyr* lies, and *Ufens* glides
 Through the deep Vales, and in the Ocean hides:
Volscean Camilla march'd with these; she leads
 Regiments of horse; the Warrioresse precedes.
 Bands in bright arms, her female fingers are
 Not us'd to *Pallas* arts: to cruel war
 The maid inur'd; or in her swift course born
 T'outstrip the winds, and flie ore standing corn,
 Nor bruise the tender ear, she was so fleet
 Through sea to run, nor dip her nimble feet.
 From fields and houses, youth and matrons haste;
 How she with purple, regal honour grac'd
 On her straight shoulders, marching, they behold
 Amaz'd: how th' button knit her hair with gold;
 Then how she did her Lycian quiver bear,
 And tip't with steel her pastoral myrtle spear.

Virgil's

THE
EIGHTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Æneas is admonish'd by a dream
To seek Evanders aid, up Tybers stream,
Arcadians solemnizing annual Feasts,
Æneas and the Trojans make their guests.
Cacus strange storie, and Herculian rites.
The King Æneas to his Court invites.
Fair Venus with sweet love her husband charms,
And for her son obtains Vulcanian arms.
Evander Pallas sends t' Æneas aid.
A League th' Herrurians and the Trojans made.
Venus presents the arms; a golden field
With Romans Victories charg'd, adorn'd the shield.*

AS Turnus had with warlike ensigns crown'd
Laurentian towers, and made shrill trumpets sound;
As he the horse had rais'd and forc'd to arms,
Straight all disturb'd, great Latium in alarms
Together take an oath, the fierce youth rave.
Mefaphus, Ufens the prime conduct have;
With them Mezentius, who the gods disdains,
Each where they press, and fields deprive of swains.

Vena-

Venus is sent to *Diomed* the great
For aid, and to declare the *Trojans* seat
In *Latium*; *Aeneas* who doth bring
His conquered gods, sayes, fates decree him King:
That many people to the *Trojans* joyn,
His name in *Italy* spreads: what his design,
If fortune grant to him the hop'd event
By war to *Diomed* is more evident

Then can *Latinus* or King *Turnus* find.
Thus *Latium* stood: *Aeneas* in his mind
All these revolv'd, tost with a flood of care,
When his swift thoughts divide now here now there,
And carried divers wayes, through all things run,
As waters trembling light, struck by the Sun
Or image of the radiant moon, 'gainst brass,
Now rais'd to Heaven, she flies through every place,
And to the feelings of high roofs is hurl'd.

'Twas night, when weary creatures through the world
Both beasts and birds soft slumber did relaxe;

When Prince *Aeneas* under Heavens cold axe
Upon the shore, his bosom fraught with cares
Of the sad war, late for repose prepares.

The genius of the place old *Tyber* rose
From the glad stream amongst the pop'lar boughs:

Of finest canvase was his azure weed,
And his head coverd with a shady reed.

And thus his cares asswag'd, O race of gods
Whom *Troy* hath brought from foes to our abodes:

Thou shalt for ever *Pergamus* protect,
Laurentian soyl and *Latine* fields expect:

Here are sure houses, here thy certain fears;

and; Nor fear wars menacings: all the rage and threats
Of gods give place.

(Nor think a dream vain fictions coins) for thou

Under wild oaks shalt finde a mighty sow,

Pregnant, her farrow thirty, laid to rest.

A white sow, a white issue, at her breast.

There's

256 *The seventh Book of*

There's certain quiet, there thy city build ;
Ascanius shall thrice ten years circles fill'd
 Their great nam'd *Alba* raise : I speak things sure.
 Now by what means thou conquerour mayst procure
 A present aid, list, brief I shall declare.
 Th' *Arcadians* here, a race from *Pallas* are,
 Who to these coasts led by *Evander* came
 And on these hills their city chose to frame,
 From *Pallas Pallanteum* stil'd the place.
 These war continual with the Latine race
 With these associate, leagues conjoyn with them.
 I by my banks shall guide thee up the stream,
 That thou with oars mayst stem the floods. Arise
 O goddesse son, with prayers bring sacrifice
 To *Juno* with the dawn ; her wrath allay
 With humble vows : Victor, me honour pay.
 I am whom thou beholdst, whose full stream glides
 Washing these banks, and fertile lands divides :
 Blue *Tyber*, heavens delight : large walls for me,
 And here a head to losty seats must be.
 This said, the river dives into the deep,
 And from *Aeneas* flies both night and sleep.
 He rose, and viewes the bright Suns Eastern beams ;
 Then in his hollow palms takes from the streams
 Water, the use : thus praying to the skies.
Laurentian Nymphs, *Nymphs* where these floods arise,
 O *Tyber*, father, with thy blessed wave
 At last receive me, and from dangers save !
 And wheresoere, thou pitying of our woes
 Shalt glide ; most fair, where ere thy water flowes,
 Still I shall honour, alwayes presents bring.
 Horn'd flood, of the *Heſperian* rivers king,
 Oh now assist and give us present aid !
 Two vessels from the fleet he chose, this said,
 And tacklings fit ; his mates did oars provide :
 When he behold ! the wondrous omen spide ;
 A white sow, with as white a farrow laid.
 And through the wood on a green bank survaid,

To thee, to thee great *Juno* this he slew,
And with her race thy altars did imbrue.
Tyber did all that night his swelling flood
Appease; his flowing waves in silence stood,
And his streams levels like a gentle lake,
That with their oars no struggling they should make.
They haste their course, up with the tide they drove,
The waves admire, and th' unfrequented grove
Wonders, when glittering shields far off they spide
And painted galleys through the stream to glide.
They haste both night and day, long reaches made,
And hid with trees, cut through a pleasant shade.

Now the bright Sun had reach'd the middle sky,
When they far off did scatter'd houses spy,
And slender battlements with a little towre,
But now to heaven advanc'd by *Roman* power;
Then but a poor state King *Evander* had.
Straight proes they turn, and to the city made
By chance, th' *Arcadian* solemn rites that day
To great *Alcides* and the gods did pay
Before the Town, *Pallas* his son was there;
All the prime youth, and the poor Senate beare
Incense, and altars smoke with lukewarm blood.

As they tall ships saw through the shade wood
To haste with silent oars; frighted they rise,
And at the sight, forsook the sacrifice.
Bold *Pallas* all forbids to quit the board,
And hastens to them with a ready sword:
Then from a bank he spake, Sirs, what cause made
Ye tempt strange shores? or whither bound? he said:
What race? Whence come you? bring ye peace or war?

Then did *Æneas* from his stern declare,
And in his hand the peaceful Olive shewes:
Trojans, and arms thou seest to *Latines* foes,
Who us exil'd in force with cruel war.
We seek *Evander*; him inform, here are
Troys prime Commanders, who his aid intreat.

Pallas amaz'd struck with a name so great;

Who ere, come forth, these to the King declare,
And to our countreys gods a guest repair!
Then he receives him with a strict embrace,
The grove they enter and forsake the place.
When to the King *Aeneas* friendly said.

© best of Greeks! to whom me fortune made
A suitor now, and olive-boughs to bear:
Nor thee, though a Greek Captain, did I fear:
From both *Atrides* though thou drawst thy line;
But thee, thy own worth, th' Oracles divine,
And ancient Kin, thy fame through all coasts spread,
Sent me to thee; and fates the willing led.
Our Grandfire *Dardan*, who built *Ilium*
(As the Greeks say) did from *Elestra* come;
He sail'd to *Troy*; she was great *Atlas* strain,
Whose shoulders the ætherial orbs sustain:
Hermes thy father is, whom *Maia* fair
Conceiving, on *Cylenes* cold tops bare.
But *Atlas Maia* (if we credit fame)
That *Atlas* got, supports Heavens starry frame,
So from one blood the stocks of both divide.
This trusting, I no messenger employ'd,
Nor try'd thee first by art, but my self came,
And life adventuring, here now suppliant am.
The same *Rutilians* which with cruel wars
Press thee when were expell'd; think nought debars,
But all *Hesperia* shall their yolk obey,
Or whatsoever is wash'd by either Sea.
Let us joyn leagues, we have stout men of war,
And valiant youth that long experienc'd are.
Aeneas thus, whilst he all ore survaid
The *Trojan*, then *Evander* briefly said,
Bold *Dardan* know, how I accept thy choice,
And meet thy love! how I thy fathers voice
And face recal, and have in memorie,
When *Priam* went *Hesione* to see,
And *Salamina* view his Sisters court,
They did to cold *Arcadian* shores resort.

Then

Then budding youth had first my cheeks attir'd
 With a soft down; I *Trojan* Chiefs admir'd,
 With wonder youthful *Priam* me possest:
 But most *Anchises*, taller then the rest,
 With great affection did my minde excite
 To know the man, and joyn right hand to right,
 Joyful I led him round our battlements:
 He a fair quiver *Lycian* shafts presents
 And a rich cloak to me, taking his leave,
 With golden reins, which since I *Pallas* gave.
 Therefore I grant thy suit, and leagues conjoin,
 And when the morn with purple light shall shine,
 I will dismisse you both with aid and gold.
 Mean while (since friends you're here) these annuals hold
 A sin now to neglect, and keep our feast,
 Making your selves to friends a welcom guest,
 Then he commands to bring full bowls, and mear,
 And plac'd the *Trojans* on a grassie seat:
 But to a bed a Lyon rough skins grac'd
 He brought their Prince, and in a chair he plac'd.
 The Priest, and chosen youth then Altars spread
 With beasts fat entrails, serv'd with purest bread,
 And rich wine fill: The *Trojans* and their Chief
 Feast with rich offerings, and huge chines of beef.

Hunger appeas'd, and feasted to the height,
Evander said: On us this solemn rite
 By superstition, nor by ignorance came
 To be impos'd. From dangers sav'd, we do
 Yearly these honours (noble guest) renew.

First on that hanging Rock with torn cliffs look,
 And far-off scatter'd heaps, that house forsook
 Stands on the hill, whose tops such ruines have,
 'Twas there the monster *Cacus* had his cave,
 And in those vast recesses his dire face
 Always he hid, the sun ne're pierc'd that place;
 Steeming with slaughters fresh, on his proud dore
 Pale heads of men hung in their loathsom gore.

Vulcan

Vulcan the monsters father, fire still flies
 Black from his mouth, he of a dreadful size.
 But time brought aid, and one of mighty fame,
 For the revenger great *Alcides* came,
 Proud with the tripple *Geryors* death, and spoile:
 The conqueror drove his cattel to his soile,
 His herds possesse the vale and river side.
 But furious *Cacus*, lest he ought untride
 Of wickedness or villany should leave,
 Four stately oxen from their stalls did drive,
 As many well-shap'd heifers; these he hales,
 Lest tracks should be discovered by the tailles,
 Into his den, and in the dark Rock hid,
 Nor any footstep to the cave did lead.
 But when great *Hercules* remov'd his herd
 Leaving those grounds, and to be gone prepar'd;
 Departing, loud they bellow, clamour fills
 The neighbouring woods, they mourning leave the hills:
 One cow makes answer, and from hidden caves
 Aloud complains, and *Cacus* hope deceives
 But here great rage *Alcides* did provoke;
 He arms, and takes a ponderous knotty oke,
 And to the top of the high mountains flies.
 Now first we saw fear *Cacus* to surprise,
 And his look chang'd: he, then East-winds more fleet
 Hasts to his cave, for terror wing'd his feet;
 Shuts himself up, and down a huge stone flung
 With broken chains, which *Vulcans* art had hung
 With steel, and the strong gates guards with a bar.
 Soon *Herc'les* came, and raging every where
 Sought entrance, gnashing of his teeth he turns
 Now here, now there: thrice, whilst with rage he burns,
Aventine sought, thrice did in vain assaile
 The marble door, as of rests in the vale.
 A rising sharp rock with torn cliffs there was
 Behind the cave, a fit and losfy place
 Where birds of prey might build: this as it stood
 To the left hand, and leaning to the flood,

He on the right hand shoves, and at the last
Tears from the roof, then down it headlong casts.
At which great crack the lofty skies did thunder.
Th' affrighted streams retire, banks flie asunder :
Then the huge Cave, and *Cacus* courts appear,
The dismal caverns all discover'd were.

As when the ground torn with an earthquake, shewes
Infernal fears, and doth sad realms disclose
Hateful to deities, and all hell in sight,
Then pale ghosts tremble at the sent-in light.
Now he surpriz'd with unexpected day,
Shut up in's cave, *Alcides* did assay
With weapons from above, all arms he tries,
And him with trees and mighty millstones plies.
He (when he could not from the danger break)
Vomits huge smoak, and (wonderful to speak)
Darkens the place with mist, blinding the sight.
And mix'd with fire, thickens black shades of night.

Nor did *Alcides* hold, but in he broke
Amidst the flame, and rush'd through waving smoke,
The den with vapour steem'd : he *Cacus* took,
In darknesse belching fire, and in the lock.
He whirls him round, and down he on him lies
Grasping his throat, and squeezing out his eyes.
The dark house straight with open doors displaid,
Back were the cattel, and base stealth convaid ;
Out by the feet the ugly corps he drew
On's dreadful eyes enough they could not view,
The monsters hairy breast, and horrid brow,
And fire within his mouth extinguish'd now.

These rites, this day, posterity mainrain
Ere since, which first *Positius* did ordain ;
And *Hercules* Priests *Penarians* did seat
This altar in these groves, which always great
Is stil'd by us, and great shall still remain.
Therefore, brave youth, in such high praise ordain
Boughs for your hair, your right hands cups extend,
Implore the common god, wine freely spend.

He then with pop'lar and th'Herculean shade,
 His tresses vail'd and bound with leaves ; this said,
 A sacred bowl fills his right hand ; straight all
 Glad poure on Tables, and the gods do call.
 Mean while the night falls from heavens spangled arch,
 When all the Priests and first *Patritius* march,
 Girt as they use with skins, and torches beare.
 Feasts they renew, and second course prepare,
 Tables they load, the *Salii* then dance round
 About the Altars to sweet musick, crown'd
 With pop'lar boughs : here young men, there the old,
 Who far-fam'd *Hercules* brave deeds extol'd,
 And his twelve labours sung. How first he takes
 His step-dames monsters, kills her double snakes :
 Now *Troy*, *Ochalia*, famous towns had been
 By him orethrow'n : what toyls by *Janos* spleen
 And King *Euristheus* he did undergo.
 Thou cloud-born *Hyleus Pholus* didst orethrow,
 Thou the dire *Cretian* Monsters didst subdue,
 And at *Nemea* the huge *Lyon* slew.
 At thee shook *Stygian* lakes, Hells porter then
 On gnawn bones lying in his bloody den,
 No form, not huge *Typhæus* could confound,
 Though arm'd, nor *Hydra* though his heads charg round
 Hail *Joves* true race, an honour to the skies.
 T' us be propitious, and thy sacrifice.
 Such things they sang : but *Cacus* cause in higher
 Notes they resound, and how he breath'd out fire ;
 The groves did ring, the hills with echo storm'd.

Thence, all divine solemnities perform'd,
 Homewards they all unto the city bent,
 And King *Evander* with the foremost went,
 With whom *Æneas* and his son did walk :
 And going, ease the way with various talk.

Æneas taken with those parts, admires,
 His quick eyes viewing all things round inquires,
 And glad would hear records of former men.
Evander, Founder of *Romes* Palace then,

Nymph

Nymphs, native fanns these groves inhabited;
 Men, trunks of trees produc'd, and hard oke bred,
 Who nor for law, tillage nor oxen care,
 Nor knew to gather riches, nor to spare:
 But these fierce hunting, and wilde fruit reliev'd,
 When from *Olympus Saturn* first arriv'd,
 Who from *Joves* arms and his lost Kingdom fled,
 He the fierce Nation in high mountains bred
 Reduc'd, and gave them Lawes: this *Latium* stil'd,
 Because these shores in safety him conceal'd.
 They said the golden age was when he reign'd,
 Since in such peace his kingdom he maintain'd.
 Then baser ages by degrees succeed,
 Which rage of war, and love of riches breed:
Ausonian bands then, and *Sicanians* came,
 And oft *Saturnian* fields have lost their name:
 Thence Kings, and *Tyber* gyant-like, whence we
 Have *Tyber* call'd this stream of *Italie*;
 The true old name of *Albula* is lost.
 Forc'd through all Seas, expuls'd my native coast.
 All-conquering Fate, and fortunes powerful hand
 Have plac'd me here, and the severe command
 Of my blest mother, the Nymph *Carmens* sent,
 And great *Apollo*s strict admonishment.

Scarce said, he shews an altar as they came,
 And the *Carmentis* gates, a *Roman* name,
 Which ancient honour Nymphs did dedicate
 To *Carmens*, skilful of ensuing fate,
 Who first declar'd the *Trojans* should be great,
 And *Pallantium*, a renowned seat.
 Next, a huge grove which valiant *Romulus* chose
 For sanctuary, he *Lupercal* shews
 To *Pan* was under cold rocks consecrate,
 After the manner of th' *Athenian* state.
 Then t' *Argiletums* sacred grove he led,
 And told the place where his guest *Argus* dy'd.
Tarpeia and the *Capitol* he shew'd,
 Now golden, then dark with a horrid wood,

Dread of the place, then did the shepherds move,
And oft they trembled at the rock and grove.

This wood (he said) this mountains' leavy brow
A god inhabited, but uncertain who.

Arcadians, here, think *Jove* himself they spide,
Shaking his shield, and on the winds to ride.

These two dismantled towns thou dost behold,
Are but sad reliques of the men of old :

This, father *Janus*, that, *Saturnus* nam'd ;

Janiculum this, that was *Saturnius* nam'd.

With these discourses, neer the Court they drew
Of poor *Evander*, where they cattel view

Lowing i'th' Roman change, and lofty streets.

As to the gates they came, he said, These seats

Alcides entred, here he kept his court :

Sir, wealth despise, and now thy self deport
As did the god, with homely fare content.

This said, he strait with great *Aeneas* went

Under low roofs, and him on couches plac'd

Softned with leaves, and with a Bears skin grac'd.

Night fell, and with black wings the earth did hide ;

But *Venus* mind not vainly terrifide

With *Laurent* threats, and with sad stirs dismayd,

To *Vulcan* in his golden bed thus said,

And with sweet language divine-love inspires,

Whilst the Greek Kings with war and hostile fires

Raz'd destin'd *Troy*, and her high towers distrest ;

No aid nor arms did I for them request

Made by thy art or power ; nor thee, dear love,

Would I to exercise vain labours move,

Though much I owe to *Priams* high descent,

And oft *Aeneas* hard toils might lament.

Now by *Joves* will *Rutilian* shores they plant,

O my blest power ! I come a suppliant,

A mother for a son craves arms. Dear Love,

Thee *Theitis* and *Auroras* tears could move :

Behold what realms conspire, what cities, oyn

Council, by war to ruine me and mine.

The Goddesse here round with her snowie arms
 In soft embraces him consulting warms.
 Straight he takes fire, and through his marrow came
 Accustom'd heat, and did his blood inflame.
 So from a fiery breach erupred flies
 Shining with flame, bright thunder through the skies
 Glad, straight she findes her plot, and beauty take.
 When bound with lasting love thus *Vulcan* spake:

What needs such far-fetch'd stories, goddesse? where
 's Your confidence of me, had you such care,
 The *Trojans* then I might with arms supplide;
 Nor *Iove*, nor *Fate*, that *Troy* should stand denide,
 And *Priam* ten years more to have remain'd.
 If you resolve, and have a war ordain'd,
 I promise both my art, my power, and care,
 What iron and soft *Electrum* can prepare,
 What fire and bellows may. Leave to perswade,
 Nor doubt thy power with us Thus having said,
 He withr embraces gave, and to sweet rest
 Prepares, reposing in the goddesse breast.

Then when he waken'd, after his first sleep
 At midnight: As a woman who doth keep
 Her self by spinning and *Minervas* hire,
 Stirs up the ashes and the sleeping fire,
 Night adding to her work; long tasks she plies,
 And at her lamp her servants exercise,
 That chaste she might preserve her husbands bed,
 And her small children to supply with bread.
 No drowsier at that houre *Vulcan* arose
 From his soft bed, and to his forge he goes.

Near to *Sicanian* coasts an Island lifts
 High shoulders up and tall with smoky cliffs:
 Eat with *Cyclopes* flames, a Cave lies under,
 And huge *Ætnean* vaults, which always thunder,
 Where mighty strokes on anvils did resound,
 And bars of massie steel roar under ground
 In water quench'd, by forges breathing flame.
 This *Vulcans* seat, *Vulcania* the lands name.

Hither the god descended from the sky,
 Where sparkling heats in vast caves *Cyclops* ply.
Brontes, Steropes, nak'd Piratmon stand
 A thunder-bolt half wrought they had in hand :
 Of such, great store from heaven to earth are thrown
 By angry *Jove*, the rest as yet not done.
 Three parts of hail, three of a watery clond,
 As much of fire, and three of wind allow'd ;
 Their work with flashes, noise, and fear they mixt,
 And dreadful wrath, pursuing flame betwixt.
 Here haste they *Mars* his chariot, and swift spokes,
 With which he men and mighty towns provokes :
 These the dread shield of angry *Pallas* mould,
 And wrought her arms with Dragon scales and gold ;
 The goddesse cress with twisted snakes they deck,
 And *Gorgons* head divided from her neck.

Cyclops, he said, take all these things away,
 Set by your tasks, and list to what I say.
 Arms for a bold man must be made ; impart
 Now all your strength, and shew your greatest art,
 Break off delays. Nor more he said. They hot
 All ply the work, and equal tasks by lot
 Receive ; straight brasse and gold in Rivers flowes,
 In a vast furnace hard steel liquid growes.
 A mighty shield they frame, one should withstand
 The warlike store of all th' *Ausonian* land.
 Rounded with mighty orbs, seven orbs they make ;
 Some with the bellows air retain and take,
 Others in water dip the hissing oare ;
 The hollow vaults with beating anvils rore :
 They with much strength their arms in order raise,
 And turn with tongs the masse a thousand ways.

Whilst in *Æolian* Caverns *Vulcan* sweats,
 Hastning the work : blest morn, from humble seats
Evander rais'd, and chirping birds did call
 Up with sweet notes under his Pallace wall.

The old man rose, puts on his coat, and tyde
His *Tyrrhen* sandals on, then to his side
Girds a *Tegean* sword, next ore he flung
A Panthers skin, which from his left side hung;
From the high floor his double guard descend,
And on their masters steps the dogs attend:
Then to *Æneas* went, for he had not
Promis'd assistance, nor his word forgot.
And full as early Prince *Æneas* rose,
Pallas with thar, with this *Achates* goes
Met, they salute; and in the hall being plac'd,
Desired conference they enjoy'd at last.
And first the King began.

Great *Trojan* Prince, Thou safe, I never shall
Confesse *Troy* vanquish'd, nor her Kingdoms fall.
Our aids are small for one so much renown'd:
Here are we with the *Tuscan* river bound,
There *Rutiles* stop us, and oft storm our wall.
But I great nations and rich Kingdoms shall
Draw to thy help; unlookt for chance presents
Thee succour, and Thou com'st by fates consents.
Not far from hence built on an ancient rock,
Stands *Agelina*, where the *Lydian* stock
Once sam'd in war, *Ætrurian* mountains plants.
This flourishing many years, all former grants
At last *Moxentius* by his proud commands
Infring'd, and garrison'd with cruel bands.
His murders I forbear and tyrannies,
The gods return the like on him and his!
For he dead bodies to the living joyn'd,
Puts face to face, and hand in hand combin'd:
Strange torture! when soul gore and blood imbrues
Their sad embrace and with long death pursues.
At last the weary subjects take up arms,
And him, then raging, they with fierce alarms
In's court besieg'd, his counsellours they slew,
And wild-fire on his lofty Palace threw.

He scapes 'mongst slaughters to *Rutilian* strands,
 To seek protection from kind *Turnus* hand.
 Now all *Hetruria* up in cruel rage,
 To bring their King to justice they ingage.
 Over their armies I'll make thee the head,
 Now sounding shores are with the Navy spread,
 Ready to sail; but their old Priest withstands,
 Opening the fates. You choise *Meonian* bands
 Flowre of the antients, whom just griefs engage
 Against *Mezentius* with deserved rage:
 No 'Italian must so great a nation sway,
 Seek forreign Chiefs. This did th' *Hetrurians* stay,
 Affrighted by the gods admonishments.
Tarchon ambassador to me presents
 The scepter, crown, ensigns to my commands;
 And would possesse me of the *Tyrrhen* lands.
 But feeble age with cold blood me retracts
 From such a task, too weak for valiant acts.
 I would my son prefer, but that his line
 By's mother comes from them: Thee fates designe
 By blood, and years; the gods this meant for thee.
 Go, most bold Chief of *Troy* and *Italie*.
 To thee I'll *Pallas* joyn, my hope, my care,
 Thou being his master to inure to war
 And *Mars* hard toyles; thy prowesse us'd to see
 From's youth he may admire, and honour thee.
 Two hundred chosen horse well mounted all,
 I shall bestow, as many *Pallas* shall.

Scarce said, the *Trojan Anchisad's*
 And good *Achates* stand, with fixed eyes;
 Who many sad things troubled, then divine.
 When from high heaven fair *Venus* gave a signe.
 For from a cloud with mighty fragor brake
 A flash of lightning, all things seem'd to shake;
 From heaven a *Tyrrhen* trumpet sounds alarms,
 And oft they hear the ratling noise of arms,
 And armour saw shine through a gilded cloud
 Amongst bright spears, and struck to thunder loud.

Others

Others admire, but *Troy's* great *Heroe*, these
Perceives to be his mothers promises.

Then said, O King, what these strange portents are
Seek not to know, for me the gods declare.

This my blest mother told, if war should rise,
She would *Vulcanian* arms bring through the skies
For my defence.

Ah what great slaughters *Latium* wait on thee,
On *Turnus* how will I revenged be!

When *Tyber* shall, shields, helms, and men involve.
Let them now arm, and to break peace resolve.

This said, down from his lofty throne he came,

And on *Herculean* altars stirs the fame,

And joyful did the last daies rites renew,

And chosen sheep, he as the custom, flew.

The same, *Evander* and the *Trojans* did.

Thence he his fleet and friends revisited,

And from their number chose the valiantest

Who in the war should follow him; the rest

Go with the stream, and down the river fell,

That the glad news they might *Ascanius* tell.

Trojans are hors'd, for *Tyrrhen* Countreys bent,

A marchlesse one, & *Aeneas* they present,

Caparison'd with a mighty Lyons skin,

Which covering him, with golden clawes did shine.

Straight nimble fame through the small city flew,

That troops of horse to *Tyrrhen* kingdoms drew:

Matrons their vows redoubled with their fears,

And wars dire visage greater now appears.

Evander then on them departing layes

Weeping, his hands, and thus imbracing sayes —

O *Jove*! wouldst thou my former youth renew,

When at *Preneſte* I the Van orethrew,

And heaps of shields to ashes did compel,

And with this hand King *Herelus* sent to hel.

Three souls his mother gave him at his birth,

(Strange to be told,) thrice he must fall to earth.

Thrice was to dye: yet I not suffering harm;
 Took all those lives, and did as oft disarm.
 I then dear son not from thy 'mbrace would be
 Depriv'd, nor should *Mezentius* over me
 Thus much insult, nor oft so neer our gate
 Slaughter our men, and town depopulate.
 But oh you gods, and greatest *Jove*, now bring
 Comfort, and pity the *Arcadian* King;
 And hear a fathers prayer, if power you have
 My *Pallas* to preserve, if fates will save!
 If I may see him, and wee meet again,
 Then life I crave, all labour Ile disdain;
 But him if fortune with sad chance pursues,
 O now my woful life now let me lose!
 Whilst doubtful cares, and hopes incertain be,
 Whilst the sole comfort of my age, I thee
 Dear son infold with strict imbraces here,
 Before a sadder message wound my eare.

His father these at his last farewell said,
 Whom false, his servants to his court convoid.

Now through the open gates the horsemen bent,
Aeneas first with good *Achates* went,
 Then other Chiefs, *Pallas* amidst the bands
 In Warlike habit and bright arms commands.
 As on the ocean *Lucifer* reflects,
 Whom *Venus* before other stars respects,
 Raising his sacred head, all darknesse flies.
 The fearful matrons crown the walls, their eyes
 The dusky cloud and glittering band pursue.
 The troops through neereft ways and thickets drew:
 A clamour rose, drawn up, in rank and file,
 With trampling hoofs they shake the beaten soyle.

There are large groves, neer *Cæris* frigid wave,
 Sacred of old, which hollow mountains have
 With gloomy fire beset, and clos'd with wood.
 The ancient *Greeks* unto *Sylvanus*, god
 Of fields and herds, this grove and scast did grant,
 Who first did in the *Latine* confines plant.

Not far from this, safely incamped lay
Tarchon and *Tyrrhens*, all the army they,
Saw from a height possesse a spacious plain.
Here bends *Æneas* and his warlike train,
And weary, for themselves and horse provide.

But *Venus* through the chrystal spears did glide.
Fair goddesse, bearing gifts, in secret she
Her son in winding vales far off did see.
And thus to him her self discovering said,
Behold the promis'd gift my husband made:
Dear son, now fear not proud *Laurentian* sight;
Nor to incounter *Turnus* in the fight.
Venus thus said, having her son imbrac'd,
Against an oke the shining armour plac'd.
Proud of so great an honour, each where he
Roll'd his quick eye, nor satisfied could be,
Trying on several peeces, he admires
The dreadful plumed helm, ejection fires,
And fatal sword, bloody habergion,
Mighty and stiff with brasse; such, when the sun
Gildes a dark Cloud with rays, which far off shine.
Then his soft greaves, gold, and *Electrum* joyn,
And the rare workmanship on's spear and shield,
Which *Latian* acts and *Roman* triumphs held.

Vulcan, who well could future things foresee,
Had grav'd there all *Ascanius* progenie,
And wars in order as they have been fought.

Laid in a verdant cave, *Mars* Wolf he wrought.
Fast on her teats the double off-spring sticks,
Whom sporting, their kind foster-mother licks;
She bending her smooth neck, delights the young
By turns, and shapes their bodies with her tongue.
Not far from this, *Rome* and the *Sabine* dames
Rap'd from the theater, and *Circensian* games;
Whence to the *Romans* a new war arose.
Here he old *Tatius* and stern *Cures* shews;
After those Kings arm'd, reconciled stand
Before *Joves* altar, goblets in their hand,

And

And to confirm the league, a swine they slew.
 Nor far from thence, foure horses *Mecius* drew
 In sunder (but thou *Alban* shouldst have stood
 Unto thy promise) *Tullus* through the wood
 The Traitors bowels with long dragging tore,
 And dew'd the sprinkled briers with his gore.

Porfenna next, *Tarquine* to re-inthroned
 Commands, and with strict siege begirt the Town;
Romans for liberty their lives contemn.
 Thou'dst think at once he frown'd, and threatned them,
 Because the Bridge the valiant *Cocles* broke.
 And *Cleia* 'scap'd from bonds, the river took.
 Upon the top of the *Tarpeian* Tower
Manlius the Captain stood, with all his power
 The Temple and the Capitol to watch,
 And new built Courts, rough with *Romulean* thatch;
 And here the silver Goose through ports of gold
 Flying, the *Gaules* to be in th' entrance told.
Gaules through the shrubs did to the towre ascend,
 Whom the dark shade and gloomy night defend.
 Their beards were golden, golden was their hair,
 They in branch'd cassocks shine, with gold their fair
 Necks be adorn'd; each shook two *Alpine* spears,
 And for defence a mighty target bears.

Here dancing *Salii*, naked *Luperci*
 With woolly crowns those shields fell from the sky.
 Drawn in soft litters, here chaste *Marrons* are
 Rites bearing through the City: Hence not far
 Hells courts, and *Pluto's* gates he did design.
 And for crimes, tortures: and thee *Catiline*
 Hung on a rock, fearing the furies jaws:
 The blest withdrawn, where *Cato* gives the Lawes.
 The deep seas golden image he ingraves
 'Mongst these, but th'azure som'd with silver waves,
 About the ring bright silver Dolphins glide,
 Brush with their sterns the deep, and waves divide.
 Amidst thou mightst behold the brazen fleet,
 The *Asian* war, and all *Lencæis* sweat,

Ready to charge, prepared for the fight :
Thou might'st have view'd with gold the billows bright.
With him his gods, the Peers and people came,
Who standing on the stern, a double flame
Darts from his brows, his fathers star appears.
Agrippa there, with winds, heaven favouring steers
His Squadron up, and brings his ensigns on,
His brows deckt with a naval garland shon.
Antonius here with strange and differing bands
Both from the red sea and the Eastern strands,
Forces of *Egypt* and the *Bactrians* led,
Th' *Egyptian* Queen (shameless) him followed.
At once all charge, and with their labouring oars
The whole sea fomes, plow'd up with thundering proers.
They take the deep, thou wouldst suppose again
That floating *Cyclades* swam upon the main,
Or mountains did with mighty mountains meet,
They with such force charge in the towrie fleet :
Wild-fire they cast, swift steel, and darts are spread,
And *Neptunes* fields grow with fresh slaughter red.
With *Aegypts* trumpets in the midst, the Queen
Calls up her fleet, approaching snakes not seen.
The barking *Annubis*, all the monstrous brood
Of gods, 'gainst *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Pallas* stood
Oppos'd in arms : *Mars* through the battel rav'd,
From heaven sad furies he in steel ingrav'd ;
And proud of her torne garments, *Discord* goes ;
Bellona with a bloody whip pursues ;
His bow *Aelian Apollo* from above
These viewing, bent : all with that terror drove,
Egyptians, *Indians*, and *Arabians* fly ,
The Queen her self, with winds implor'd, to ply
Her sails appear'd, and with loos'd bolings went.
Her midst the slaughters, the Ignipotent
Made pale with future death, through waves to flie ;
Oppos'd to this did huge-limb'd *Nilus* lie ,
Spreading his garment, calls into his breast,
To sheltering waves inviting the distress.

But to *Rome* *Cesar* with three triumphs rode,
 And on our gods immortal vows bestow'd ;
 Him ample fanes three hundred joyful greet,
 And loud applause did ring through every street,
 In all the Temples quires of Dames resound,
 Slain Steers before the Altars strew the ground.
 He in bright porches of great *Phœbus* sits,
 And gifts of nations to proud pillars fits.
 Of conquer'd people, a long train proceeds ;
 These, various all, in language, arms, and weeds:
 Here *Vulcan* fram'd *Africans*, *Nomades*,
Lelegs, *Cures*, and dart-arm'd *Gelones*,
Euphrates now glides softer, and *Morine*
 Furthest of Nations, double-horned *Rhine* :
Dæ *Araxes*, who a bridge doth scorn.
 Wondring how *Vulcan* did the shield adorn ;
 And ignorant he glories in the frame,
 Then straight claps on his off-springs fate and fame.

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THE
NINTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Iris commands bold Turnus to invade
The Trojans, whilst Æneas gathers aid.
He draws the Army forth; attempts to burn
The fleet, which scape, and into Sea-Nymphs turn.
Euryalus and Nisus venture through
The enemies camp by night and many slew.
Their woful deaths. Italians with the dawn
To storm the Town are from their quarters drawn.
The Trojans sally forth; in whose retreat
Turnus engag'd is shut within their gate.
Many brave men he kills, then on he goes
Single against whole regiments of foes:
At last leaps o're the wall the river swam,
And off with all his arms in safety came.*

WHilst thus affairs in several places went,
Juno to valiant Turnus Iris sent:
Then in the sacred grove by chance he sate;
Was to his fire *Pilumnus* consecrate.
To whom she thus from rosie lips began.
What no god dares vouchsafe to any man,

(Turnus)

(*Turnus*) behold, at length time freely sends !
Aeneas having left his fleet and friends,
 Is to *Evanders* palace gone : nay more,
 Past to the confines of the *Tuscan* shore ;
 There arms the *Rusticks* and the *Lydian* force.
 What doubt'st thou ? now's the time ; raise chariots, horse ;
 Break all delay, their troubled camp invade.

Thus saying, to heaven she mounts on wings displaid,
 And through the great bow midst the clouds she flies.
 He knows her, and his hands rais'd to the skies.
 Then with such words pursues her as she went.
Iris, heavens glory, who, to me hath lent
 Thee from above ? from whence this sudden light ?
 I see heaven open, and behold the bright
 Stars wander round the poles : the signs obey'd,
 Who ere thou art, commands to arms. This said,
 From chrystal streams he water takes, then plies
 The Gods with prayers and loads with vows the skies.

And now they took the field with all their force,
 Bravely appointed both in arms and horse.
 The Van *Messapus*, *Tyrrhens* off-spring had
 Charge of the Reare, *Turnus* the Battel led ;
 And by the shoulders arm'd he taller shews.
 As in seven channels silent *Ganges* flows
 With gentle waves ; or when the fat-stream'd *Nile*
 Hides in himself, and leaves the fertile soile.

The *Trojan* camp a sudden cloud espies
 Thick with black-dust, and a dark smoke to rise.
Caicus first from high works calls aloud,
 What body (sirs) advanceth in that cloud ?
 Arm, arm, stand to your arms ; ascend the wall :
 The foe draws nigh. Then with great clamour all
 The *Trojans* fill the works and bulwarks mann'd.
 For the most warlike *Prince* gave this command
 At his departing ; Whatsoever chance,
 Not to give battel, nor to field advance.
 But keep their trenches, and their walls maintain.
 Therefore though shame or danger do constrain,

They

They kept their gates obeying that command;
And arm'd on towres the foe expecting stand.
Turnus out-stripping the slow Regiments,
With twenty chosen horse, himself presents
Before the Town, on a brave *Thracian* born;
His golden helmet crimson plumes adorn.
Then thus he said; Who first will charge the foe?
And as he spake, did his swift javelin throw
Signal to th' fight; and bravely first rides out.
They all obey, and follow with a shout:
Admiring *Trojans* to such cowardise yeild;
That men should fear to fight in open field,
And lie incamp'd. Vext he the walls survaies,
And seeks to enter by obscurest waies.

As a slie wolf neer a full sheep-coar lies,
Suffering both wind and weathers injuries,
Growling till midnight, whilst the tender Lambs
Exercise bleating safe beneath their dams:
He sharp 'gainst th' absent raves; long want the cause
Of greedy hunger, and blood-thirsty jaws.
So *Turnus* anger burns, those warlike frames,
Viewing, and sorrow his hard bones inflames,
How to get in, and by what means to train
The *Trojans* forth, and draw to th' open plain.

The fleet which lay close by the Trenches side,
Round with the stream and bulwarks fortifide,
He charg'd, and of his proud mates fire demands;
And fierce, a flaming pine now fills his hands.
Straight they fall on; his presence courage bred;
With black brands all the youth are furnished,
They spoile the hearths; now pitchy vapours rise,
And *Vulcan* mix'd with smoke, ascends the skies.

What god, O *Muse*, could make such flames retire?
And save the *Trojan* fleet from cruel fire?
Though old the fact, yet lasting is the fame.
When first *Æneas* did in *Ida* frame
His fleet, and rig'd to sail the mighty seas.
Cybele mother of the *Deities*.

Bespoke

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Bespake great *Jove*. Dear son, thy ear incline
 To thy lov'd mothers suit, since heaven is thine.
I many years did love a piny wood,
 There *I* had rites, where my high temple stood,
 Dark with black fir-trees, and a maple shade.
 These, then the *Dardan* Prince his Navy made,
 I freely gave. Now fear me much molests.
 To ease sad care, thy mother this requests:
 Let them no voyage craze, nor storms orethrow;
 This grant, because they on our hills did grow.
 Then spake her son, who rules the worlds bright fires,
 Mother, why tempt'st thou fate? what's thy desire?
 Shall ships by mortals built, immortal be?
 And shall *Aeneas* safe all dangers see?
 Is such power given to any deitie?
 But when their voyage ends, they anchor'd ly
 On *Latian* shores: What ships escape the main,
 And set the *Dardan* on th' *Ausonian* plain;
 Their mortal form I'll change; of the great sea
 Goddesses make, as *Doto*, *Galate*,
 Who foaming billowes with their breasts divide.
 This by the *Stygian* streams he ratifide,
 Banks full of sulphur, and the horrid lakes,
 Then with his nod he all *Olympus* shakes.

The promis'd day was come, times due by fate
 Were full; when much incens'd by *Turnus* hate
Cybele sav'd from fire the sacred pines.
 Here in their eyes a wondrous light first shines,
 And from the *East* a cloud was seen to fly.
Ideas dance: words dreadful from the sky
 Amaz'd the *Trojans*, and *Rutilian* bands:
 Fear not, O *Trojans*, neither arm your hands
 To save my fleet: *Turnus* shall burn the sea,
 Before these sacred vessels Go, be free,
 And Sea-nymphs go; *Cybele* bids. They tore
 Their anchoridge then, and sodain launch'd from shore
 And with their beaks-like *Dolphins* duck (most strange)
 Dive to the bottom, and to virgins change.

As many brazen prowes at shore did ride,
So many beauties to the Ocean glide.
All wonder, fierce *Messapus* is dismay'd,
His horse disorder'd, and swift *Tyber* staid
Murm'ring hoarse things, his foot from sea retreats.
But not bold *Turnus* confidence abates :
He cheers, now chides, then thus his men upbraids ;
This threatens them, *Jove* now withdraws all aids,
Nor dare they *Rutile* sword nor fire abide ;
And now the *Ocean* is to them denide ;
No hope of flight, that part of help is lost,
We have the land, such thousands in our host
Of *Latium* arm'd ; nor me those oracles daunt,
If for themselves the *Phrygians* any vaunt ;
Enough for *Venus* fate, rich *Italie*
That they have touch'd ; and there are fates for me,
This wicked nation to cut off with steel.
Rob'd of my wife ; nor do th' *Atrides* feel
Alone this grief, nor may *Greece* only arm.
It might suffice once to have fallen, to harm :
Once was enough, all women then to hate.
Whom these slight works and this intrenched gate
Grant small delays t' assured funerals.
Have they not seen in flames the *Trojans* walls
To lie, which *Neptune* with his hand, did rear ?
But valiant youth, who will with me appear
To force the trench, and trembling camps t' invade.
Vulcanian arms, a thousand ships for aide
We need not have : let all th' *Ætrurians* come.
Nor the dull theft of the *Palladium*
They shall not fear, the high tow'rs warder's slain ;
Nor shall a horse dark belly us contain.
Their walls by day I will with fire surround,
I'll make them know not *Argives* they have found.
Young *Greeks*, whom *Heſtor* did ten years prevent.
But since the best part of the day is spent ;
What now remains, all things being carried right,
But to refresh, and then expect to fight ?

Mean while to guard the ports, and fire prepare,
 To round the walls, was bold *Messapus* care.
 Twice seven *Rutilian* Captains chosen, then
 To keep the works; each led a thousand men,
 Who did with crests of gold, and purple shine.
 They scout, and watch by turns: on grasse, rich wine
 Freely they drink, at fires full goblets they
 Exhausted turn, the watch consume with play
 The restlesse night.

All which the *Trojans* from their towrs describe,
 And struck with fear, from port to port they ride,
 And arm'd, they bridges and strong Bulwarks joyn; ;
Menestheus *Sereftus*, hastning the designe.
 Whom Prince *Aeneas*, should their danger fall,
 Prime Leaders made, and gave the charge of all.
 The Squadrons watch, the danger they divide,
 And take their turns, Each man his place supplide.

The gate was *Nisus* charge, *Hyrtacus* son;
 Whom th' huntresse *Ida* sent companion
 With great *Aeneas*, one most fierce in war,
 Who well could shoot, as well could cast his spear.
Euryalus joyn'd; for comeliness and grace
 None was his equal 'mongst the *Trojan* race,
 Nor better arms became, now first was seen
 Soft down to spread upon his youthful chin.
 One was their love, at once they charg'd in warre;
 And now to guard the port, their common care.

When *Nisus* said; Doth God our minde inspire,
 Or makes each man a god of's own desire?

What ere it is, I can't to rest incline,
 My genius prompts me to some great design.
 Seest thou the *Rutills* how secure they lie,
 Buried in sleep and wine? few lights we spie,
 All silent are. Therefore receive my mind
 And resolution that I have design'd.

The Peers and people would recall the Prince.
 And want now spies to bring intelligence.

If what I ask, they shall conferre on thee,
 (Fame of th' exploit enough shall honour me)
 Under that brow I think I have espide
 A passe, that will to *Palanteum* guide..

Euryalus struck with mighty love of praise,
 Then to his earnest friend thus briefly saies.
 In so great danger dost thou me decline,
 Alone thy self ingage in this designe?
 Have I with thee so ill my self behav'd,
 Serving our King, when Seas and tempests rav'd?
 Here is a soul, that values not to live;
 And life, to purchase so much fame, would give.

Of thee I never harbour'd such a thought,
 O my dear friend, said *Nisus* then: Nor ought.
 No, as I hope great *Jove* will safely me
 Or other favouring gods, bring back to thee.
 But if (for such attempts great dangers wait)
 That I miscarry by mischance or fate,
 Thee I'de have live; of life thou worthier art,
 That to my ransom'd corps thou might'st impart
 Accustom'd earth; which if my chance denies,
 Yet grant my shade a tombe and obseques:
 Left to thy mother I the cause should be
 Of so much grief, who only follow'd thee.
 Nor great *Acestes* walls could her detain.

But he. Thou weak excuses fram'st in vain,
 I fully am resolv'd; come, let's dispatch
 This having said, straight he relieves the watch:
 All things in order, Centinels being plac'd,
 He to *Ascanius* did with *Nisus* haste.

Now through the world all creatures sleep possess,
 Easing their cares, their hearts from labour rest.
 Prime *Trojan* Captains, and choice youth repairs
 To hold a Council of their State-affairs,
 What they should do; whom to *Æneas* send.
 Amidst the camp they on long javelins lean'd,
 Bearing their shields. *Nisus*, *Euryalus*, crave
 Without delay, they might admittance have:

Demurres

Demurres in great affairs most dangerous are.
The Prince bids *Nisus* first their minds declare.

With thoughts unbyass'd hear you Trojan Peers,
Neither prejudge the matter by our yeers.
In wine and sleep *Rutilians* buried lie;
For we our selves now did a way descrie,
Parts neer the gate, which next the ocean lies.
Their fires wax dim, black smoake ascends the skies.
If now our fortune you'l to us permit,
Aeneas sought, at King *Evanders* seat,
With mighty slaughter and huge spoil you may:
Shortly behold: nor can we misse our way;
We daily hunting in dark vales below,
Have seen the town, and the whole river know.

Then old *Althes* said, You deities
In whose protection alwaies *Ilium* lies;
Not us r'extirp you utterly intend,
When to our youth you such true valour send.

Thus having said, he with a strict imbrace
Infolds them both, whilst tears bedew his face.
To you for such attempts, what can we give?
What shall I judge a worthy donative?
Heaven and your merits first, shall grant the best:
Pious *Aeneas* next shall pay the rest:
Nor yet *Ascanius* in his flourishing state:
Such your deservings ever shall forget.

Nisus, but I (*Ascanius* then replies)
Whose only safety in my father lies.
Thee by *Ajaracum* deities desire,
And Trojan Gods, and *Vesta's* sacred fire;
What ere my fortune or my counsels are,
I cast my self and them upon your care.
Recal my father, let me see his face,
And woe shall vanish in his dear imbrace.
Two silver bowls I'll give, richly engrav'd,
Which from *Aruba's* sack my father sav'd:
Two *tripos*, two great talents of pure gold,
And *Dido's* gift, a cup of ancient mould.

But if we *Latium* win, and these realms sway,
 If it shall chance we conquerours share the prey.
 Hast thou brave *Turnus* horse and arms beheld
 In which he prides? his bloody plumes and wield
 Shall not be war'd, now *Nisus*, they are thine;
 Besides, my father shall twelve Ladies joyn,
 As many captive Lords compleat in arms,
 With all *Latinus* manours, parks, and farms.
 But thee, whose age mine in a neerer space
 Pursues, brave youth, I take in full embrace:
 Thou in all fortunes my companion be,
 My deeds shall seek no glory wanting thee;
 In peace or war, my actions and advice
 Thou most shalt sway. *Euryalus* replies,

For any bold imployment no time shall
 Prove me unfit, what chance soever fall.
 But above all, one thing of thee I crave;
 I of King *Priams* stock a mother have,
 Whom (best of Parents!) *Troy* could not recal
 From following me, nor King *Acestes* wall.
 Her, unacquainted with the dangers, I
 Now unsaluted leave: Night testifie,
 And thy right hand, her tears I could not brook,
 But thee, I pray, now help her, thus forlook:
 Assure me this, and I shall bolder go
 Against all chance. Then from the *Trojans* flow
 Rivers of tears: the Prince most grief express,
 And now his fathers love affect his breast.

And thus he said —

Worthy this great design, I all things grant;
 For she shall be my mother, only want
Creusas name; nor is her honour small,
 That she bore thee, whatever chance befall.
 Now by this head, by which my father swore,
 What was my grant, if fortune thee restore

To us in safety. He thy friends afford.
 Weeping he said ; and straight casts off his sword,
 Which with admired art *Lycaon* made.
 And with an ivory sheath adorn'd the blade.
 A Lyons skin *Mnestheus* on *Nisus* prest,
 And good *Alethes* chang'd with him his crest.

Now arm'd they march as to the gates they bend,
 Both young and old with vows and prayers attend,
 And fair *Ascanius*, who above his age
 In manly care and courage did engage,
 Many commands charg'd them to's father bear.
 Which vanquished and flew in empty air.

They passe the trench ; through gloomy night they go
 To th' enemies camp, with a great overthrow:
 Buried in wine and sleep the guards they spie,
 And all along the shore their wagons lie ;
 Men amongst arms, wheels, reins and goblets laid,
 Spread on the grasse : when thus bold *Nisus* said,
 Now let us use our arms, th' occasion calls,
 This is the path: but thou, lest any falls
 Upon our rear, watch and behind survey ;
 These He destroy, and make thee open way.

This said, he silent to proud *Rhamnes* went,
 Who then by chance slept in his lofty tent,
 And with loud snoring did his bosome move,
 A King, and Prophet, *Turnus* most did love.
 But by his skill he could not death evade :
 Three of his train he slew 'mongst weapons laid,
 And *Rhemus* squire : his charioteer he found
 Amongst the horse, and pin'd him to the ground ;
 Then heads their Lord, and weltring in his blood
 Forsakes the panting corps, a purple flood
 Besmeares the earth, and bed. Next *Lamyrus* slew
 With *Lamus*, and sprightly *Serranus*, who
 Most beauteous was ; he all that night had plaid,
 And vanquish'd now in wine and sleep is laid,
 Happy if he had equaliz'd his play
 Unto that night, and gam'd it out till day.

As when a hungry Lion fierce invades
A flock of sheep (dare famine much perswades.)
He the poor innocent beast struck dumb with fears,
Growling with bloody jaws, devours and tears.
Slaughter no less *Euryalus* did inflame,
And many then he slew without a name.
Fadus, *Hebesus*, *Abaris* he kill'd,
And *Rhetus*, who awake all this beheld,
He frighted, under a huge charger hid :
In open breast up to the hilts he did
Sheath his bright sword, then drew it stain'd with blood;
Dying his soul he vomits with a flood
Of wine and gore commix'd. Then on he went
And to *Messapus* quarters, raging, bent :
Where now their fires almost consum'd he spy'd,
Their horses feeding, as the manner, ty'd.

Then *Nisus* briefly said, Let us be gone,
(Seeing him drawn with love of slaughter on :)
For th' envious dawn appears : let this suffice,
Our way is made now through the enemies.
Nor arms of beaten silver they did mind,
Rich hangings, massie plates they leave behind.
Rhamnes rich trappings, and his girts of gold,
(Which *Cedius* sent to *Romulus* of old ;
When with that present he a league conjoyn'd ;
This dying, to his nephew he assign'd.
After by war *Rutilians* made their prize.)
Euryalus seiz'd, and on his shoulder ties,
Claps on *Messapus* helm, with plumes displaid ;
Then left the Camp, and through them safe way made.

Mean while, some horse came from *Latinus* seat,
Whilst the whole Legion stood, drawn up compleat,
To bring King *Turnus* some advertisement
Three hundred shield-men under *Volsens* sent.
And now th' approach the camp, the trench drew nigh,
When far off these they on the left-hand spie :
Euryalus helm through shades of gloomy night
Did him betray, reflecting back the light.

Not vainly seen, cries *Volsens* from the band,
Stand, Who goes there? why arm'd? your business? stand:
They answer not again, but hasten flight
Amongst the woods, and trust themselves to night,
The horse beset the paths, all parts surround,
And with a guard the several Passes crown'd.

There was a wood shady with sable oke,
Which thick briers did, and thornes with brambles choke
Where a small path led through an obscure way:
The tangling boughs, and burthen of his prey
Euryalus stopt, and fear his feet intraps:
Nisus went on, and from the foe escapes,
Past *Alban* lakes, which are from *Alba* nam'd,
Where King *Latinus* his high stables fram'd.
As for his friend, in vain he looking, staid,
Ah poor *Euryalus*, where art thou? he said:
How shall I finde thee out? then through the maze
Of the dark wood returns, and thousand wayes
Seeks his own steps, and roves through silent briers.
Noise horse, and sounding trumpets straight he hears,
And sudden the huge clamour understands,
And saw *Euryalus*, whom all the bands
With disadvantage of the night and lane
Had round beset, much striving but in vain.
What shall he do: what arms, what forces grie
To rescue him? should he, resolv'd to die
Charge midst his foes, and for brave death advance?
Then straight, as he his arm rais'd with his lance,
To the high moon, he pray'd: Assist me now
Great goddesse glory of the stars, and thou,
Great Queen of all the groves and Forrests, aid.
If ere for me my father presents paid
At thy blest Altars; or if ever I
From my own hunting did with gifts supply,
Or grac'd thy shield, or sacred pillars deckt:
Grant that I rout this troop, my spear direct.

This said, with his whole strength a lance he cast,
Through shady night the flying javelin past,

And

And piercing *Sulmons* back, the staff there broke,
Yet through his bowels glides the knotty oke,
From's breast a warm stream vomiting, he fell,
And short-breath panting, makes his bosom swell.
All look about : he takes another spear,
Cheer'd with successe, and poiz'd it at his ear.
Whilst they're amaz'd, through *Tagus* brows and arms
Singing it flew, and in his hot-brain warms.
Fierce *Volsens* rag'd, nor any he espide
Which threw the spear, nor knew which way to ride.

But thou, for both shalt with warm blood afford
Me satisfaction, first This said, his sword
He drew, and at *Euryalus* raging flies.
But then aloud affrighted *Nisus* cries,
Nor longer could conceal, nor such grief beare.
At me, me ; I, who did the fact am here ;
At me convert your steel, *Rutilians* bold,
The fraud is mine ; he neither durst nor could ;
This heaven, these conscious stars shall witness such :
He only lov'd his haplesse friend too much.
Such things he said ; but the drawn sword his chest,
With violence pierc'd, and tore his snowie breast.
Dead he sinks down, blood through his fair limbs sprung
And his neck falling on his shoulders hung :
As when a purple flowre cut by the plow
Languishing dies, or heads of *Poppie* bow
Their weary necks, oppress'd with showrs that fall :
But in bold *Nisus* charg'd, *Volsens* through all
Alone he seekes, only at *Volsens* made ;
Though round about, him enemies invade,
Wheeling his sword, no slower he rush'd on,
Till in the mouth of the *Rutlian*
He buried it, and dying kills his foe :
Then wounded on his friend himself did throw,
And there at last in quiet death did rest.
You, if my verse have power, be ever blest,
No age shall you forget, whilst *Trojans* shall
Plant the fix'd Rock, of the high *Capitol*

Or *Roman* Fathers shall the Empire sway.
 But the *Rutilian* conquerours share the prey,
 And weeping to the *Campe* dead *Volsens* beare.
 Nor was lesse griefe, *Rhamnes* found slaughter'd there,
 So many in one massacre, prime men
Serranus, *Numa* ; mighty concourse then
 Visit the corps, some not quite dead ; they flore
 Fresh slaughter warm'd, and full streams fresh with gore,
Messapus ipoyles they know, and glittering caske,
 And reins recovered by so hard a taske.

And here *Aurora* with new light had spread
 The earth, leaving *Tithonius* saffron bed ;
 Now when the Sun had shew'd the world againe,
 Arm'd *Turnus* forth did his arm'd souldiers traine,
 And all the Iron rancks in order sets ;
 Each man his wrath with various humours whets,
 When *Nisus* and *Euryalus* heads they bring,
 Fix'd on tall spears, and with loud clamouring
 (A woful sight) came on
 The valiant *Trojans* the left hand made good,
 The right side was secured with the flood.
 They mighty trenches man'd with all their powers,
 And sad they stood upon their losly towers,
 When well known heads they saw, t'increase the more
 Their swelling grief, flowing with purple gore.
 Whilst through the fearful town flew swift-wing'd fame,
 And gliding to *Euryalus* mother came,
 Which from the wretch did straight all heat compel ;
 Her yarn she tumbles down, her spindle fell :
 Out then with female cries, tearing her haire
 Distract she runs, and did to th' works repaire :
 Danger of men and weapons she defies,
 Where thus with loud complaints she fills the skies.
 Thus view I thee, *Euryalus* ? art thou he
 That shouldst support my age ? thus leav'st thou me ?
 Nor to thy mother grantst one complement,
 Before thou wast to such great dangers sent ?

Ah thou art left to dogs and birds a prey
 In a strange land; nor doth thy mother pay
 Thee funerall rites, nor close thine eyes, nor lave
 Thy wounds, nor cover with the vest I have
 Working both night and day hasten'd for thee,
 Which task in my old age did comfort me.
 Where shall I seek thee? in what coast remains
 Thy mangled limbs? what land thy corps contains?
 This the returns for all my love, dear son?
 For this have I by land and sea thus gone?
 Kill me, *Rutilians*, if you pity have,
 Dart all at me, and give me first a grave!
 Or thou great *Jove* thy self in mercy shew,
 O father! this my body, hateful now
 Unto the *Stygian* shade with thunder send,
 Since else my woful life I cannot end.

This pierc'd their souls, a sad groan past through all:
 Their courages in war undaunted, fall
Ideus and sad *Ænor*, by command
 Of *Ilioneus*, whilst she thus complain'd,
 Mov'd with *Ascanius* tears, lead her away
 By either arme, and to her house convey.

But now from far loud trumpets terrifie,
 Follow'd with shouts, which eccho from the skie.
 The *Volsceans* haste, and straight a Tostade form,
 Trenches to fill prepare, and works to storm;
 Some entrance seek, and strive to scale the wall
 Where men stood thinnest, and the guards but small.
Trojans on them all sorts of weapons throw,
 And with sharp-pointed spears repell the foe,
 Train'd by long war a city to defend,
 Huge rocks and mighty milstones down they send
 To break their fence-work, under which they slight
 All chances, and in danger take delight.
 Which now not serves; for where they thickest drew,
 On them a mighty heap the *Trojans* threw,
 Which beat the *Rutils* down, their shield-work broke.
 Nor more the hardy *Volsceans* undertook

T' assault with engines; but by open force
 To drive them from their works.
 On th'other side dreadful *Mezentius* came,
 Brandishing fire, and casts in pitchy flame.
Messapus that brave horseman, *Neptunes* race,
 Past trenches, and did scaling ladders place.
 O thou *Caliope*, inspire my verse
 Slaughters to sing, and funerals to rehearse
 Which *Turnus* made! whom, each man sent to hell.
 With me that wars great circumstances tell,
 For this you know, and to relate have power.

With transomes vast in prospect was a tower,
 A place of strength 'gainst which th' *Italians* joy'd
 Their force: this to overthrow their chief design.
 With stones the *Trojans* in great flocks defend.
 And from their loop-holes deadly weapons send.
 A brand Prince *Turnus* cast, and blazing flame
 Fix'd to the work; which, with the wind the frame
 Suddenly seiz'd, on burning post fast stuck.
 Amaz'd, within all shake; and whilst they flock
 Contriving to escape, and make retreat
 Where was no fire; the towre with mighty weight
 Suddenly fell, Heaven thunders with the sound.
 Half dead with the vast load they come to ground,
 With their own weapons hurt, that cruel steel
 Did guard their breasts, they in their bosoms feel.
 Hardly escap'd *Lycas* and *Helenor*,

Helenor the eldest, whom *Lycimnia* bore,
 Bondslave to the *Meonnan* King did reare,
 And sent to *Troy* unlawful arms to beare,
 With a white shield, and sword inglorious yer:

He, when he saw himself with troops beset,
 And *Latine* hands on every side he found,
 Like a wilde beast which hunters do surround,
 Runs on the weapons, and resolv'd to die
 Leaps through the toiles upon the enemy.
 So charg'd the desperate youth upon his foes,
 And where he saw the thickest squadron, goes.

Lycas

Lycas much swifter through the enemies
 And through their arms to the high bulwark flies,
 Then strives the tops of the tall works to reach,
 Endeavouring his friends right hands to catch.
 Whom *Turnus* follows with as swift a course,
 And thus bespeaks: Fond cou'dst thou hope our force
 Thus to escape? This said, him hanging caught,
 And down with great part of the bulwark brought.

A silver swan or hare *Ioves* eagle bears
 So through the sky, trust in his hooked scars,
 Or *Marses* wolf takes from the flock a lambe,
 Sought with much bleating of the mourning damme.
 They shout, they storm, to fill the trenches haste,
 And fire-works to the lofty bulwarks cast.

Ilioneus with a stone, part of a hill,
 Firing the gates, did bold *Lucetius* kill.
Lyger, *Emathia*, *Asylas* did orethrow
Chorineus; This the dart us'd, that the bow.

Ceneus, *Ortygius*. *Turnus* *Ceneus* slew,
Dioxe, and *Promul*, *Itys*, *Clonius* too,
Sagar, and *Ideas*, as they did maintain
 Their towres, *Privernus* was by *Capys* slain.
 This first a slight wound got from *Themella's* lance,
 But he his hand did to the wound advance
 Fondly to bind it, when a shaft did glide
 On nimble wings, and pin'd it to his side;
 The breathing places of his soul it found,
 And panting lungs pierc'd with a deadly wound.

In Arms compleat stood *Arcens* gallant son,
 Of Spanish die a rich coat he had on;
 A most fair youth, whom *Arcens* sent to have
 Breeding in *Mars* his grove, near *Symeths* wave,
 Where pleas'd *Palicus* smoking altar stands.
Mezentius laying by his arms, commands
 A sounding sling, then thrice about his head
 He whirls it round, and with the moulten lead
 He pierc'd his temples through, and from his stand
 He layes him weltring on a bed of sand.

Then first in war *Ascanius* (as they fame)
 A swift-wing'd arrow at the foe did aime :
 Before accustom'd wild beasts to pursue,
 And stout *Numanus* with his own hand slew,
 Stil'd *Rhemulus*, who lately did espouse
Turnus young sister, joyn'd to th'royal house.

Boasting things fit and unfit to relate ;
 Before the bands, puffed up with his new state,
 He struts, and on with mighty clamour came.

Again twice captive *Phrygians*, is't not shame
 To be besieg'd, and keep out death with walls ?

Behold, who seek by war our nuptials !

What god, or folly, caus'd you *Latium* steer ?

Here's no *Atrides*, no *Ulysses* here.

We a hard race, use infants to the stream,

In cruel ice and water harden them.

Our children hunting use, in woods resort

To break wild horse, and shooting is their sport.

Youth in toyle patient, and inur'd to want,

They plow the field or arm'd, proud cities daunt.

We spend our age in war, and goad our steers

With our turn'd javelins : and when struck in years,

Our courage fails not, nor our strength decays ;

We crush gray hairs with helms, and still fresh preyes

Delight to take, and live by spoils of war.

You cloath'd in purple, and in scarlet are,

Are pleas'd with sloth, in wanton dances pride ;

Your coats have hanging sleeves, your myters tide :

True female *Phrygians* ; men you are not : Go

To *Dyndimus*, whose well-set tunes you know,

Where Lutes and Harps of *Bericynthian Ide*

Invites ; and let men war ; lay arms aside.

Boasting such things, words of so dire extent
Ascanius not indur'd : his bow he bent

With a horse nerve, stretching his arms, prepares

Before *Jove* standing suppliant thus, with prayers

Great *Jupiter*, grant my bold enterprize,
 I'll to thy fanes bring solemn sacrifice ;

And

And at thy Altars place a snowie steer,
 Who lofty crests doth like his mother bear;
 And buts with horns, his feet the sand doth spread;
 Jove heard, and from the left-side thundered
 Through the cleer skie, then sounds the deadly bow,
 As soon through *Rhemulus* head the shaft did go,
 And the wing'd steel did through both temples glide;
 Go, now, and valour with proud words deride,
 Twice captiv'd *Phrygians* you these answers send,
Ascanius said. *Trojans* with shouts attend
 And loud applause, to heaven their hope advance.

Then bright-hair'd *Phæbus* from the skie by chance
 The City and *Ausonian* band survaid
 Plac'd in a cloud, and to *Ascanius* said.

So with new prowesse boy; so climb the stars,
 From gods sprung, gods to get; 'tis just all wars
 Hider *Assaracus* house by fate should seise;
 Nor *Troy* shall thee contain. As he said these,
 He cuts the breathing aire, from heaven descends,
 And in old *Butes* forme, t' *Ascanius* bends.

Trojan Anchises Squire he was before,
 And faithful kept a guard still at his door,
 Whom then to wait on's Son, *Aeneas* sent.
 In all points like th' old man, *Apollo* went.
 Such his white haire, complexion, and his voice,
 And dreadful arms, rattling with mighty noise:
 Who thus to fierce *Ascanius* then Began.

Trojan enough! *Numanus* thou hast slain,
 To thee *Apollo* grants thy first desire,
 Nor envies equal arms; from fight retire
 Having thus said, from mortall eyes he fled,
 And far from thence, to thin air vanished.
 The God, and heavenly shafts, the *Trojans* knew,
 And saw his sounding quiver as he flew.
 Straight from the fight *Ascanius* they convey;
 And *Phæbus* power and his command obey.
 But they return again to charge the foes,
 And 'gainst all dangers do their lives expose.

Then clamor round the wals from tower to tower,
 They bend their bowes, and clouds of arrows poure.
 The earth is strew'd with arms, with mighty blows
 Helms and shiel ls rattle : a huge fight arose ;
 As from moyst *Kids* when boisterous storms assail
 The yielding earth, and show'rs commix'd with hail
 Swell to a flood, the skie with rough winds loud
 Drives wintry night, and rears a hollow cloud.

Pandarus and *Bittas*, both *Alcanors* seed,
 Whom Nymph *Hiera* in *Joves* wood did breed,
 Youths like their countreys firre, and mountains tall,
 Open a gate, which to the charge did fall
 Of their own chief ; these bold in arms did go,
 And bravely challeng'd to the wals their foe ;
 Within, themselves on either hand they place ;
 And arm'd with steel, bright crests their heads did grace.
 Such as sky-kissing ckes by twins that grow
 Near chrystal streams or pleasant banks of *Poe*,
 Or nigh fair *Athetis*, to heaven they spread,
 And unlop'd boughs shake with a stately head.

Ausonians rush, seeing the open gate,
 Bold *Quercens* then, and fair *Equicolus* straight
 With martial *Hemon* charge, and *Tmarus* stout,
 Or with whole squadrons these would face about,
 Or in the entrance of the gate expire.
 The quarrel heats, and more increas'd their ire ;
 Then *Trojans* gather with a mighty shout,
 Fight hand to hand, dare sally further out.

A messenger, whilst valiant *Turnus* fought
 Bravely 'gainst other parts, these tydings brought,
 Foes flesh'd with slaughter open gates afford.
 He leaves all businesse then, with anger stir'd
 To *Dardan* gates, and the proud brothers goes.
Antiphates first, (for he did first oppose)
 (*Sarpedons* natural son by a *Theban* dame)
 He with his spear o'rethrew ; the javelin came
 Through yielding aire, and through his entrals glides,
 He from the wound a purple river bleeds,

And

And in his lungs warm grows the fixed steel.
 Then he did *Merops*, *Erymanthus* kill.
 Next, *Bitias* with fierce eyes, and raging heart,
 Not with a spear (he yields not to a dart)
 With a huge *Phalarick* he did assail,
 Like lightning sent; neither his trusty mail,
 Strengthened with gold, nor two bull hides defend.
 The mighty falls, the earth a grone did send:
 Above his huge shield rung: As in times past
 On the Euboick shores of *Baia* plac'd,
 A stone pile sinks: which erst with mighty walls
 Stood in the Sea, now with a ruine falls,
 And in the sholes torn from foundations lies.
 Waves mix'd with waves, and the deep sands arise;
 Then high *Prochyta* trembles at the sound,
 And the hard bed where *Jove* *Typhæus* bound.

Here bloody *Mars*, the *Ansonians* courage stirs,
 And in their bosomes strikes his sharpest spurs:
 But to the *Trojans* sends base fear, and flight.
 Each where they charge, occasion given to fight,
 The God of War inflames their minds.

As *Pandarus* beheld his brother slain,
 And what sad fortune might for him remain,
 He straight with mighty strength claps to the gates
 With his broad shoulders: many of his mates
 Then he shut out, and in hard conflict leaves,
 But many others rushing in, receives:
 Who fond then saw not *Turnus* in the troupe
 Boldly break in, and willingly shut up,
 Like a huge Tyger 'mongst tame cattel found.
 His eyes seem fierce, his dreadful arms resound:
 And on his crest tremble his bloody plumes,
 Whilst from his thundring shield bright lightning comes.
 They know his hated face, and Gyant size,
 Which much th'amaz'd *Trojans* terrifies.
 Then up to him straight mighty *Pandarus* made
 And raging for his brothers slaughter said,

This not the royal portion from the Queen
 Which you expect, nor are you now within
Ardea, nor your native Country (Prince)
 This the foes camp; nor shalt thou scape from (hence)
 Then *Tarnus* smiling, calmly did reply,
 If you're so stout, come and your prowess try;
 For thou shalt tell to *Priam* under ground,
 That here a new *Achilles* thou hast found.
 He said, whilst *Pandarus* boldly did advance,
 And cast at him a rough and knottie lance;
 The aire receives the wound, *Juno* being there
 Turns it, and in the gate she fix'd the spear.

But this good sword which in my right hand I
 Command with so much strength, thou shalt not flie.
 Our weapons are not like, nor shall the wound.
 Then with his sword raising himself from th' ground,
 He with a mighty blow his forehead cleaves,
 And on his downy cheeks a huge gash leaves.
 Shook with his mighty weight earth did resound,
 He stretcht his dying limbs upon the ground;
 His arms besmear'd with brain; his cloven head
 On both sides hung, over each shoulder spread.
 The *Trojans* flie, routed with trembling feare;
 And if the Conqueror straight, had took that care
 To have broke the bars, and let his souldiers in,
 To th' war, and Nation, that day last had been,
 Drove raging 'gainst the foe.

And first he *Gyges* maim'd, and *Phalaris* slew,
 And spears from flyers snatch'd, at them he threw.
 For *Juno* did both strength and courage yield.
Halys he kills, runs *Phlegus* through his shield.
Alexander, *Halias*, *Noemon*, *Prytanus* slew,
 Whilst hot in fight, of this they nothing knew.
 And *Lynceus*, as he charg'd, and others calls,
 With his bright sword surpriz'd them on the walls;
 Whose head and helmer cut off at one blow,
 Tumbles far off. *Amymon*, then a foe

To savage beasts; none better could anoint
Weapons then he, with poison arm the point.
Clitus and *Creteus* next, the *Muses* friend.
Creteus that lov'd the *Muses*, verses pen'd;
Pleas'd with the Lyre, he numbers set to strings,
And still of horse, and arms, and battels sings.

At last the Trojan Leaders at the same
Of this great slaughter, in to rescue came;
And up with *Mnestheus* bold *Serestus* bends,
They saw the foe, and their amazed friends.
When *Mnestheus* said, Where flie you? where d'ye go?
What other strength or bulwarks do you know?
Shall one man, firs, and round inclos'd with walls,
Escape, and make so many funerals,
And such great numbers of prime men destroy?
Base cowards! of your selves, and hapless Troy
Have you no pity? blush you not with shame
For your old gods, and great *Æneas* fame?

With words like these encourag'd, boldly then
In a thick body they drew up agen.

But *Turnus* by degrees retreats from them,
To th' river and those parts lay near the stream.
At which more fierce the Trojans with a shout
Press boldly on, and gather round about:

As when a troop a Lion hath beset
With cruel spears, he makes a brave retreat,
Although forbid by valour and by rage,
Nor can, though willing, 'gainst such power ingage;
So unresolv'd, bold *Turnus* did retire,
Whilst in his bosom boyls a flood of ire.
Yet twice where foes were thickest, on he falls,
And twice he drove that party from the walls.
When from the Camp, in a full body made
'Gainst one, th' whole army drew, nor longer aid
T' oppose such forces, *Juno* durst supply
For *Jove* had sent bright *Iris* from the sky,
Who to *Saturnia* carried strict commands
That *Turnus* should escape the Trojan bands.

Therefore

Therefore his shield and strength too weak he found,
Orewhelm'd with darts, with showres of arrows drown'd
His hollow cask which arm'd his temples, groines,
And solid brass gives way to battering stones :
His plumes are beaten off, nor doth his targe
Sustain the blows, nor thundring *Mnestheus* charge ;
Whilst thick their javelins a whole Army throws,
No intermission : then a salt sweat flows
Ore all his limbs, and a black river glides,
And faint short-breathing shakes his ample sides.
At last with all his arms a leap he gave
Into the stream, which on his silver wave
Receiv'd him, and on yielding billows bore
From slaughter cleans'd, to 's friends on th'other shore.

THE

THE
TENTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jove calls a Council, and declares the Fates :
Venus complains : Juno recriminates.
Æneas, Tarchon, and the Tyrrhens loyn'd,
Their men aboard, they saile with prosperous wind.
The martial list. Ships turn'd to Nymphs appear,
And sad Æneas with their counsel cheer.
Landed, they fight ; the Plain huge slaughter fills,
Æneas, Lausus ; Turnus, Pallas kills.
Shap'd like Æneas, a fantastick shade
Turnus provokes, and thence to Sea convaide.
Mizentius, to revenge his son, again
Entring the fight, is by Æneas slain.*

MEan while Heavens mighty courts are open, when
The father of the gods, and King of men
A counsel calls : from starry thrones, all lands
He views, the Dardan camps, and Latian bands.
And thus, all plac'd, he said : You deities,
Wherefore so often change you your decrees ?
And why in sharp debates are you thus hot ?
Latium to war with Troy, I granted not.

Why this unlawful strife, what jealousies made
 Or these, or them take arms, to fight perswade?
 Just time of war (nor hasten it) shall come,
 When cruel *Carthage* to the towres of *Rome*
 Through open *Alpes* shall great destruction send.
 Then may they all things spoil, with hate contend;
 But now desist, and make a happy peace.

Jove brief; but beauteous *Venus* answered these
 At large —

Father, of men and gods eternal King,
 (For to none else may we petitions bring)
 Thou seest how *Rurils* boast, and *Turnus* rides
 Triumphant through the bands, who bold now prides
 In wars successe: nor *Trojans* walls defend,
 But they within their gates and works contend.
 With blood their trenches flow, and now their Prince
Aeneas absent, wants intelligence.
 Must we be still besieg'd? must we again
 The walls of rising *Troy* 'gainst foes maintain?
 More armies yet? shall once more *Diomed*
 Against the *Dardans* his *Aeolians* lead?
 Then *I new* wounds, as I suppose must feel,
 And I thy race be pierc'd with mortal steel.
 If *Trojans*, without leave for *Latium* made,
 Let them be punish'd neither grant them aid:
 But if they all those Oracles obey
 Which *Gods* and *Manes* gave, who thy decree
 Can alter then? or why new fates, ordain?
 Of our fir'd Navie why should I complain?
 Nor of the King of tempests, and those loud
 Storms which he rais'd, nor *Iris* from a cloud.
 And now the fiends (which only were untride
 Of all the world) she raiseth to her side,
 And straight *Alecto* sent from *Stygian* waves:
 Who now through all th' *Aulonian* Cities raves.
 Nor am I mov'd for realms; whilst fortune stood
 We hop'd; let them now conquer thou think'st good.

If no Land thy stern wife grants them t' enjoy;

By smokie ruines of consumed *Troy*,

Father, I thee beseech; from arms detain

Ascanius safe, preserv'd, let him remain.

Æneas may be tost through unknown seas,

And whatsoever course fortune shall please

He may pursue; Let me but save the boy,

Ah let not cruel war the child destroy.

Mine lofty *Paphos*, mine *Amathus* is,

Cytherum and *Idalian* Palaces;

Let him unexercis'd in cruel strife

Of dreadful war, there finish quiet life;

Command aspiring *Garthage* then to lay

Huge taxes on subdu'd *Ausonia*,

And *Tyrian* Tow'rs that nothing shall debar,

What help'd it us to 'scape from cruel war?

To flie through *Græian* fire, and to exhaust

All dangers of the sea and countreys vast,

Whilst *Trojans* for new *Troy* and *Latium* stand.

We had better built, on ashes of our land,

Dwelt where *Troy* stood. *Xanthus* and *Simois* grant,

And that again we *Ilium* may replant.

Highly incens'd then Royal *Juno* spake:

Why mak'st thou me deep silence thus to break,

And in this place our hidden grief declare?

What *God* or man *Æneas* forc'd to war?

Or to the King *Latinus* made a foe?

Fate him to *Italy* sent; then be it so.

Drove by *Cassandra's* rage, have we enjoyn'd

Him to set sail, and venture life to wind?

Or trust a boy with conduct in the war?

Or *Tyrrhen* faith, or realms in peace to stir?

What power of mine betray'd him, or what god?

Where's *Juno* here, or *Iris* from a cloud?

It is unjust *Italians* should surround

Troy with a leaguer, and on native ground

Turnus should stand, the great *Philumnus* heire,

Whom bright *Venilia*, the blest goddess bare.

Shall

Shall *Trojans* thus with fire and sword pursue,
 Take spoils, and lawlesse others land subdue ;
 March where they please, rob husbands of their bride ;
 Make shew of peace, and yet for war provide ?
 Thou couldst from *Grecian* troops thy son regain ;
 Place empty clouds, and shadowes for the man :
 Thou couldst to Nymphs the *Trojan* Navy change :
 But if we help the *Rutils*, this seems strange.

Aeneas absent, wants intelligence ;
 And absent let him : thou for thy defence
Idalium, high *Cytherum* hast : why then
 Temptst thou seats big with war and valiant men ?
 Did we declining *Phrygia's* realm destroy ?
 Or they who mov'd the *Greeks* to war with *Troy*
 What did to arms *Europe* and *Asia* stir,
 And to break peace by rape ! Th' Adulterer
 Did he take *Sparta* by our conduct led ?
 Did I give arms, or war with foul lust fed ?
 Thou shouldst have then been careful ; now complaints
 Are but in vain ; falsely thou me attainst.

Thus *Juno* pleads, and all the gods a noise
 With votes divided made ; as when winds rise,
 And stopt by woods, a sudden murmur send,
 Which doth a storm to mariners portend.
 Then mighty *Jove* began who governs all,
 Silence impos'd through the *Olympick* Hall.
 Earth to the Center shook, Heaven at a stand,
 The winds were laid, seas smoothes champaign land ;

Careful attend my words ; and bear in mind,
 Since these two Nations cannot be conjoin'd,
 And your divisions never will have end :
 What hope or fortune doth on each attend ?
 'Twixt *Trojans*, *Rutils*, I'll no difference make :
 This Siege by fate, if *Latins* undertake,
 Or else by *Troys* ill conduct or advice :
 Let each the chance of his own enterprise
 And danger bear : *Jove's* the same King to all,
 The fates will make their way whatever fall.

This by his brothers streams he ratifide,
Which round about th'infernal kingdome glide;
Banks full of sulphure, and the horrid lakes,
And with his nod he all *Olympus* shakes.
Then from his golden throne great *Jove* did rise,
Attended to his court by deities.

Mean while the *Rutiles* with great clamour came,
Close to the gates, and hem'd the walls with flame;
But in their trenches kept the *Trojan* band,
No hope to 'scape, sad on high towres they stand;
To man their works but slender guards they place,
Iasus, *Thymetes*, bold *Hicetons* race,
With *Castor*, th' *Assaraci* and *Tybris* stood,
With them two brothers of *Sarpedons* blood,
Whom them accompanied from the *Lycian* shore.

Acmon with all his strength a huge stone bore.
A mountains greatest part, who in the wars
No lesse then's father, or his brother dares;
Some Javelins cast, and others stones did throw;
And these did wild-fire hurl, or use their bow,
Behold *Ascanius*, *Venus* chiefeft care,
Amidst the thickest, with his Temples bare.
So shines a jewel set in purest gold,
Made to adorn the head, or neck infold,
Such lustre ivory doth to box impart;
Or to *Orician* brazil wrought by art.
His snowie neck, his flowing hair receives:
And purest gold his tresses interweaves

Aiming thy shafts, and poisoning darts, the bold,
Nations did thee, brave *Ismarus*, behold,
In *Lybia* born, where men plow fertile lands,
And rich *Pacholus* rows his golden sands.

And *Mnestheus* present was, whose late successe,
When from the walls he *Turnus* did repress,
Him honour gave; and *Capys* of great fame,
From whom *Campania* doth derive her name.

Whilst thus they were engag'd in cruel fight;
Æneas sails through the dark seas by night.

As soon as he to th' *Etrurian* army came,
 He acquaints the General with his stock and name,
 What aids he needs, and what he hath declares :
 And what great force *Mezentius* prepares:
 And shews how fury *Turnus* doth incense,
 In humane greatness what small confidence
 Is to be plac'd ; and humbly help did beg.
 Straight *Tarchon* forces joyns, and makes a League ;
 Then freed by fate the *Lydians* haste aboard,
 Under the conduct of a forraign Lord.

Aeneas ship the Admiral, sails before,
 And in her prow two *Phrygian* Lyons bore.
Ida above which *Trojans* much did take ;
 In this *Aeneas* did his voyage make,
 And various chance of war did ruminate ;
 But on his left hand youthful *Pallas* fate,
 And learns the stars by which through night they stand
 Their course, his suffering then by sea and land.

You *Muses*, now open your sacred spring,
 And raise my notes, that I inspir'd may sing
 What bands *Aeneas* brought from *Tuscan* shore,
 Who man'd his ships which him to th' ocean bore.
 I th' brazen *Tyger Massicus* first stands,
 From *Clusius* he a thousand youth commands ;
 Who *Cosus* left, these darts and javelins throw,
 And bear light quivers with a deadly bow ;
 Fierce *Abas* next, with compleat armed bands ;
 On's stern in gold shining *Apollo* stands.
 His mother *Populonia* did present
 Six hundred expert ; and three, *Ilva* sent.
 The *Ile* for inexhausted mines prefer'd.

Asylas, gods interpreter, was third,
 Whom smoaking entrails, and the stars obey'd ;
 He tongues of birds, presaging thunder sway'd ;
 A thousand he did with sharp spears convey,
 Whom *Latian Pisa* that they should obey
 Gave strict command ; and joyn'd in covenant,
 Who in the *Ceres* dwell, and those who plant

By *Minio's* streams, then from old *Pyrgians* were,
And from *Gravisca* of intemperate aire.

Cycnus that bold *Lygurian*, neither you
Eupavo Ile orepassè, who led but few:
A swans bright plume did from his crest advance,
Of his transformed fire the cognisance.

Love was your only crime: for, as 'tis said,
Whilst *Cycnus* mourning in his sisters shade
For his dear *Phaeton*, in the poplar grove,
And with his sweet Muse comforts his sad love,
His hoary hair into soft feathers grew,
Then mounting to the stars he singing flew.
His son accompanied with equal bands,
Rows the great *Centaure*; she through billows stands
Threatning the waves, tall like a mighty hill,
And the deep ocean plows with her long keel.

Orneus a band rais'd from his fathers shore.
Prophetick *Manto* him to *Tyber* bore,
Who gave to *Mantua* walls, and's mothers name:
Mantua high-stock'd, but not from one race came:
A tripple kinde, four tribes in each of them;
But this the head, and strength o'th' *Tuscan* stem.

Hence came five hundred, which *Mezentius* deeds
Arm'd 'gainst himself, whom *Mincius* crown'd with reeds.
Brought down from ancient *Benachus* the brine
They boldly plow in a most warlike pine.

A hundred oars with bold *Auletes* come,
Who sweep the waves, and make the billows fume.
This mighty *Triton*-bore, frightening the tydes
With his shrill trump, his face and hairy sides
Above presents a man, a whale the rest,
And so my waves resound beneath his breast.
In thrice ten ships as many Leaders go
Troy to releive; and the salt ocean plow.

Now day had heaven forsaken, and the bright
Moons black chariot scales *Olympus* height.
The Prince, (for no rest grants his troubled mind)
Sits at the helm, and swells the sails with wind.

But

But then, behold ! amidst his voyage, bends
 To him a train of Nymphs, his antient friends ;
 Whom blest *Cybele* bid to rule the seas,
 And had from ships transform'd to goddesses.
 They swam together, and the waves divide ;
 As many ships did once at anchor ride :
 They knew their King, and round about him dance,
Cymodocea, of best utterance,
 Seiz'd with her right his stern her left hand laves
 (Raising her self from sea) the silent waves,
 And thus he spake : Sleepst thou, O goddess son ?
 Awake, great Prince, and clap more canvass on.
 We are those pines which once crown'd sacred *Ide*,
 Thy Fleet, now chang'd to Nymphs : when terrifide
 With *Turnus*, threatening sword and fire, than we
 Our cables broke, and through the sea sought thee :
Cybele pitying us, this form did give,
 Sea-Nymphs to be, and under waves to live.
 But young *Ascanius* is beleagured round
 With arms, and *Latines* ever warlike sound ;
 And now th' *Arcadian* horse joyn with the bold
Hetrurians, and allotted quarters hold :
 To send a party, 's *Turnus* main designe
 To keep the passe ; lest both their forces joyn.
 Rise, and command thy friends with early dawn,
 To arm themselves and brace thy target on
 Which *Vulcan* gave thee, and th' unconquer'd shield
 Did with pure gold on the large border gild.
 Next day, if thou conceive my words not vain,
 Thou shalt behold huge heaps of *Rutills* slain.

This said, she takes her leave, and as she dives
 Her skilful hand, the lusty vessel drives.
 Swift as a dart through billows flies the ship,
 Or winged shafts that nimble winds outstrip.
 So the whole fleet divide the briney seas,
 This, much amaz'd great *Anchisiades*,
 But yet the omen did his spirits raise :
 Then freely viewing heavens mighty convex, prays,

Mother

Mother of gods, thou who in *Dyndymus* prid'st,
 And towre crown'd cities, and with lyons rid'st :
 O guide me in the fight ! Dear goddesse, be
 Neer with protection, and blest augurie !

Whilst thus he pray'd, *Aurora* with new light
 Led on the day, and darkness put to flight.
 First he commands that they should all appear,
 Refresh their spirits, and for fight prepare.
 And now his *Dardan* city he beheld,
 Then from the stern he shews his glittering shield.
 At which a *Trojan* shout mounts to the stars ;
 And hope thus added, more their fury spurs.
 Then thick they javelins cast : Cranes not so loud
 Extend their voices from a gloomy cloud
 When they with clamour cut the yielding skie,
 And from a threatned tempest sounding lie.

But the *Rutilan* King, and all the bold
Ansonian chiefs with wonder did behold,
 Till they to shore saw the tall Navy stood,
 And winged vessels hide the ample flood.
 His crest now burns, flames from his plumes aspire,
 And *Turnus* golden helm did shine with fire.

As in moist night, a blazing Comet streams
 With bloody omens red, and *Syrus* beams
 Brings to sad mortalls sicknesses and thirst,
 And heaven in mourning hangs, with influence curst:

But nothing daunts bold *Turnus* confidence
 To march to shore, and drive th' adventurers thence ;
 And thus, with words did sleeping valor rouse.

You have obtain'd what long you sought with vows,
 And now you have it in your power to fight ;
 Then let your wives and fortunes you excite !
 Your fathers facts and fame to memory call ;
 Lets sudden charge, and on them bravely fall,
 Whilst now they landing reel, with staggering fear.
Fortune assists the bold.

This said he casts what forces out to lead,
 And whom to trust with walls beleagured.

Mean while *Aeneas* ladders for his men
 Plac'd from the lofty ships : but many then
 Observ'd when waves retreated from the shores.
 Then leap to land ; but others trust their oars.
Tarchon supposing he a coast had found
 Where was no shoal, nor broke waves did resound,
 But a calme water with a swelling tyde.
 Thither he turns, and to his men thus cryde.

Now lustie youth, now to your tackling stand ;
 Drive in the ship, and strike that enemy land ;
 And let the keel in its own furrow sit ;
 To gain that landing Ile my vessel split.

This said, at once all stoutly ply their oars,
 And brought their coming ships to *Latine* shores,
 Until their fleet safe on dry ground did stand,
 And without harme the whole Navie came to land.
 But thy ship *Tarchon* did not save her self,
 For whilst it hung upon a spiteful shelf,
 Beaten with billows, it was bilg'd at last,
 And all her Souldiers in the Ocean cast ;
 Whilst plancks and broken oars did hinder them,
 And drew their sliding feet back with the stream.

Nor *Turnus* us'd delay, but all his bands
 Against *Trojans* draws, and on the shore he stands,
 They sound a charge ; and first *Aeneas* sets
 On rustick bands, and a good signe, defeats
 A *Latine* Squadron, and bold *Thero* flew,
 Who at *Aeneas* desperately flew ;
 Quite through his golden mail, and brazen targe,
 His sword in's bosom found a passage large.
 Then *Licas* rip'd from's mothers belly kill'd,
 Sacred to thee O *Phæbus*, though a child,
 He steel escap'd : not far from thence orethrows
 Stern *Cyffeus* and huge *Gyas*, dealing blows
 With knottie clubs ; nor could *Alcides* arms
 Nor mighty size, nor could in those alarms
 Their father help, who *Hercules* did aid
 In all th'adventures which on earth he made,

Behold

Behold ! whilst *Pharon* vainly boasts, he cast
 A spear, which in's clamouring mouth stuck fast :
 And next unhappy *Cydon*, whilst he seeks
 His new love *Clytius*, fair with downie cheeks
Æneas slew, and of that love now freed
 Youth to him made ; thou hadst lamented dy'd,
 But that thy brothers up against him drew,
 Seven, *Phorcus* off-spawn, who seven javelins threw:
 Some harmless, on his shield and helm resound,
 Some *Venus* broke, not suffering to wound.

Then did *Æneas* true *chates* call,
 And said, bring me those darts (now this hand shall
 Spend one against the *Ruttie* in vain)
 Drawn from *Greek* bodies on the *Dardan* plain.
 This said, he snatcht a javelin strong and large,
 Which well-aim'd pierc't through *Meons* brazen targe
 And through his breast and breast-plate passage made.
Alcanor his bold brother giving aid,
 Bringing his dying brother off, by chance,
 Through th' arm sustain'd him flies the winged lance,
 And sticking in the wound with blood was dide :
 His hand with slack nerves hanging by his side.

From's brothers body *Numitor*, a lance
 Having pul'd forth t' *Æneas* did advance ;
 But him it must not wound, the spear past by,
 And fix'd it self in great *Achates* thigh.
 Here youthful *Lausus* up a squadron brings,
 And a rough javelin at bold *Driophes* flings ;
 Under his chin, in's throat fast stuck the lance ;
 Bereaving him of speech and life at once.
 Down on his face he tumbles on the earth ;
 And a deep sea of purple vomits forth.

Three *Thracians* next, of *Boreas* high descent,
 And three of *Ida's* sons, from *Ismar* sent
 By several ways he slew : *Hales* brings on
Aruncian bands ; next charge great *Neptune's* son
 Well-hors'd *Messapus* : these get ground, now they,
 They fought in th' entrance of *Ansonia*.

As warning tempests meet, in th' ample skies.
 With equal strength, and equal courages;
 Nor winds, nor clouds, nor seas give place, in doubt
 The battel stands, resolv'd to fight it out.
 So came the *Trojans* and the *Latins* on,
 Set foot to foot and close up man to man.

But on the other side, where streams had born
 Down rowling stones, and shrubs from bancks had torn,
Pallas beheld th' *Arcadian* horse unskil'd
 To fight with foot, to shrink and leave the field,
 Whom disadvantage of the ground compels
 To quit their horse, having no succour else
 In that extreame; these he intreats and prays,
 And now with sharp words did their courage raise.

Where do you flie? by th' acts which you have done,
 By great *Evanders* name, and victories won,
 And my adventures for my countries praise:
 Trust not to flight, but charge the enemies;
 And where they thickest stand, there venture through;
 Your Prince, your Countrey, this requires of you.
 No gods oppose, mortal 'gainst mortal stands.
 You have more courage; and as many hands;
 Before the Ocean waves opposed be,
 No land is left, are you for *Troy* by sea?

This said, he charg'd amongst the thickest foes,
 Whom *Lagus* by stern fates did first oppose;
 Who whilst he lists at him a mighty stone,
 Was with his spear run through the shoulder bone;
 Then back again he drew the fastned lance,
 Whom *Hisbon* could not, though he did advance,
 Relieve: for *Pallas* whilst he rush'd betwixt
 Him in his rage, with the same javelin fix'd
 And gave him his companions cruel death;
 For he his sword in's swelling lungs did sheath.
 Next *Stethlenus* and *Anchemelus* he kil'd,
 Who boldly his step-mothers bed defil'd.
 Then *Thymber* and *Larides* were orethrown
 In *Rutile* fields, these twins, so like that none

Though

Though well acquainted, could a difference make;
Whose Parents oft rejoyc'd at the mistake:

But *Pallas* now a sad distinction made,
Lops *Thymbers* head off with th' *Evandrian* blade,
And thy right hand for thee (*Larides*) felt;
The half-dead finger's trembling sought the hilt;

Mov'd with this speech and valour of the man,
Vex'd and ashamde, on the *Arcadians* ran,
And here the valiant *Pallas Rhetus* slew,
As in his chariot passing by he flew;
(This only stay there was of *Ilus* chance,
For he at *Ilus* aim'd his mighty lance.)

And *Rhetus* hits, as cowardly he shuns
Bold *Teuthrus* thee, and from thy brother runs:
With his deaths wound he from his chariot reels,
And beats *Rutilian* Plains with dying heels;

As when a swaine in woods makes many fires,
When gales in spring blow fresh to his desires:
Straight the main bodie's seiz'd; all meet again,
And *Vulcans* bands triumphing spread the Plain;
Whilst victor he the conquering flames survaids:
So *Pallas* friends conjoyn'd to bring him aide.

But stout *Halesus* bends 'gainst all alarms,
And puts himself in posture with his arms.
Cemodocus, *Ladon*, *Pharetes* did dispatch,
Lops *Strymons* hands, which at his throat did catch:
Then with a stone o'th' head takes *Thoas* full,
And beats into his brains his battered scull.

Halesus was in woods by's father hid,
Foreseeing fate: but when the old man dy'd,
Him destiny with cruel hands did seize,
And by th' *Evandrian* sword did sacrifice,
Whom *Pallas* charg'd, thus having made his prayer
O father *Tyber*! grant, this brandish'd spear
May through *Halesus* bosome make its way!
And to thy oke his arms and spoils I'll pay.
The god inclin'd; whilst he did *Imaon* save.
His open breast *Arcadian* lance he gave.

But *Lausus* powrful in the war, kept all
 His men undaunted, at this Captains fall,
 First *Abas* slew, who first maintain'd the fight,
 Th' *Arcadians* and *Hetrurians* put to flight,
 And you! O *Trojans*, scap't the *Grecian* bands.
 They charge with equal Chiefs, and like Commands;
 Double their fronts, so thick the iron grove
 They could not use their arms, nor weapons move.
 Here *Pallas* charges; *Lausus* did ingage
 Another party there; nor of their age
 Much difference was, and both most gallant men;
 But fortune had denide they should a en
 Their native countrey see; for who commands
Olympus starry Palaces, withstands
 That they should meet, in single fight oppose;
 On them their fates attend by greater foes.

Mean while his Sister *Turnus* did advise
Lausus to help; he through the battel flies
 On winged wheels; and there where he espide
 His men ingag'd, he spake; Stand all aside
 And let me only now with *Pallas* joyn,
 The honour of his death must needs be mine:
 I would his father were spectator here!
 This said, the field at his command they cleer.
 But *Pallas*, when the *Rutills* had retir'd,
 Then *Turnus* proud commands the youth admir'd;
 And viewing his huge body, was amaz'd:
 Yet with a cruel eye upon him gaz'd;
 And saying thus, against the Tyrant came:

I shall obtain his spoils and mighty fame,
 Or noble death: each will my father please.
 Then briefly said, forbear such threats as these.
 And with the word, drew to the open plains.
 Cold fear th' *Arcadians* blood drives from their veins.
Turnus from's chariot lights, on foot to fight:
 And as a Lyon comes who from a height
 Hath seen a Evil, for Battel to prepare:
 So in his march the King himself did beare;

When

When *Pallas* saw he could him with his lance
Reach, as he pleas'd : then first he did advance,
If fortune pleas'd, would him, though weaker, aid:
Then thus to *Hercules* in high heaven he praid.

Oh, by my fathers hospitable board,
Which thou a stranger honour'dst once, afford
Assistance now to this great enterprise!
Let *Turnus* me behold with dying eyes,
Breathing his last, a Conquerour to seize
His bloody arms! This heard great *Hercules*,
And pouring vain tears forth, he gave a groan,
Then *Jove* with comfort thus bespake his son,
Each hath his fate, *Short and irreparable time*
Mans life enjoys : But by brave deeds to clime
To honours height, this they by valour gain,
How many sons of Gods at *Troy* was slain?
Sarpedon there, my progenie, did fall :
And *Turnus* fates for him already call,
And he to his appointed date must yield.
This said, his eye turns from th' *Ausonian* field.

But *Pallas* with huge strength his javelin threw,
And's glittering sword straight from his scabberd drew :
Through ætherial orbs resounding flies,
Where the high coverings of his shoulder lies,
Then through the skirts of's shield a passage found,
And gave to mighty *Turnus* a small wound.

Here *Turnus* having pois'd a spear of oke,
Pointed with steel, aiming at *Pallas*, spoke :
See if our javelin will not better passe.
This said, his shield plated with steel and brass,
So thick with Bull-hides lin'd, trembling, it prest,
And through his corslet pierc'd his ample brest.
He from the wound in vain the warm spear drew,
Whilst the same way, blood and his soul, pursue.
Falling on's wound, his arms above resound,
And dying, bites with bloody mouth the ground.
Then *Turnus* standing ore,

Arcadians, tell *Evander* these he said,
I Pallas send such as he merited :
 What ere the honor is of obsequie
 And joy at funerals, shall my bounty be :
Aeneas entertainment shall be paid
 Back with no small reward, Thus having said,
 And treading with his left foot on the dead,
 He seiz'd his belt richly embroidered,
 Wrought with a crime, in one nights nuptialls slain
 So many youths blood, bridall chambers stain.
 And with pure gold skilful *Eurytion* wrought,
 Which spoils now *Turnus* boasts proud to have got,
 Men not foreseeing chance, and future fates,
 And to observe a mean in prosperous States.
 The time shall come, when *Turnus* will in vain
 Wish, with Kingdoms price, *Pallas* unslain,
 And with those spoils he shall abhor the day
 With groans and tears his servants *Pallas* lay
 Upon a shield, and round about his mourn,
 Great grief and glory to thy fire return,
 This thy first day in war, and this thy last,
 But yet thou heaps of slain *Rutilians* sawst.

Not of so great misfortune only fame,
 But certain tydings to *Aeneas* came ;
 Which told his army in great danger stands,
 And now or never aid his shrinking bands.
 Who ere he meets, he levels with his sword,
 And steele to him a passage did afford.
 Seeking thee *Turnus* with new slaughter proud :
Pallas, *Evander*, favours they allow'd
 To him a stranger, and those aids he brought
 Present themselves, to his revengeful thought
 Four gallant youths, which were at *Salmon* bred,
 As many which cold *Ufens* nourished,
 Living he took : for shades an offering dire,
 Whose captive blood shall due the funeral fire.

At *Mago* then a dreadful spear he threw,
 Who stooping, o're him, the swift javelin flew ;

He suppliant then, grasping his knees. begun,
 By thy fires *Manes*, and thy hopeful son,
 This life, both for a son and father save.
 I have a Palace, where I talents have
 Of hoarded silver, and huge summes of gold,
 Coind and uncoin'd This victory can't withhold :
 Nor one mans life so great a difference make.
 This said : Then thus to him *Æneas* spake.
 The gold and silver which thou mention'st, spare
 To help thy children ; *Turnus* in this War
 Hath bar'd all quarter since he *Pallas* slew,
 This to my father, and my son is due.
 Then, whilst he mercy craves, he seiz'd his crest
 And ran to th' hilts his sword within his brest.

Hard by was *Phœbus* priest, *Emonius* son
 With all his robes, *Surplice* and *Mitre* on.
 Known by his glorious arms, and glittering shield,
 Him first he charg'd, and drives through all the field.
 Then of him slain a sacrifice he made,
 And standing ore, hides with his mighty shade.
Serestus takes his curious arms to be
 A lasting trophie, father *Mars* to thee.

Ceculus, *Vulcans* son, and *Umbro* who
 Came from th' *Martian* fields the fight renew,
 Whom the Prince meets : as *Anxure* did advance,
 He lops off both his shield and arm at once.
 For he divin'd t' himself some great successe,
 And vain Enthusiasmes, beleev'd no lesse ;
 With his phantastick spirit he mounts the stars,
 Promising t' himself long life and hoary hairs.

Well arm'd *Tarquinius* then came boldly on,
 Whom the Nymph *Dryope* bore, old *Faunus* son,
 Towards him *Æneas* raging did advance,
 And through his shield and corslet drives his lance.
 Whilst he did many ways beg life in vain,
 And us'd perswasions quarter to obtain,
 Cuts off his head the warm trunck down did rowl ;
 Then standing ore him, from a bitter soul

Thus much he said. Thou so much fear'd lie there,
Nor shall thy woful mother thee interre:

Or in thy fathers tombe thy body lay:

Thou shalt be left for birds and beasts a prey,

Or waves shall rowll in the ocean drown'd,

And greedy fish shall lick thy bleeding wound.

Antheus and *Lycas* next he followed,

Who the prime squadrons of bold *Turnus* led.

Stout *Numa* did, and bright-hair'd *Camers* chance,

Sprung from great *Volscons*, who the richest was

Of *Italy*, and rul'd *Amyclean* lands.

As bold *Ægean* with a hundred hands

Did belch from filthy mouths devouring flame

When arm'd against *Joves* thunderbolts he came,

As many swords did shake, and sounding shields.

So rag'd *Æneas* conquering through the fields:

His sword now warm, behold he next proceeds

Dreadful against *Nymphus* chariot steeds,

But they far off, as him they saw draw near,

Baging extreemly, turn, being struck with fear,

And rushing back, their Captain overthrew,

And to the shore they with the chariot flew.

But mean while *Lucagus* with white horse rides,

In th' open plain his brother *Lyger* guides

The winged chariot, and the reins commands,

His drawn sword *Leucagus* brandish'd in his hands,

Nor them *Æneas* suffers to advance,

But gainst them boldly he presents his lance.

To whom then *Lyger* said,

These are not *Dionædes* horse, nor dost thou see

Achilles chariot, nor *Greek* enemy:

Now, in this field thou life and war shalt end,

Thus vapouring *Lyger* did with words contend,

But the bold *Trojan* studied no reply,

He throws his javelin at the enemy:

When *Leucagus* bending, having cast his speare,

His left foot out, did for the fight prepare.

Under his shield *Aeneas* javelin found
Way to his left thigh with a mighty wound :
He from his chariot tumbles down half dead,
When in stern language thus *Aeneas* said :

Sir, your flow horse have not your chariot lost,
Nor were they frightened from the enemies host ;
But you your self your chariot have forsook.
And strait he seiz'd the horses, as he spoke.
His brother then disarm'd, himself submits,
And craving quarter, he his office quits.
Now for thy self and thy great parents sake,
Brave Prince, O spare my life, and pity take !
Aeneas said, You were more malepert :
Die ; for thy brother thou shalt not desert.
Then he the closet of his soul displaid
With his bright sword. The *Dardan* Heroe made
Such slaughters then ; and like a whirlwinde raves,
Or some huge deluge with overwhelming waves.
Aeneas and his bands besieg'd in vain,
Break through their ports, and sally to the plain.

Mean while to *Juno* thus bespake great *Jove* :
My dearest sister, and my most dear Love ;
As thou believ'st, (nor doth thy judgment erre)
Juno upholds the *Trojans* in this warre ;
And not great strength, and lively courages.

To whom then *Juno* modestly replies :
Great Sir, why do you thus disquiet me
Opprest with woe, fearing thy sad decree ?
Had I than power by love, which once was mine.
And should be still ; at least thou wouldst incline
That I in safety from the fight should bring
Turnus to's fathers court. But now, great King,
Let him be slain, and if thou think it good,
Let cruel *Trojans* shed his royal blood,
Though he from us derive his stock and name,
Who from *Pilumnus* the fourth off-spring came,

And oft thy a'tars heap'd with sacrifice.

To whom *Olympus* mighty King replies :
 If thou delays from speedy death wouldst have,
 And for a time the haplesse young man save ;
 And if thou thinkst it lies within my power,
Turnus by flight save from the fatal houre.
 This I may grant : but if in your request
 Conceal'd you drive a further interest,
 So the whole fortune of the war again
 To bring about ; thou foster'st hope in vain.

Then *Juno* weeping, said : You may connive
 At what you dare not grant ; and he may live.
 But now his woful destiny draws near,
 Or else I am transported with vain fear :
 Oh that false terror still would me delude !
 And thou, who mayst, wouldst better things conclude.

Thus having said, from lofty heaven she flies,
 Girded with clouds, winds driving through the skies ;
 And to th' *Ausonian* camp and *Trojans* made.
 Then she an aiery cloud, a hollow shade
 Form'd like *Æneas*, which (most strange) she drest
 In *Dardan* arms, and shield ; a flowing crest
 Puts on his honour'd head ; then made it talk,
 Speak without lungs, and like *Æneas* walk.
 Such shapes they say, that dead mens spirits have,
 Or those in dreams our drowsie sense deceive.

But the insulting shadow takes the Van,
 Calling aloud, and challeng'd out the man.
Turnus advanc'd, and's sounding javelin threw
 The shade retreats, and suddenly withdrew.
 As soon as *Turnus* did himself perswade
Æneas fled, swoln with vain hope, he said :
 What fly'st thou *Trojan*, and thy bride dost leave ?
 The land thou sought'st by sea, this hand shall give.
 Thus brandishing his sword, he eas'd his mind ;
 Nor thought his hope did fleet before the wind.

Behind a rock, by chance, in a calm bay
 With ready ladders a tall vessel lay,

Which

Which King *Osinus* brought to *Clusine* shore ;
Hither it self the fleeting shadow bore,
And takes the hold; nor slower were *Turnus* steps,
All stay he conquers, o're high bridges leaps.
No sooner ship, *Juno* the cable cuts,
And to the sea the floating vessel puts.

But through the fight mean while *Aeneas* goes
Turnus to find, and many overthrows.
Nor longer the phantastick shadow lies
Hid under deek ; but vanishing, it flies
Up to the stars, and with dark clouds conjoyn'd :
Whilst *Turnus* drives to sea before the wind,
And both his hands did to high heaven advance,
For safety thanklesse, ignorant of the chance :
O *Jove*, he said, deserve I this from thee ?
And is't thy will thus, thus to punish me ?
Ah whither must I go ? from whence came I ?
Where shall I land ? or whither do I fly ?
Shall I *Laurentian* tow'rs behold agen ?
View my own camp, where all those gallant men
Which did my fortune and my arms attend,
Ah, I have left, to meet a woful end !
I hear their dying groans ; now, now I view
My routed armie flie : what shall I do ?
Oh that the earth would gape and swallow me ;
Or rather gentle winds, more favouring be,
(For your assistance *Turnus* now invokes)
Ah, drive this vessel on obdurate rocks ;
Split on the sands, where friends shall never see
My corps, nor blasted fame shall follow me.

This said, his mind on no resolve con'd place ;
Whether he should for this so vile disgrace
Upon himself a punishment afford.
And desperate in his bowels sheath his sword ;
Or leap into the sea, and swim to shore,
And 'gainst the *Trojans* arm himself once more.
Thrice he attempted both, great *Juno* thrice
His rashnesse staid with soberer advice.

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The ship cuts billows, and with favouring tides
 To the old city of his father glides
 Jove did mean while *Mexentius* soul enlarge,
 That with fresh power the conquerors he should charge.
 'Gainst whom the *Tyrrhens* joyn: all 'gainst one man
 With deadly hate and cruel weapons ran.
 He as a rock amongst vast billows stood,
 Scorning loud winds and raging of the flood,
 And fix'd remaining, all the force defies
 Muster'd from threatening seas, and thundring skies.
Hebrus, *Doliceons* son he overthrew,
Latagus with him, and *Palmus* as he flew:
 But with a stone, no small part of a hill,
 Dashing in's face, he *Latagus* did kill.
Palmus comes ore maim'd with his wounded knee,
 And gave his arms, bold *Laujus*, unto thee.
 Next *Phrygian Evans*, *Mimas* was orethrown,
 Of *Paris* age, and his companion,
 Whom, the same night the Queen gave *Paris* birth,
 Pregnant with fire, *Theano* did bring forth
 To old *Amycus*: he at home was slain,
 But *Mimas* fell in the *Laurentian* Plain.

He as a hunted bore from mountains bends,
 Whom, long, pine bearing *Vesulus* defends
 And many years *Laurentian* marshes bred,
 Where he with mast and bul-rushes was fed,
 After he finds himself amidst their nets,
 He stands, and foaming, up his bristles sets,
 Against his rage the boldest dare not go,
 But with safe showts at distance javelins throw:
 So stood *Mexentius* 'gainst his Subjects rage,
 Yet none so hardy durst their King engage;
 But out of reach at him they cast their spears
 With mighty showts; he not the proudest fears,
 But angry rangeth through the spacious field,
 Bearing a grove of javelins on his shield.

Acron a Greek, but in *Corytus* bred,
 Drawn to this war, lest his new-marriage bed:

Him

Him when he saw amongst the squadrons, drest
 In wedding garments, and a purple vest;
 As a starv'd lion who doth of invade
 Some lofty stall, (for hunger will perswade)
 If he a nimble goat espie by chance,
 Or else a dear a tall crest to advance,
 Gaping he raves, and bristles up his main,
 And growling lies devouring of the slain;
 Then baths his mouth with blood.

So fierce *Mexentius* rag'd 'mongst thickest foes,
 And most unhappy *Acron* overthrows.
 Breathing his last, beating the earth, he lies,
 And the strong javelin with his blood he dies.

Yet scornes *Orodes* flying to overthrow,
 And through his back to give the deadly blow;
 But runs and meets him; he by prowess can
 More then by art, and charges man to man;
 Then on him down setting his foot and spear,
 Said, great *Orodes*, once so fear'd, lies here:
 His Souldiers raise a shout. But dying, he
 Who e're thou art, said, I reveng'd shall be;
 Nor shalt thou long triumph, thy fate draws nigh,
 And thou with me, in the same field shalt lie.
 With a grim smile *Mexentius* then replies,
 Thou first shalt die: who rules both earth and skies,
 Let him dispose of me. Thus saying, he then
 His javelin draws from the dead corps agen:

A hard and iron rest seal'd up his sight,
 And clos'd his eyes in everlasting night,
Cadicus, *Alcathous*; and *Sacrator* slew
Hydaspes; *Rapo*, *Parthens* overthrew,
 And valiant *Orses*; but *Messapus* sped
Clonius and *Ericates* he left dead;
 This tangled in the trappings of his steed;
 On foot makes th' other sure: next did proceed
Lycius 'gainst him who *Valerus* did kill,
 Though he was cunning at his Grandfires skill.

Salus, *Antronim*, *Neacles*, *Salus* flew,
 Who us'd the dart, and well a long bow drew,
 Now bloody *Mars* engag'd on both sides fals,
 Matching their grief with equal funerals;
 Victors and those are worsted, both come on,
 And both retreat: flight is to neither known.
 The Gods in *Joves* high Court pity their rage.
 That thus poor mortals should themselves ingage,
 Here *Venus* sits, there cruel *Juno* stands,
 And pale *Tisiphone* raves amidst the bands.
 But here *Mexentius* a huge javelin shakes,
 And to the field highly incensed makes.
 So tall *Oryon* through the swelling tides
 Marcheth on foot, the waves scarce reach his sides;
 Or when he stalks more proudly on dry land,
 Bringing from hills an old ash in his hand:
 Whilst his proud head amongst the clouds he hides:
 So in his mighty arms *Mexentius* prides.

Aeneas having spi'de him through the bands,
 Marches against him: He undaunted stands,
 Waiting th'approach of his magnanimous foe;
 And having took the measure of his throw:
 This hand which is my God, and this my spear
 Which now I poise, grant your assistance here.
 That cruel Pirates spoils, and arms I now
 For thee a trophie, dearest *Lausus* vow.
 This said, at him he cast his sounding lance.
 But the swift spear did from his target glance,
 And far from thence through noble *Anthor* run;
 This was great *Hercules* companion,
 Who sent from *Argos* with *Evander* staid,
 And his abode now in *Ausonia* made.
 Thus hurt he fals, and haplesse views the skies,
 Remembring his dear *Argos* as he dies.

His javelin then valiant *Aeneas* threw,
 Which through his brazen quilted target flew,
 Where three bull-hides tan'd did their force conjoyn,
 And fast it stuck, in bold *Mexentius* groyn.

What

Whose strength now fails : soon as *Æneas* saw
The *Tyrrhens* blood, straight he his sword did draw,
And whilst he was astonish'd, rusheth on,

This *Lausus* viewing, fetch'd a heavy grone
For his dear father, and salt tears he sheds :
Here thy sad death, and most renowned deeds,
If ancient stories have related truth,
I shall not silence, O most noble youth.

Mexentius hurt began some ground to yield,
Drawing the hostile weapon from his shield ;
Lausus steps in, and brought his father aid,
And took the blow which fierce *Æneas* made
On his own shield ; receives him with delays ;
At which a shout his glad companions raise :
Whilst the hurt father from the fight withdrew,
Defended by his son, javelins they threw,
And 'gainst their foe their lances thick discharge :
Æneas rag'd, protected with his targe.

As when a showre descends of hail and rain,
Straight all the husbandmen forsake the plain ;
Under dry roofs himself the traveller saves,
Or shelters under banks, or rockie caves,
Until the storm is o're : that when the Sun
Returns, he may perfect the work begun.

So was *Æneas* overwhelm'd with darts,
Bearing the tempest thundring from all parts :
And *Lausus* he rebukes : now menaceth
The bold youth thus ; why hasten'st thou thy death ?
And dost so much above thy strength assay ?
Thy piety, fond youth, doth thee betray.
But he no less rashly himself engag'd :
At which the *Dardan* Prince extremely rag'd ;
And now his thread of life the fates had span ;
In him to th' hilts his sword *Æneas* ran,
And through the threat'ners shield, and arms it pass'd,
And coat, his mother with pure gold had grac'd :
Blood drown'd his breast, his soul her Progress makes
Down to pale shades, and the cold corps forsakes.

But when his face great *Anchisiades*,
 And cheeks now wonderfully pale espies,
 He stretch'd his hand, then sigh'd with grief oppress'd,
 And now his fathers love affects his breast,
 Saying poor youth, what fame for thee is due?
 What worthy gift shall I bestow on you?
 Take thy lov'd arms, (if those thou dost regard)
 And with thy Royal Parents be interr'd,
 This comfort have in thy sad funeral,
 That thou by great *Aeneas* hand didst fall.
 Then checks his lingring friends, himself before
 Raising him up, his hair defil'd with gore.

Mean while his father at the chrystal streams
 Of *Tyber* cleans'd his wound, and cas'd his limbs
 Against a tree, on which his helm he hung,
 And on the grasse his pondrous armour flung;
 A choice guard round: panting, his neck did rest,
 Which bowing, with his beard cover'd his breast;
 Then asks for *Lausus*, and oft sends to find,
 And call him off, since 'twas his fathers mind.
 But the dead youth, his friends in sorrow drown'd
 Bore on a shield, slain by a mighty wound;
 Far off the cry, his soul presaging knew.
 Then on his silver hair soul dust he threw,
 And both his hands at once to heaven he heaves,
 Then thus complaining to the body cleaves.

Lear son, was life to me so sweet, that thou
 Whom I begot, for me should suffer now,
 Must I thy ather draw this vital breath,
 Sav'd by thy wounds, and live by thy sad death?
 O let me now to woful exile go,
 Since I behold this wound, this fatal blow.
 Oh son, my acts have blasted thy renown,
 Expuls'd by malice from my throne and crown;
 'Twas I should suffer in this hateful strife,
 And many deaths pay for this wicked life;
 Yet still I live, view heaven, converse with man;
 But I'll forsake them all. Then he began,

Thus

Thus saying, to raise his feeble thigh from ground,
And though it fail'd him with so great a wound,
Undaunted he, commands his horse provide.

This was his comfort, this his only pride,
On this through all his fights did Conquerour go,
To whom he spake, declaring thus his woe;

Of long life (*Phæbus*) we have had the proof,
(If any time to mortals were enough)

Either we must *Aeneas* head this day,
And bloody spoils in triumph bear away,
Revengeing *Lausus*: or if fates deny

Assistance, we will both together dye.

For sure most valiant steed thou'lt not admit
A *Trojan* rider, nor a strangers bit.

Thus having spoke, up sad *Mexentius* gets,
And soon himself in comely manner seats;
Then both his hands did with sharp javelins load;

On his bright helm whole mains of horses flood.

And straight he marches up; whilst mighty shame,
Grief and distraction, did his soul inflame,

Love provokes rage; and losse of honour, all.

Then thrice aloud, did for *Aeneas* call.

The *Trojan* knew the voice, and thus he pray'd,

So may great *Jove* and *Phæbus* now perswade

That thou begin the fight.

And praying with a dreadful spear march'd on.

But he, why hast thou rob'd me of my son

Most cruel man, and terrifiest me thus?

Since no way else thou hadst to ruine us:

Nor fear we death, nor any God regard.

Leave off thy prayers to die: come prepar'd;

But first these legacies I'll on thee bestow,

This said, he cast a javelin at the foe,

Another after, then another flings;

And swiftly wheels about in mighty rings.

Aeneas shield receives them; thrice he goes

About him standing, and sharp lances throwes;

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Three times the *Trojan* turning where he stood,
Bore on his brazen shield a mighty wood.
Vest with delay, and plucking from his targe
So many spears, and with the dangerous charge,
Plotting all means, at last he did advance,
And through his horses head he sent his lance;
Who rising then, beats with his feet the skies,
And tumbling backward on his rider lies
Oppressing much his arm extended out.
Trojans and *Latines* send to heaven a shout.
In leaps *Aeneas*, and his bright sword drew,
And thus he said? Where's proud *Mezentius* now,
And that fierce courage made him once so bold?

But he, as soon as heaven he did behold,
And coming to himself recover'd breath;
Why triumphst thou, proud foe, and threatnest death?
May I not die? therefore I fought with thee,
Nor made my son such articles for me.
One thing (if vanquish't foes gain suits) I crave
A burial: I know my people have
Me in disdain; their fury, oh prevent,
And grant my son and me one monument.

This said, his throat receives th' expected blow,
And on his arms his soul in blood did flow.

THE

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Mezentius trophy. Pallas funerals:
Cessation made. The King a council calls.
Diomed's answer Venulus relates.
Drances, and Turnus, loud in hot debates.
Æneas gives the City an alarm.
The King his council leaves, and Latins arm.
Camilla's story. Troops of horse maintain
A doubtful fight: the bold Virago slain.
The Trojans flying Rutillie pursue.
Turnus inform'd, straight from his ambush drew.
Æneas takes the passage, then march'd down
To th' open plain, and lies before the town.*

Mean while *Aurora* from the sea ascends,
Æneas (although care t'interre his friends
The time requir'd, much for their death dismaid)
Early his vows to heaven a conquerour paid.
A mighty oke; depriv'd of bowes, he plac'd
Upon a hill, and with bright armour grac'd;
The spoils of King *Mezentius* to be
A trophie, mighty God of war, to thee.

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His plumes bedew'd with blood, and broken lance,
And breast-plate twelve times pierc'd he did advance;
Then to his friends triumphing, (for a guard
They made about him) he himself declar'd.

Most valiant *Trojans*, the great work is done :
What now remains, but that all fear we shun ?
The proud Kings spoils, here, our first offering, stands ;
Mezentius now serves under our commands.
Next for *Latinus* walls let us prepare,
And boldly arm, nor doubt the chance of War.
Left for their stay, any plead ignorance ;
When first the Gods shall please, we will advance
Our standard, and our army forth shall lead.
Nor for base fear let none excuses plead,
Mean while let's bear our friends unto the grave ;
The only honour which the dead can have.

Go, those brave souls with solemn rites attend,
Whose blood for us hath purchased this land :
But first on *Pallas* mournful obsequies wait,
And bear him to his fathers woful seat :
Whom from sweet life a cruel death did call
(Wanting no valour) to sad funeral.

Weeping he said, and to the horse he bends,
Where old *Acetes Pallas* corps attends ;
Who when *Evanders* squire, much honour won,
But not so happy waiting on his son.
Round him his servants, and the *Trojans* were,
And *Ilian* dames, sad with dishevel'd hair.
But when *Aeneas* enter'd, a huge cry,
Beating their breasts, they raise unto the sky,
And the whole court with loud complaining fil'd.
Soon as he had dear *Pallas* corps beheld,
And the wide wound upon his lovely breast,
With many tears, his grief he thus express'd.

Brave youth, when better fortune came, did she
For very spight, deprive us straight of thee :
Left thou shouldst see our conquest, and return
Unto thy fathers court in triumph born.

I to *Evander* no such promise made
 At my departure ; when with mighty aid
 He me dismiss ; and fearful, did foretnew
 We shou'd encounter with a dangerous foe.
 But now perhaps glad hope his mind doth raise,
 And vowes he makes with frequent sacrifice,
 Whilst to the dead who's not indebted now
 To any God, vain honour we allow.
 These are the promis'd triumphs thou shalt see
 Perform'd by us, thy sons sad obsequie
 Thus I discharge my trust. But no base wound
 Shall by *Evander* on his corps be found,
 Nor shall he wish his life at honours cost.
 What strength hath *Latium* and *Ascanius* lost ?
 This said, to raise the sad corps he commands,
 And sends a thousand chosen from the bands,
 Who should attend his last solemnitie,
 And with *Evanders* tears, their sorrow Vic,
 And to a mourning father comfort be,
 Though small, yet grateful in great miserie.
 Some busie, joyning verdant *Arbut*s were ;
 And deck with oken leaves the stately Bier :
 Then the sad hearse, with boughs and branches shade,
 Where, on green rushes the brave youth they laid.

Such the pale *Daffadil* or *Violet*
 Pluck'd by a Virgins hand : whose beauty yet,
 And form remains ; though from the stalk now rent
 Their mother earth affords no nourishment.

The Prince, two robes of gold and purple brought,
 Which with her own hand beauteous *Dido* wrought,
 And to *Æneas* did present of old,
 And mixt the curst web with purest gold.
 Which for a hearse-cloth on the corps he laid,
 Then with a vail his comely hair did shade,
 And with *Laurentian* spoils did him adorn,
 Bids what he won, in order to be born,
 And horse and arms were taken from the foe ;
 Then those to shades a sacrifice must go,

Quench-

Quenching the cruel flame with luke-warm blood,
 Their hands behind them bound prepared stood.
 Next bids prime Captains hostile arms to bear,
 And names of slaughter'd foes upon their spear.

They old *Acetes* led, with grief oppress'd,
 Tearing his hair, beating his woful breast;
 Who falling down on th'earth extended lay:
 They chariots stain'd with *Rutile* gore convey.
Ethon his horse in mourning next took place,
 And weeping with great tears blubber'd his face.
 This bore his lance, and that his shining crest,
 For *Turnus* being conquerour, spoil'd the rest.
 The *Trojans* follow, and the *Tyrrhen* Peers,
 And sad *Arcadians* trailing off their spears.
 Next all the mourners march'd in order on;
 Then spake *Aeneas* with a heavy groan,

Now we must others mourn in battel sel,
 Dear *Pallas* now eternally farewell,
 For evermore adieu. No more he said,
 But to the walls of the high City made.

When from *Latinus* some were sent to treat,
 With olive vail'd, and breathing space to get,
 That he would please, the bodies of the slain,
 Which now in heaps lay scatter'd on the plain,
 They might interre: for which the vanquished
 Should no contention be, nor with the dead;
 And those once stil'd his friends, he now would spare.

Their suits, which not to be rejected were,
Aeneas grants, and did their fears assuage.

Sirs, what strange fortune forc'd you to engage
 In such a war, and us your friends to shun?
 Seek you a peace for those in fight orethrown?
 I'de rather grant it unto them remain,
 Nor had I come, but that the fates ordain
 These seats for me, nor had with you made war.
 Your King left us, for *Turnus* did declare.
 'Twere fitter, *Turnus* should in single fight
 Try't out himself; if he would put to flight

The *Trojans* bands, and give the war an end,
 Let him with me then hand to hand contend ;
 And let whom God, and's right hand favour, live.
 Go, and your hapless friends due funerals give,
Aeneas said, whilst they stood all amaz'd,
 And with deep silence on each other gaz'd,
 Old *Drances* then, who bore eternal spleen
 'Gainst valiant *Turnus*, did at last begin.

O *Trojan*, great by fame, greater by wars,
 How shall I match thy honour with the stars ?
 Shall I thy power, or justice first admire ?
 Humbly our King shall know of thy desire :
 If fortune aid us, we shall him perswade
 To peace : let who so will then *Turnus* aid.
 To build your promis'd city we shall joy,
 And bear upon our backs the stones of *Troy*.

All with one voice approve the words he said,
 And a cessation for twelve dayes is made.
Trojans and *Latins* wander here and there
 Through woods and mountains, and no danger feare.
 Now mighty *Ashes* with the axe resound,
 And *Pines* that kiss the stars, tumble to ground ;
 Whole *Oaks* they cleave, sweet *Cedar* is o'rthrown,
 And with wild *Ash* huge cars continuall groan.

And now swift *fame* this sad disaster tells;
Evanders court the doleful rumour fills,
 Which said but now, *Pallas* the victory won.
 Swift to the gates amaz'd *Arcadians* run,
 And as the ancient custome torches beare :
 With a long train of light the ways appear,
 And all the field with funeral tapers shine.
 Whilst to these mourners the sad *Trojans* joyn ;
 Whom, when the matrons did behold draw nigh ;
 They through the city rais'd a woful cry ;
 When no perswasions could *Evander* stay,
 But in he comes, and falling down, he lay
 Fix'd on the herse, weeping and groaning there,
 And long, e're thus his grief he could declare.

Dear *Pallas*, th'ast not kept thy word with me,
 That thou in fight wouldst not so venturous be.
 I knew how much new glory would inflame,
 And in first service the desire of fame
 Woful first fruits ! too hard such rudiments are
 In thy first lesson, which thou learnst in war.
 No God did hear my prayer, nor minde my vow ?
 And thou blest wife, in death most happy now,
 That didst not live to see this fight ; whilst I
 Now do survive my own sad destiny,
 And a most wretched father must remain.
 I should have dy'd, and *Rutills* me have slain
 For joyning with the *Trojans* ; and for me,
 Not *Pallas*, should have been this obsequie,
 Nor will I blame the *Trojans*, nor shall rue
 Th' association which I made with you
 This chance belong'd to my gray hairs. But since
 Untimely death hath took my son from hence ;
 I joy that thousand *Volsceans* fell before
 Him leading *Trojans* to th' *Ausonian* shore.
 Nor other rites, dear *Pallas*, shalt thou have
 Then what *Aeneas* and bold *Phrygians* gave ;
 What *Tarchon* and their Captains did ordain,
 Who honouring bear, trophies of those th' hast slain :
 For thee a huge one, *Turnus*, we had seen,
 If he of equal strength and age had been.

But I th' *Trojans* keep too long for war.
 Farewell ; and to your King this message bear,
 That I loath'd life prolong, *Pallas* being gone ;
 His valour must a father and a son,
 Revenge on *Turnus* ; this remains for him
 Whose worth hath plac'd in *Fortunes* best esteem.
 Nor joys of life I wish for, but to stay
 Till I these ridings to my son convey.

Mean while *Aurora* cleers the darkned aire,
 And brought to wretched mortals toyl and care.
Aeneas then, and *Tarchon* on the shores
 Huge piles erect ; and as their ancestors,

Here their dead friends they brought, then kindle fire,
 And to high heaven clouds of thick smoke aspire.
 Thrice round about the burning piles they goe
 Girded in shining arms; thrice fires of woe
 Mounted on mourning horses they surround,
 A doleful cry they raise, loud trumpets sound;
 Arms, and the earth is water'd with their tears,
 And lamentations scale the highest sphears,
 Some in the fire the *Latine* spoils do burn,
 Helms, swords, and reins, and wheels from chariots torn;
 Some their friends shields, well known in all alarms,
 Cast after them, and their unhappy arms.
 Whole herds of cattel and of swine were kil'd,
 And flocks of sheep brought in from every field.
 Their burning friends they view through all the strand:
 And round about the half-burnt piles they stand;
 Nor could be taken off, till dewie night
 Adorn'd high heaven with constellations bright.

No lesse on th'other side, the *Latines* reare
 Innumerable piles, many interre,
 Many are to the neighbouring confines born,
 And to the city some again return.
 The rest, confused heaps of slaughter'd men,
 They burn uncounted, and unhonour'd; then
 The spacious fields with frequent fires are bright.
 When the third day from heaven drove gloomy night,
 Mourning they sweep the ashes from the hearth,
 And mingled bones yet warm, they load with earth.

Now in the Court, and rich *Latinus* seat,
 Were loudest cries, and lamentations great:
 Here mothers, sisters, there the woful nurse,
 Children depriv'd of parents, weeping curse
 The cruel war, and *Turnus* haplesse sute,
 That he alone the quarrel should dispute,
 Who hopes to gain all *Latium* with the bride,
 Fierce *Drances* urg'd, nor could it be denide,
 That *Turnus* had been challeng'd to the fight.
 These warm debates their Votes made opposite.

But he stands shaded with the Queens great name,
And lasting Trophies of's deserved fame.

Amidst these tumults and commotions great,
Behold then sad, from *Diomed's* Royal seat
Embassadours answers brought : they nothing could
With so much toil, expence, nor gifts, nor gold,
No suit avail'd, they must seek elsewhere aide,
Or with the *Trojans* must a Peace be made.

Latinus faints under a load of care;
Heavens anger, and their slaughter'd friends declare
Aeneas came by Fates authority.

Then his great conncel, all prime nobles, he
Summon'd before him at his Royal Court :
And through full streets to th' Palace they resort ;
Then first his place old King *Latinus* took
Holding his scepter with a heavy look,
And bids his Lords return'd from *Diomed*, say
What they had brought, and his whole answer lay
In order open : silence then being made,
Obeying his command, thus *Venulus* said.

My Lords, *Tydidēs* sat we saw, and past
All dangers of the tedious way at last,
And kist that hand the *Trojans* overcame.
He *Argyripa* built, and gave a name
From his own stock, now in *Apulian* Plains,
A Conquerour he in settled peace remains.
After admittance, we to audience came ;
Gifts we present, our Countrey tell, and name,
Who rais'd this war, what business brought us there ;
He full of honour did himself declare.

Elest Nation of the old *Ausonian* race,
Of *Saturnus* realm, what chance disturbs your Peace ?
And to a War so dangerous doth perswade ?
Whoe're did sacred *Trojan* fields invade
(Those I'll omit, who under her high wall
Perish'd by war, or *Simois* drown'd) we all
Scatter'd throughout the world, had punishment :
Such as would make *Priam*, himself relent

Euboeick

Zubeick rocks, and *Pallas* cruel star,
 And vengeful *Caphareus* witnesse are,
 We from that war were driven from coast to coast;
Menelaus was t' *Hercules* pillars tost:
 And *Ithacus*, *Ætnean Cyclops* view'd.
 Why should I mention *Pyrrhus* realms subdu'd?
Idomeneus, or his Kingdom lost?
 Or *Locrians* dwelling on the *Lybick* coast?
 Then the great General of the *Gracian* bands
 By his false wife was murdered as he lands.
 O're *Asia* now, th' Adulterer doth raign.
 The Gods with-stand my native soile again,
 My house, and *Calydon* that I should see;
 And still most dreadful Prodigies follow me.
 My friends have wings, and soare unto the skie,
 And chang'd to birds 'bout rivers margents flie.
 Oh! what sad troubles my companions sound,
 Whose doleful notes made woods and rocks resound,
 Which since that time should have been fear'd by me,
 When I inrag'd; assail'd a Deitie,
 And on fair *Venus* hand did leave a scar;
 Seek not my aid, not mine in such a war.
 Troy's fallen; nor more 'gainst *Trojans* will I fight:
 Nor to remember ancient woes delight.
 Those gifts you me present; t' *Æneas* bear;
 We oft have fought, and chang'd a dangerous spear.
 Experience trust, arm'd how would he advance?
 With what a whirlwind would he throw his lance?
 If two like him *Idean* realms had bred,
Priam, th' *Inachian* seats had conquered:
 And *Greece* of her chang'd fortune had complain'd,
 Whatever us at *Troy's* strong walls detain'd,
Hector, and he, our victory withheld,
 Whil'ten long years their lingring periods fill'd;
 Both bold, most expert both in war; but he
 Was most of all prefer'd for Piety.
 Make Peace then as you can, but still beware
 How you provoke such valiant men to war.

Now best of Kings his answer you have heard,
 What he concerning this great war declar'd.
 Scarce these were said, when a great murmur rose
 Of votes divided : as when water flows
 Delay'd by rocks, and floods imprison'd rore, (shore.
 Whilst thundring waves sound 'gainst the neighbouring
 When all were settled, and their noise allai'd,
 Having the Gods besought, *Latinus* said

I would, and better we had thought of all
 Before, rather then now a council call,
 When round about our walls the enemies lies.
 'Gainst men undaunted, sprung from Deities
 We have engag'd ; whom nothing could debar :
 Nor being vanquish'd will desist from war.
 What hope you had from *Diomed*, lay that by :
 For aid, although but small, you must relie
 Upon your selves. You see how things now stand,
 We're lost, your strength is all in your own hand :
 I none accuse, what force we could, we brought ;
 And with the power of the whole realm 'twas fought.

Now in my doubtful mind what counsels are
 I shall unfold, and briefly will declare.
 I have some ancient forrest lands, which lie
 Neer *Tyber* west, bordering on *Sicanie*,
 Which the *Arunians* and *Rutilians* plow ;
 Their worst is pasturage, and their best they sowe.
 Let all that tract, and high-hills stor'd with pine,
 The *Trojans* have, and let us leagues conjoyn,
 And then associates in our Kingdome call ;
 There let them dwell, and build their Cities wall.
 But if some other shore they'd rather plant,
 And leave our coast, let's twenty vessels grant
 Buil of *Italian* oke, or more provide,
 All our materials neer the rivers side.
 But first let our Commissioners be chose,
 Impowr'd with these Concessions, to compose
 A settled Peace, and olive boughs to wear :
 And let them Presents, gold and ivory bear ;

The nations honour, gown and chair be sent;
Consult, and help in this great exigent.

Then the same *Drances* vext with *Turnus* State,
With squinting envie spur'd, and bitter hate,
Rich, and most eloquent, but cold in war,
Yet in debates a most grave counsellor,
And one t'appease sedition most excellent;
Who from his mother sprung of high descent;
But in obscurity his fathers name;
He rose and with these words stirs up the flame.

Renowned King, the matter now you state
Is not obscure, nor needs a long debate;
For all confesse to see what woes must fall
Upon this realm, yet dare not speak at all.
Let him free-voting grant, and threats forbear,
By whose contrivements and crosse counsels are
(He speake my minde though now he threaten death)
So many valiant Chiefs depriv'd of breath.
And now th' whole City drown'd in sorrow lies,
Whilst he provokes the *Trojans*, and then flies,
Out-braving th' aire: unto those gifts, which thou
Intendst upon the *Trojans* to allow,
Present one more, this one. (Renowned Prince,)
Nor be o'recome by any violence:
That thou a fire, thy daughter shouldst not give
A worthy son, that we in Peace might live.
But if our hearts have so much fear possesse,
Let's sue to him, and gain by our request
The King his just prerogatives, and law
That we enjoy. Ah! whither wilt thou draw
This wretched people to their ruining,
O thou of *Latiums* woe the source and spring!
In war's no safety: all crave peace from thee
Turnus, and th' only pledge of amitie.
I, whom thou cal'st a foe, nor do I care,
Behold! petition first: Thy nation spare;
Worsted give o're, slaughter too much we've seen,
And our large country hath devastated been.

But if that honour, and thy strength excite,
 And if the royal dowre thy soul invite,
 Something attempt, to meet the foe provide :
 Yes, *Turnus* so may gain the royal bride.
 We, poor unburied souls, multitudes lie
 About the field, and have no obsequie.
 But thou, if thou hast honour, if thou hast
 The prowess which thy ancestors did boast,
 Behold who dares thee forth !

Vex'd with these words, a deep groan passage made
 From *Turnus* breast, and highly mov'd, he said ;
 Drances, th'hast still full regiments of words,
 When war craves deeds ; Thou first of summon'd Lords
 Appear'st ; but speeches will not serve these courts :
 Which safe thou utter'st, whilst our walls and ports
 Keep out the foe, nor trenches flow with blood.
 With flashy eloquence then thunder loud,
 And charge thou me of flight, when thou dost send
 So many *Trojans* to untimely end ;
 Grac'd with such trophies, now thy valour try,
 Nor far off need we seek the enemy.
 Behold, each where about the walls they throng.
 Come, charge ; why slay we thus ? Thy fluent tongue,
 And flying feet, in those thy martial strength
 Hath always been.
 Was I repuls'd, base man ? turn'd I my face ?
 Will any lay on me so high disgrace ?
 Who *Tyber* saw with *Trojan* blood to swell ;
 How with *Evanders* house his whole stock fell ;
 When from the field disarm'd th' *Arcadians* ran.
Pander and *Bitias* found me no such man,
 When I shut in with hostile works and wals
 To hell did send so many funerals.
 In war's no safety ! Tell the *Trojan* so,
 And thy own party : Use all cunning too
 Vain fears to raise, and the twice vanquish'd race,
 Their power extol, but *Latin* arms disgrace.

At *Phrygian* forces now *Greek* Princes shake ;
Now *Diomed* and fierce *Achilles* quake,
From th' *Adriatick*, *Ausidus* retreats,
And when the timorous seins to dread our threats,
On us layes scandals by pretended fear :
Nor shalt thou lose that soul of thine (forbear
To tremble thus) by this hand ; let it rest
With thee, and dwell within that narrow breast.

Now Sir to you, and your command, great Prince ;
If in our arms you have no confidence ;
If so, we are deserted, lost, or born
By one defeat, nor fortune will return :
With unarm'd hands for peace let us intreat.
But oh ! were any antient valour yet,
He seems to me the happiest of all,
In that last fight, and the most noble soul,
Who would not live to see such things brought forth,
But rather dy'd, and dying bit the earth.
Yet we have wealth, and yet unbroken bands ;
And we have aid through all th' *Ausonian* lands :
Nor can the *Trojans* blood lesse victory boast,
They have their funerals, and as many lost.
Why then at first so poorly lose we ground,
And tremble, e're we hear the trumpet sound ?
The various work of time and many dayes,
Often affairs from worse to better raise,
Fortune reviewing those she hath cast down,
Sporting restores again unto their crown.
Will not *Ætolians* give their aid to us ?
Messapus will, and rich *Tolumnius*,
And prime Commanders many more will send ;
Nor small fame on *Laurentian* Lords attend,
Camilla of the noble *Volscean* line,
Leads troops of horse who all in armour shine.
If me to fight the *Trojan* doth command,
And I alone the common good withstand ;
So far from me victory not took her flight
I should refuse for such a prize to fight.

He meet him, had he great *Achilles* charms,
 And let him have like him *Vulcanian* arms.
 To you great King this life I *Turnus* now
 Second to none of my great fathers, vow,
Aeneas calls me forth ; that he may call
 s my desire, nor *Drances* rather shall,
 Whether it be the wrath of deities,
 Appease by death or glory win the prize.

Whilst these hard questions thus debated were
 With differing votes ; the *Trojan* Prince drew near,
 Which to the Court a speedy messenger brought,
 And with strange terror the whole city fraught.
 All are distracted, but the vulgar rage,
 Whom no small Provocations did ingage.
 Arme, arme they cry, the youth are mad for arms,
 The old men silent mourn ; here, their alarms
 With factious tumults mix'd ascend the sky.
 As when by chance a flock of sea-fowl fly
 To lofty groves, or when loud swans do go
 Sounding through murmuring lakes, to pleasant *Poe*.

On this occasion, Sirs, then *Turnus* saies,
 Call counsels : yes, and Peace thus sitting praise
 Whilst they the town invade. Nor more he spoke,
 But straight he hall and lofty Courts forsook.

Volusus draw forth now, thy *Volscean* force,
 And dear *Messapus*, let thy *Rutile* horse,
 Joy'n'd with thy brother, march to th' open plain.
 Let some make good the gates, and towers maintain.
 Those in my conduct forth with me shall go.

Straight to the walls the towns whole forces flow.
 The King his counsel and design forsook,
 And vext with stirs, for better times did look,
 Blaming himself, that he did not declare,
 The *Trojan* Prince his son, and make his heir.
 Some trench the gates ; these *Pallisado* round ;
 For war, loud trumpets bloody signals sound.
 Women and children to the walls are sent,
 All must assist in this great exigent.

When

When bearing gifts, the sad Queen with a train
Of matrons went to *Pallas* lofty fane;
Next her the virgin fair *Lavinia* goes,
Those eyes dejected had procur'd such woes.
The matrons enter, and the quire perfume,
And with sad voices from high portals come.

Pallas, arm'd virgin, *Patronesse* of war,
Obreak thy self the *Phrygian* Pirates spear.
Most warlike maid, tumble him to the ground,
And near our gates give him his deadly wound.

Whilst *Turnus* for the battel arms in haste,
And rough with brazen scales, straight on he brac'd
Rutilian arms, and golden cūshes ride,
His head unarm'd, a sword girds to his side,
Shining in gold; then quits the lofty towres,
And in his hope the enemy devoures.

So when a horse flies out in broken reins,
And stables left, enjoys the open plains;
Either through meads he seeks a stud of mares,
Or to accustom'd watering repairs;
Wanton, his head erected, loud he neighs,
His mane upon his neck and shoulders plays.

Camilla meets him with her *Volscean* force,
And bravely in the gates leaps from her horse.
Then all the squadrons imitate the maid;
And quit their steeds. Bold *Turnus*, then she said,
If any confidence of the valiant be,
To charge the foe, I dare; and promise thee,
Alone the *Tyrrhen* horsemen to desie:
Grant that I first may charge the enemy,
Let your force guard the walls. Then *Turnus* said,
Fixing his eye upon the valiant maid,

Bold Virgin, glory of *Ausonia*,
These great obligations how shall I repay?
But now, since all the danger of the war
Thy soul contemns, with me the honour share,
Æneas (as fame rels, and scouts inform)
Through th' plains light-horse hath sent to give th' alarm,
Whilst

Whilst from the rocks and mountains he comes down
With the main body to assault the town.

An ambush in the woods I have design'd,
And in the passe, the hedges strongly lin'd :
Messapus shall, and *Tybur* march with thee,
And to thy care shall the whole conduct be.

Messapus and the other Leaders, so
Encouraged, they march against the foe.

There is a winding vale, for seats of war.
And ambush fit ; the dark sides sheltered are
With a thick wood, where needs a narrow path
Through a straight passe, and dangerous entrance hath.
Above the valley, in the mountains heights,
Lay unfrequented plaines, and safe retreats ;
If on the right, or left thou wouldst come on,
Or guard the top, and huge stones tumble down.

Mean while *Diana* from superior seats
Swift *Opis* calls, one of her virgin-mates
And sacred train ; and thus her grief declares.

The maid *Camilla* goes to cruel wars,
And with our arms she girds her self in vain ;
More dear to us then any of our train ;
Nor new acquaintance takes me with her love,
Which doth the mind with sudden sweetness move.

Metabus drove from's realm by force and hate ;
When he *Priverne* left, his antient seat,
Scaping through fierce alarms of cruel war,
With him the infant did companion bear ;
And from her mothers name, the change but small,
Casmilla, did the child *Camilla* call ;
Her in his lap ; he seeks the highest parts
Of desert woods, oppress'd with cruel darts
Which from each side came from the *Volscean* ranks.
When *Amasenus* had o'reflown his banks,
And with a huge showre swelling hindred him,
He careful of his charge, prepar'd to swim ;
Delaid with tier dear love, all means revolves,
And suddenly at last on this resolves.

The warriour then in his strong hand did bear
Of solid oke a huge and knotty speare :
His daughter swadling up in cork-tree rinds,
Fast to the middle of his lance he binds ;
Then poising it in's large hand, thus he prai'd :

Great Queen of forrests, blest *Latonian* maid,
To thee the father doth this handmaid vow,
Bearing thy arms through skies ; a suppliant now
To scape the foe. Goddess, receive thy own,
Which so th'inconstant winds is left alone.

Thus having said, with mighty strength he flung
The sounding spear, the swelling billows rang ;
And poor *Camilla* the wing'd javelin bore
Ore the swift stream safe to the other shore.

But *Metabus*, as th'enemy drew near,
Swam ore the river, pulling with the spear
The maid *Diana's* Votresse from the shore.

Nor dwelt he in wall'd towns or cities more.
Displeas'd with vulgar rage, and popular strife ;
But in high mountains led a shepherds life,
Where in dark caves and groves the child he fed,
And with the milk of wild mares fostered,
Draining betwixt her pretty lips the tear.
When she her tender feet to ground could set,
He loads her hand with a sharp spear, and tide
A bow and quiver to the virgins side,
For golden hair, for a long courtly gown,
A Tygers spoils hung flowing from her crown,
From her lost hand now childish darts she flings,
And skilful round her head whirls smooth-thon'gd slings ;
Kills a fair Swan, or a *Strymonian* Crane.

Her many *Tyrrhen* matrons wish'd in vain
For their own sons ; but to *Diana* she
For ever vow'd unstain'd virginity,
And the eternal love of arms did swear.
Would she had not engag'd in such a war,
Nor with the *Trojans* strove, who dear to me
The number fits of my chaste companie.

But now, since she draws nigh a cruel end ;
Glide from high heaven, and to *Ausonia* bend,
Where a sad fight begins, with signs of woe.

Take thou this vengeful arrow and this bow :

Who ever with a wound shall violate

Her sacred person, give with this his fate ;

Let him be *Trojan*, or *Italian*, he

In blood shall be accountable to me.

Her corps unspoil'd, wrapt in a cloud I'll bear,

And with her royal ancestors interre.

This said, through skies swift *Opis* thundred loud,
Borne with a whirlwind in a dusky cloud,

Mean while to th'wals drew nigh the *Trojan* force,

Ettrurian Chiefs, and all the troops of horse

In order were drawn up : through all the plains

Proud horses neigh, and strive with curbing reins ;

Here, there they turn, dreadful are th'iron fields

With spears, the champaign shines with glittering shields.

Messapus, *Coras*, and his brother brings

Swift *Latines*, and the maid *Camilla's* wings

Appear against them, and far off the bands

Shake their proud javelins, raising high their hands

With threatening points : th'advance of men at arms

And neighing steeds, make dreadful the alarms.

And now march'd up in distance of their lance

They make a stand ; then with a stout advance

Spurring their steeds, at once from all sides powro

Darts thick as hail, heaven darkned with the showre.

And now *Tyrrhenus* and *Acontes* first

Each other charg'd, and their huge javelins burst

With a loud crack ; full breast to breast they met ;

As lightning bold *Acontes* fell from's seat,

Or stone which from some thundring engine flies,

And leaves his life behind him in the skies.

The bands are broke, and flying *Latins* cast

Their shields behind them, and to th'City haste.

Trojans pursue, *Asylas* follows hot,

And now draw nigh the Gates, the *Latins* shout,

And

And turn their ready horse : then through the Plains
The *Trojans* flie, and slack their curbing reins.

As when the sea mov'd with alternate tydes,
Hasts to the shore ; o're rocks now proudly rides
A foaming wave, a swelling billow beats
Gainst highest banks, then swift again retreats,
Loose stones with him in much disorder sweeps,
And shores forsaking, sinks into the deeps.

Twice *Tuscans* drive the *Rutiles* from the fields,
And twice they save their flying backs with shields.
But the third time they charg'd with all their might.
Break through and through, and man to man they fight.
Then dying grones, then in a crimson sea,
Helm, Shields, and slaughter'd men commixed be,
And over all were half dead horses rowl'd :
And a most cruel fight you might behold.

Orsylvus cast at *Remulus* horse a spear,
(Who durst not meet) and fix'd beneath his ear.
The horse then rag'd, vex'd with the grievous wound,
And rising, cast his rider to the ground:
Great soul'd *Iola*, *Catillus* o'rethrew,
And huge in arms and size, *Herminius* flew.
His head and shoulders naked golden hair
He wore for arms, nor so did danger fear :
Through his broad shoulders the swift javelin flew,
And in his body did it self imbrue.
The fields wax red : such funerals they bequeath,
Seeking by wounds an honourable death.

But midst these slaughters th' *Amazon* delights
Quiver'd *Camilla*, one breast scar'd for fights.
Now thick she javelins casts ; and now she takes
In her strong hand a mighty battel axe.
Her golden bow *Diana's* arms resound,
Hanging behind ; if flying she gave ground.
At any time, as much she galled the foe,
With deadly shafts from her reversed bow,
Larina, *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia*, were
Her chosen Guard, who brazen axes bear,

Italian maids; the bold *Camilla* these
 Chose to attend on her, in war or peace.
 So arm'd, the *Thracian Amazons* come on
 Warring about the streams of *Thermidon*;
 Such guard *Hyppolite*, or with martial pride
 About *Penthesilea's* chariot ride;
 Then female shouts resound through all the fields,
 And virgin troops triumph with crescent shields.

Whom first or last didst thou o'rethrow bold maid?
 How many in the earth by thee lay dead?
Eumenius, *Clytus* off-spring first she slew,
 And his bare bosome with a spear thrust through;
 Casting a stream of blood, the purple ground
 Dying he bites, and turns upon his wound.
 Then *Lyrus*, *Pegasus* on his horse being slain;
 As stooping down to recollect his reins;
 Th'other whilst he stretch'd his hand to aid;
 Tumbles with him, slain by the valiant maid.
Amastus next, was by her lance o'rethrown,
Terens, *Harpalicus*, *Chromis*, *Demophon*.
 As many javelins as the Virgin threw,
 So many valiant *Phrygians* she slew.

Ornitus in strange arms far off she spide,
 The hunter rode on an *Apulian Steed*,
 O're huge shoulders a bull-hide was cast,
 And gaping with huge jaws upon his crest
 With silver-teeth, a Wolf's head he did bear,
 His hand was arm'd with a rough knotty spear,
 Amidst the battel he a squadron lead,
 And wheeling taller shews by all the head.
 Him (and 'twas easie whilst he turn'd) she laid
 Dead on the ground, and like a foe thus said.

Thought'st thou in woods wild beasts thou didst pursue?
 The time draws nigh when female arms shall you
 Better informe: and this great honour bear.
 Thy Fathers ghost, thou selst, b' a Virgins spear.
Orsilocus and *Butes* men of might,
 Next fell by her; strong *Butes* she did smite

Betwixt his Cask and Maile through the neck-bone;
Whilst his left hand hung with his Target down.

Orsilocus did with a large turne delude,
Then wheeling the pursuer she pursued,
Raising her self high with her mighty Ax,
His cask and skull whilst he for quarter speaks;
She cleaves at once, his brains on's face did run.

Struck at this sight was *Aunus* valiant son,
In *Aponine* bred, who whilst the fates gave leave,
Was not the worst *Lygurian* to deceive;
He, when to shun the fight no way was seen
Not knowing how t' escape the following Queen,
Tride what his art could do, and thus began.
What fame is't that a woman charge a man,
And worst him better mounted? dar'st thou fight
With me on foot? if so, then quickly light,
And know to whom vain glory grants the same.

Straight the bold maid whom anger did inflame,
Gives to the next her horse, and in the field,
Stands with a naked sword and silver shield.

But the young man thinking his Plot had took,
Swift as the winds the place and her forsook.
And his reins turning, his swift courser rides,
Dying his rowels in his bloody sides
Then spoke the Queen, puffed up with pride in vain,
Conceiv'st thou thus to 'scape from me again?
Tricks shall not thee to thy false father bear;
This said, on foot she cuts the yielding aire,
Out-strips his horse, and straight his reins did seise,
Then with his blood her anger did appease;

As easie from a roek a Falcon flies,
After a drove, soaring in lofty skies,
And trussing up, doth in his pounces bear,
Then blood and plumes fall scatter'd through the air;

Whilst the great fire of men and deities
Regardlesse view'd not this from starry skies,
But stirs up *Zyrrben*, *Tarchon* to engage
In cruel fight, and usg'd with no small rage;

'Mongst slaughter he, and slaughtering squadrons rides,
 And by their names, his souldiers cheers and chides;
 And those which shrunk, to turn again commands,
 And said, whence is this fear, base *Tyrren* bands.
 What breeds this terror? shall a woman beat
 Our stragling troops, and our whole power defeat?
 For what these arms? why march you with vain spears?
 You're bold at *Venus*, and nocturnal wars,
 Or when for *Bacchus* sports, loud cornets sound,
 Or boards with banquets, and full *Goblins* crown'd.
 Th' is all your care, and when the Priest approves
 Entrals and Offerings call to sacred Groves.
 This said amongst the thickest he spurs his horse;
 And from his Steed puls *Venus* by force,
 And desperate raging, grasping of the foe
 Carries away, laid on his Saddle bow,
 Shouts heaven ascend, the fact the *Latins* view,
 But through the plaines the fiery *Tarchon* flew,
 Bearing both armes, and man, his javelins point
 Breaks off, then in his arms he seeks a joynt,
 To give the deadly wound; he strong, his hands (stands.
 Keeps from his throat, and strength with strength with-
 So with a Serpent a swift eagle flies,
 Wreath'd in her feet, and talions through the skies,
 The wounded snake winding himself defends,
 Brissing his scales, a hissing tongue extends,
 She with her beak and pounces tears, and eats,
 And the soft ayre with spreading pinions beats:
 Triumphant so bold *Tarchon* did convey,
 From the *Tyburine* troupes the woful prey,
 Their chiefs example, and successe enlarg'd,
 The *Tuscane* courage that again they charg'd,
 When subtil *Arun's* one condemn'd by fate
 Did with much cunning on *Camilla* wait:
 And to dispatch her, safest means he tride.
 Where e're the virgin through the troops did ride,
 Thither by stealth his speedy course he makes,
 Now this way he attempts, now that way takes;

And

And round about her searcheth every where,
Then cruel shakes at her his deadly speare.

Chlorem *Cybeles* priest did then by chance,
Shining far off in *Phrygian* armes advance,
And rid a foaming Steed, whom skins infold
Plume-wise commix'd, with brazen Scales and Gold,
In *Tyrian* purple bravely he did shew,
And *Cretan* shafts sent from a *Lycian* bow,
Which golden hung at's back; golden his crest,
His swolne traine rustled, and his Scarlet Vest
With burnish'd Gold drawn in a knot he ties:
His Coat was wrought, rich cnishes on his thighs.
The Queen that she the Temple might adorne
With *Trojan* Armes, or would her self have worne
The golden spoyle, this morn of all the foes
She singles out, t' encounter him she goes,
And carelesse through whole squadrons made her way,
Inflam'd with female love, spoyle, and prey.
Taking th' occasion *Aruns* threw his spear,
And to the powers above thus made his prayer,

Phœbus who swayst *Soracte*, best of Gods,
Whom first w'adore: to whom we burn whole loads
Of scorching pines, and then passe through the fire
With much devotion: Grant almighty Sire,
That our *Armes* may abolish this disgrace;
Nor I desire the Virgins spoils to place
A Trophy, nor at any prey I aime;
My other actions shall preserve my name,
That I may give this Plague her deadly wound,
Then pleas'd I will return home unrenown'd.

Apollo heard, and partly grants his prayer,
The other part flyes with the fleeting ayre,
He grants by him *Camilla* should be slain
But not to see his native land again,
That the swift winds did carry from his eare;
Then through the clouds resounds the flying speare,
The squadrons look about, and all begin
To cast their eyes upon the *Volscean* Queen;

But

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But she did nothing the great sound regard,
Nor coming through the skie the Lance she heard;
Till in her naked breast the javelin stood,
And thirstie takes a draught of Virgins blood.
Trembling with feare her Ladies all rush in
To keep supported up the falling Queen.
But *Aruns* frighted, did not now forbear
Basely to fly, his joy commixt with feare,
Nor longer now would trust unto his Lance,
Nor durst against the Virgins spear advance,

And as a Woolf, when he some shepheard kils,
Or mighty steere, flies to the lofty hills
Before that hostile weapons him distresse,
And conscious of so bold a wickednesse,
Cowering, betwixt his legs his taile he casts,
And strook with terrour, to the Forrest hasts.
So from their eyes affrighted *Aruns* bends,
Hasting his flight and mingles with his friends.
To pull the javelin out she dying tryde.
But fast the steel sticks in her wounded side
Pale, she sinks down, and cold death seales her eyes,
And from her cheeks her rosie colour flies
Breaching her last: to *Acca* then she spake,
One most she lov'd, who alwaies did parrake
Her cares, and counsels, the most trustie maid
Attended her; and thus she groaning, said.

Sister, I once had strength, but now I fall,
By a sad wound, and darknesse covers all;
To *Turnus* haste, and these my last words tell.
That he fall on, the *Trojans* to repell,
Adieu. This said, no more her reines she guides,
And though unwilling, to the ground she slides;
Then by degrees benum'd with cold she dies,
Her yielding neck now bends, her head now lies
Prisoner to death, leaving her arms diseas'd.
And life to shades flies with a groan displeas'd.

The golden stars then mighty clamors smite,
Gamilla slain; afresh begins the fight,

And

And a hot charge with all the *Trojan* force,
The *Tyrren* Captains, and the *Arcadian* horse,
But *Opis* sent by *Trivia*, undismaid;
Plac'd on a rising hill the fight survail'd,
'Mongst cries of raging youth, as far off she
Camilla punish'd by sad death did see;
She sigh'd and weeping said; ah Virgin such
A punishment for thee, was too too much.
Because thou *Trojans* boldly hast assail'd;
Nor hath *Diana's* service thee avail'd,
Or quiver at thy shoulders to have borne:
Nor will thy Queen forsake thee thus a scorn
In death, nor shalt thou without honour die,
Nor unreveng'd, through earth thy fame shall flye,
For who slew thee redev'st death shall come.

Under the hill did stand a mighty Tombe,
For th' ancient *Latine* King *Dercennus* made,
Which high with earth an aged Oke did shade;
Hither the beauteous Goddess swift flies;
And *Aruns* from the Sepulchre espies.
As him in bright arms swoln with pride she saw,
Why said she, dost thou shun us? hither draw,
Come, and *Camilla's* Legacie receive:
Diana's shafts shall thee of life bereave;
The *Thracian* from her golden quiver drew
An Arrow, and inrag'd bends her bow,
And so much strength to draw the tree she set,
Until the crooked ends together met.
To th' iron head her left hand she did bring,
Her right unto her bosome broug't the string;
Aruns at once did hear the aire resound,
And in his breast the feather'd weapon found.
He, now expiring, as he groaning sends
His last breath forth, neglected by his friends
In dust of foraign fields forsaken lies;
And winged *Opis* mounts unto the skies.

Their Lady slain, *Camilla's* troops first fled,
Rutilians next, *Atinas* followed;

The officers desert their souldiers, all
 Now fly, and swift ran to the cities wall.
 Nor any could the *Trojan* charge withstand,
 By arms our strength death bearing in their hand.
 Their bowes unbent hung at their weary backs,
 And iron-hoof'd steeds the ground beneath them shakes.
 Then black and troubled clouds of dust appear,
 Darkning the Sun, and to the walls drew near.
 Beating their breasts, the matrons female cries
 Send from the towres, and clamours raise to skies;
 Who first through open gates did entrance make,
 In the foes troop with them commixed break;
 Nor could the wretches woful death avoid,
 But are at home just at their doors destroy'd,
 And under their own battlements their fates
 Receive by steel; when others shut the Gates,
 And durst not open to receive within
 Their calling friends; sad slaughters now begin
 Of those the passe kept, and maintain'd the fight.
 Some shut out, in their weeping parents sight,
 Into the trench are tumbled headlong down;
 Others with loose reins desperately ride on,
 And tilt against the Gates and massie bars,
 The matrons, in such danger of the wars,
 Mov'd with *Camilla*, and their countries love,
 Logs, blocks and stones do tumble from above,
 And these in stead of better weapons use,
 To save their country death they not refuse.
Turnus mean-while sad news heard in the Groves,
 And him with mighty sorrow *Acca* moves.
Volsceans were scattered, and *Camilla* slain,
 Favour'd by *Mars*, they did the battel gain,
 Who now pursue, and drove them to the gates;
 For so had *Jove* decreed and cruel fates.
 He from the hills then rose, with fury struck,
 And the rough groves, and dangerous passe forsook.
 Scarce out of fight into the Plains he drew,
 But Prince *Aeneas* marching he might view

Down to the open Champaign, and at last
 The danger of the hill and forrest past.
 So both now march'd unto the royal fear,
 Nor was the distance twixt the armies great.
 At once from far *Æneas* view'd the lands
 Smoking with dust, and the *Laurentian* bands;
 And *Turnus* fierce in arms, *Æneas* saw,
 Heard his horse neigh, and squadrons neerer draw.
 Straight they in fight had joyn'd, and battel gave,
 Had not bright *Phæbus* in the Western wave
 Wash'd his tir'd Steeds, night vanquishing the day;
 Intrench'd before the town both Armies lay.

THE

THE
TWELFTH BOOK OF
VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus resolv'd by fight to end the wars,
Straight challengeth Æneas; he prepares
To meet. The Time and Place appointed, both
To observe articles, take a solemn Oath.
Iuturna sent the agreement to disturb.
Nor could the Trojan Prince his Army curb.
Æneas hurt: Turnus encourag'd, then
Enters the fight, and slaughters many men.
Venus her off-spring cures. Inrag'd he goes
To seek bold Turnus, amongst thickest foes;
But missing him, attempts the Town to gain;
Amata's woful death, and Turnus slain.

When Turnus saw the valiant Latins tir'd
With bad successe, his promise now requir'd,
Himself now look'd upon, he rages more,
And courage takes. As on the Lybian shore,
A wounded Lyon by the Hunters chac'd,
Bold makes a stand, and chargeth them at last.
Breaking the spear, he shakes his curled main;
And roaring, doth with bloody mouth complain.

Such

Such rage as this inflames bold *Turnus* breast,
Who thus to th' King his troubled mind exprest.

There shall be no delay in *Turnus* sword ;
Will the perfidious *Trojans* keep their word,
And stand to their ingagement ? I will fight ;
Perform great King for leagues the sacred rite.

Either this *Asian* fugitive by me
Shall perish, (let the *Latins* sit and see)
And I this common mischief shall destroy,
Or he victorious over me, enjoy
The fair *Lavinia* for his Royal bride.
To whom the King undiscompos'd repli'de.

Most valiant Prince, the more thy vertues be,
So much more careful it behoveth me
Counsel to take, and weigh each chance with care.

Thine *Dædus* realms, and many cities are
By wars successe, and thy great valour thine ;
By wealth and power, I have enough for mine.

In *Latium* other Virgins may be found,
Who for their high extraction are renown'd.

Let me unfold these sayings which are hard,
Without formalities, and my words regard ;

That I to no *Italian* Prince should wed
My daughter, men and gods all prophes'd.

Took with thy love, with thy alliance took,
And with my sad wives tears, all bonds I broke,

The promis'd bride detain'd, took impious arms ;

Since you have seen what miseries, wars, what harms

Insu'd, and thy own danger ; we orethrown

In two great battels, scarce defend the town ;

And swolne with *Latine* blood, yet *Tyber* boyls,

Our bones make white the fields in mighty piles.

How is our minds with various counsels tost ?

What weakness changeth it ? were *Turnus* lost,

I should make peace ; why rather then all strife

Remove not I, and yet preserve thy life ?

What will thy own *Rutilians* think ? what may

The other Princes of *Ausonia* say ?

If (heaven forbid it) I should ruine thee,
 Seeking our daughter and affinitie,
 View wars events, and thy old father spare,
 Who now at home for thee lies plung'd in care.
 But words could nothing *Turnus* wrath assuage,
The medicine makes him worse, and more to rage.
 Soon as he could, thus he began to say.
 What care you take for me, great Prince; I pray
 For me lay by: life is sold cheap for fame,
 Nor we dear father feeble javelins aim.
 And from these wounds I deal blood will appear.
 Nor shall his goddesse mother then be near,
 Him flying with a female cloud to save,
 Nor with vain shadows shall our eyes deceive.

But the Queen weeping, with wars chance dismay'd,
 Orewhelmed with grief, thus did her son disswade,
 Dear *Turnus*, by these tears, if any love
 Offsad *Amata* thy kind bosome move,
 (Thou my sole comfort, and my ages prop,
 Who art our glory, and our Kingdoms hope,
 On whom our falling house doth only rest)
 O challenge not the *Dardan* I request.
 Whatever chance attends thee in that fight,
 I must bear part, and shall this hated light
 Forsake at once, nor captive will I see
 That fugitive my son in-law to be.

Lavinia heard her mothers speech; whilst tears
 Drown'd her fair cheeks, on which a blush appears
 Like new-born flame, and o're clear beauty flows;
 So *Indian*-ivory stain'd with crimson shews,
 Or Lilies amongst *Province*-roses plac'd:
 So sweet a colour the bright virgin grac'd
 When mov'd with love *Turnus* beheld the maid,
 And more in cens'd, thus to *Amata* said.

My dearest mother, follow not with tears
 So sad an omen, him who now prepares
 For strife of cruel *Mars*: the fatal houre
 Of death to stay is not in *Turnus* power.

Idmon our Herald, go, this message bear
Not pleasing to the *Phrygian* Princes care.
Soon as the blushing chariot of the morn,
With roses shall dayes infant brows adorn,
Let him not draw his *Trojans* to the field,
Let both the armies to cessation yield.
With our own blood this War we shall decide,
There let him strive to gain the royal bride.

This said, he went to see his horse; their plight,
And fiery mettal, gave him much delight.
Which, *Orythia* gave *Pilumus*, who exceed
The snow in whitenesse, and the winde in speed.
The grooms attend; they clap their necks, and rein
Their well-born heads, and combethe flowing main.
Next on he tride a sute of armour, which
Was bright with Gold, with *Orycalcus* rich:
Then puts his sword on, and his target brac'd,
And fits his crest with bloody feathers grac'd.
Vulcan the sword for's father *Daunus* made,
And hot in *Strygian* waters cool'd the blade.
Then to a stately Hall he did advance,
Where 'gainst a pillar stood a mighty lance,
Aruncian *Aethers* spoil: this down he took,
And speaking thus, with mighty violence shook.
O never failing when I made my prayer,
The time draws nigh, thou once wert *Aethers* spear.
And now art mine: O grant I may orethrow
Th' effeminate *Phrygian*, and this hand the foe.
Dispoyl of armes, with dust his tresses soyl
Curl'd with hot irons, and moist with myrrh and oyl.

Thus mov'd with rage, through all his face did rise
Sparkles of flame, fire shines in his bright eyes.
As when a Bull roars dreadfully for fight,
And doth his fury with his hornes excite;
Charging a tree, out-braves the winde with blows.
And sand *prælude* to the combate strows.
Then rag'd *Æneas* in *Vulcanian* arms,
And whets his wrath, preparing for a arms,
Glad thus to end the war; his son and friends
To comfort them, he shews what fate intends.

Then he commands some to the King should bear
Th' accepted challenge, and should peace declare.

Scarce had the morning crown'd with golden rays
The hills, when *Phæbus* steeds forsook the seas,
And from their fiery nostrils blow the light :
When neer the City wall, lists for the fight,
Trojans and *Rutiles* measuring did prepare.
Hearths in the midst, and flowry altars were
To common gods. Some water, fire, design'd,
With linnen vail'd, *Vervaine* their brows did bind,

Ausonian squadrons, and the piled troop,
March from the town, and *Trojans* all drew up,
And *Tyrrhen* squadrons hast with various arms,
Standing imbattel'd, ready for alarms.
Amidst the chiefs in scarlet shine and gold,
Assaracus off-spring, *Mnestheus*, and the bold ;
Asylus, with *Messapus* next took place ;
Messapus bravely mounted *Neptunes* race,
The signals heard ; all clear the appointed fields,
On earth they fix their spears, and rest their shields.
Feeble old men, and fearful women haste
With the unarmed vulgar, where, well plac'd
The fight they might behold ; on towres some sit,
Or houses tops, on battlements these sit.

But *Juno* looking from a hill, whose name
Is *Alban* now, (then without stile or fame)
Did the whole army of the *Latines* view,
The *Trojans*, and the royal city too.
When thus the goddess to a goddess said,
Who *Turnus* sister was, whom floods obey'd ;
Which gift *Jove* gave, king of starry the sky,
In recompence of her virginity.

Nymph, glory of the floods, whom most I love
Of all those *Latine* dames aspir'd to *Jove*
's Ungrateful bed, and plac'd in heaven with me.
Lest us thou blame, thy sad condition see.
Vv'hilst fortune pleas'd, and fate to *Latinum* gave
Success, I *Turnus* and the walls did save.
Now cruel fates attend the youth, and I
Behold this day, and woful chance draw nigh ;

Nor I this peace, nor combatants will view :
 If ought thou dar'st for thy brother do ;
 Perhaps some better fortune may arise.

Scarce said, when tears poure from *Juturna's* eyes,
 Beating her snowy breast. Then *Juno* said,
 This is no time to weep ; thy brother aid,
 And save if now thou canst ; raise warre again,
 And break the peace, I'll the bold act maintain.
 Advising thus, she left her much distressed,
 And deep the wounding sorrow pierc'd her breast.

Mean while both Kings draw forth in solemn state,
Latinus in a gallant chariot sate,
 Twelve golden rayes impail'd his shining browes,
 Declaring *Sol* his grandsire ; *Turnus* goes
 With white steeds drawn, and shakes two mighty spears.
Aeneas, *Rome's* original, appears
 Bright in celestiall arms : with him did come
Ascanius the next great hope of *Rome*.

The priest in white did fleecie sheep designe,
 And the fat off-spring of the bristled swine,
 And cattel to the flaming altars brought :
 They to the rising Sun, their hands well fraught
 With salt fruit, turn their eyes : beasts for divine
 Uses they rake, and on their foreheads signe ;
 And with full bowls and offerings th' Altars lade,
 Then with a drawn sword Prince *Aeneas* prayd.

Witnesse, O Sun, this earth confirm the same,
 For which I through so many troubles came.
 Great *Jove*, and *Juno*, who will now declare
 For us ; I crave ; and thou great God of war
 Who still in dreadful battels govern'st all.
 The sacred springs and fountains, you I call,
 And mighty powers which in high heaven reside,
 And gods which on the azure billows glide ;
 If *Turnus* fortune shall the victory get,
 We shall return to King *Evanders* seat,
 Nor my *Ascanius*, nor the *Trojan* bands
 Bear arms against you, nor invade these lands.
 But if my valour to me conquest give,
 (Which may the Gods confirm, and I believe !)

Latines shall not the *Trojan* power obey,
 I seek not rule, together they shall sway
 With equal lawes, and leagues eternal make;
 I'll joyn our gods, and let *Latinus* take
 The power himself: for me the *Trojans* shall
 A City build, which I'll *Lavinium* call.

Aeneas said, then thus *Latinus* prays,
 And looking up, to heaven his hands did raise;

By the same earth, and sea, and stars I vow,
 The Sun, and Moon, and *Janus* double brow,
 And deepest gates of Hell: Great *Jove*, hear these,
 Who with thy thunder dost establish peace,
 Altars and fires I touch, and powers invoke,
 Never by us shall this our league be broke;
 Whatever chance do fall, no day shall tell
 That I was drawn to break one article.

First shall the earth be with a deluge drown'd,
 Or heaven shall sink into the *Stygian* sound:

And as the scepter (he a scepter bore)

Never shall sprout with verdant branches more;
 Which long cut down, no sap from earth receives,
 And hath to th'axe bequeath'd both boughes and leaves:
 Which once a tree, now gold and art adorn,
 And is by Princes of the *Latines* born.

Thus they confirm the leagues in open view
 Of all the chiefs, and sacred cattel slew,
 Then from the beasts alive hot entrails pull,
 And load the altars with huge chargers full.

But to the *Rutiles* now the fight appears
 Unequal, who are mov'd with various fears;
 And more when they him not so cheerful saw,
 With heavy pace neer to the altar draw,
 And cast-down looks, who whilst heavens aid he seeks
 Had lost the manly colour in his cheeks.
 This observation as *Juturna* view'd
 To spread, and seise the giddy multitude,
Camerta's form she takes, whose grand fire won
 And fathers valour, honour for the son;
 And he himself most valiant, in she goes
 Amidst the bands, and thus strange rumour sows.

For all these forces, is it not a shame
 One man t'expose? what, have we not the same
 Number and strength? Behold, before us stand
Trojans, Arcadians, and the fatal band
 Those fierce *Hetrurians*, who hate *Turnus* so:
 We're two for one, if we should charge the foe:
 He rais'd by fame, shall with the gods survive
 T'whom he's devoted, and for ever live.
 Our Countrey lost, we must proud lords obey,
 Who now sit still, and help to him deny.

Thus being incens'd, the murmur louder grew,
 And more and more now through the army flew,
Latines, Laurentians, who did late suppose
 An end of war, and rest from former woes,
 Are all for arms, the peace they much detest,
 And *Turnus* fortune doth their minds molest.

To these another did *Juturna* joyn,
 Which mov'd far more; from heaven she gave a sign,
 Then which could nothing more their souls inrage,
 Or sooner make th' *Italians* to engage.
 For *Joves* fair bird, cutting the arch'd skies,
 As at a loud-wing'd troop of fowl he flies;
 Then stooping down, he from the water bears
 A silver swan, trust in his hooked sears.
 Th' *Italians* courage raise; for the whole flight
 With loud cries face about, (a wondrous fight)
 They cloud the heaven with wings, and through the sky
 In a full body charge the enemy;
 Vanquish'd by force, tir'd with his load, he threw
 His prey i'th stream, and to the clouds withdrew.

The omen then, *Rutilians* did salute,
 And arms prepared with a mighty shout.
 And first the Augur bold *Tolumnus* said,
 For this with vows so often I have prais'd.
 You gods, I take your sign; and led by me
 Now draw your swords out, valiant *Rutilie*.

Those whom this stranger did with war infect
 (As harmless fowl) and hath their realms oppress,
 Shall drive him hence, and force him to the main.
 Then with one minde array your selves again.

And save your King in danger to be lost.

This said, his spear against the foe he cast.

The well-aim'd javelin sounding cuts the skies ;

At once, huge shouts, at once the squadrons rise,

Desire of tumult now inflames their blood.

But the sent spear, where nine bold brethren stood,

Which by a *Tyrrhen* dame true to his bed,

Were to *Gilipus* an *Arcadian* bred,

One in the midst where his rich belt did sit,

Close to his side just where the button knit,

As the brave youth in shining arms did stand;

Went through his ribs, and stretch'd him on the sand.

But the bold brothers in a body make,

And stir'd with rage, some draw their swords, some take

Their spears in haste, and mad, advance ; a band

Of *Laurentines* draw forth these to withstand.

Trojans, *Arcadians*, *Agelinians* move,

To try it out with steel they all approve.

Altars are spoil'd, and storms of javelins poure,

And from the skie descends an iron shoure.

They seize the cups and hearths ; *Latinus* flies,

The peace being broke with injur'd deities.

Some mount their horses, others straight prepare

Their chariots, and with drawn swords ready are.

Messapus at this peace much discontent,

Did charge a King in royal ornament,

Tyrrhen Aulestes : who, as he withdrew

Backward, himself on th' Altar overthrew,

On's head and shoulder pitch'd ; but with his lance

Messapus fiercely did to him advance ;

And whilst he quarter cry'd, with his huge speare

Slew as he fate above ; then said, Lie there,

To the great Gods a better sacrifice,

Th' *Italians* rush, and spoile him e're he dies,

Chorineus from the Altar snatcht a brand,

With which, *Ebusus* changing boldly, gain'd

A blow on's face, that set his beard on fire,

Which burning smelt : he, as he did retire,

With his left hand pursuing of his blow,

Did seize the haire of his amazed foe ;

And wrastling with him, brought him to the ground,
Then with his stiffe sword gave the deally wound.

Podalirius, the shepherd *Alfius* slew,
As'fore the squadrons and first ranks he flew,
And following with a drawn sword, overtakes;
But his deaths-wound bequeath'd him with an axe.
The mighty blow clove to the chin his head,
And all his arms with blood besprinkled:
A hard and iron sleep closeth his sight,
And seal'd his eyes up in eternal night.

But Prince *Aeneas* naked hands extends.
His head yet bare, and calls aloud his friends;
Where rush you thus? what sudden rage is this?
O stay your wrath! the peace concluded is,
All are agreed; 'tis I must end this war:
Let me then fight, and lay aside your feare;
A lasting peace I with this hand shall bind,
These offerings me, and *Turnus* have design'd.

Whilst these he said, behold with mighty sound
A winged arrow gave the King a wound.
By what hand shot, or whirl-wind sent, unknown,
What god or chance did *Rutiles* so renown.

But *Turnus*, when he saw *Aeneas* turn,
His Captains, troubled, straight with hope did burn:
Calls for his steeds, then arms, and from the plains
Leaps in his chariot, and streight takes his reins,
And many valiant souldier overthrowes,
And o're them dying with his horses goes:
Or with his chariot wheels whole squadrons tears.
And at them flying casts their taken spears.
So neer cold *Hebrus* bloody *Mars* proceeds,
Whilst his shield rattles, to his fiery steeds
Giving the reins, then winds they fly more fleet,
And farthest *Thrace* groans with their thundering feet:
With him pale fear, and cruel anger rode,
And treachery accompanies the god.
Fierce *Turnus* so, his horse drives through the plain,
Smoking with sweat, insulting o're the slain:
From their swift heels a sanguine dew he spreads,
And sand with streams of blood commixed, treads

And now he *Sthenelus*, *Tamaris*, *Polus* slew
 These hand to hand him as far off o'rethrew.
Glaucus and *Lades*, both in *Lycia* born,
 Whom *Imbrassus* their father did adorn
 With arms of equal proof, either to fight,
 Or mounted, to out-strip the winds in flight.
 In th' other wing, *Eumedes* fierce came on
 With new supplies, old *Dolons* warlike son;
 His Grandfires name, and fathers strength he had,
 Who in times past, when he a spy was made
 To view the *Gracian* Camp; bold, for his hire
Achilles horse and chariot did require.
 For this, *Tydides* gave him other pay,
 Nor bore he e're *Pelides* steeds away.

As as far off bold *Turnus* him did view
 Through th' ample sky at him his javelin threw;
 Then stops his horse, and from his chariot leaps,
 Whom falling down half-dead, on's neck he steps,
 Pulls his sword from him, and the shining blade
 He colour'd in his throat, and thus he said.

Trojan, behold that Land thou striv'st to gain;
 And stretch'd out thus, measure th' *Hesperian* Plain,
 To those dare fight with us we alwayes yield
 Rewards like these; and thus they Cities build.
 Next *Butes* with his spear he overthrew,
 Bold *Cloris*, *Sabiris*, and *Dares* slew,
Thersilocus, *Thymetes* next did speed,
 As he was tumbling from his warlike steed.
 And as *Edonian Boreas*, when aloud
 He thunders raging on th' *Ægean* flood,
 To shore the billows follow; through the skie,
 Which way winds blow, the fleeting clouds to flie.
 So *Turnus*, wheresoe're he way doth make,
 The troops give place, the bands to flight betake;
 He with's own force on like a whirlwind comes,
 The wanton winds shaking his waving plumes.

Phægeus withstands him; though his fury burus,
 He stops his chariot, and his horse turns;
 Their foamie mouths he checkt, and whilst he hung
 Drawn by their mains, at him his spear he flung

Which

Which pierc't quite through his double mail, and found
Passage to rase his body with a wound :
But he defended with his target, made
Still at the foe, and from his sword craves aid ;
When hurried with the wheel, and flying axe,
He was at last orethrowne, whom *Turnus* takes
Betwixt his helme and gorge, and smote off's head,
And left upon the sand his body dead.

Whilst conquering *Turnus* made such slaughters thus;
Mnestheus, *Acates*, sad *Ascanius*,
Aeneas bleeding to the camp attend :
Each other step on a long spear he leand ;
To draw the broken arrow he assayes,
Struggling with pain, and tries the easiest wayes :
They lance the wound, and where it lay conceal'd
Cut deep ; that they again may take the field.
Iapix, whom *Phæbus* loved most was there,
Who once to him did such affection bear,
That his own arts on him he did bestow,
The spirit of Prophecie with his harp and bowe.
That he may long defer the fatal houre
Of his old father, he the use and power
Of simples learn't, and to himself imparts,
By study knowledge of despised arts.

Aeneas chafing lean'd upon a spear,
With sad *Iulus*, and great converse there,
Nor is he mov'd nor troubled at their tears.

Then old *Iapix* many things prepares,
His vest girt back in the *Pæonian* guise,
And *Phæbus* powerful herbs in vain applies,
Vainly he labours to draw forth the steel,
Tries with his Probe, and doth with pincers feel :
No way will hit, no aid *Apollo* yields,
Now horror, more and more rag'd in the fields,
Danger draws near, dust hides the heaven from view ;
Horse charge, and midst the camp thick javelins flew :
A woful noise did now ascend the skie,
Of valiant youth, who in fierce battel die.

Here *Venus* troubled at her sons deep wound,
Brought *Distanie*, in *Cretan* *Ida* found.

The stalk hath sprouting leaves, and on the crown
 A purple flower, not to wild goats unknown,
 When their rough backs the winged shaft hath gal'd:
 This *Venus* brought, in clouds her beauty vail'd;
 To this she did fresh streams in gold infuse,
 In secret, and with sweet *Ambrosia* dewes,
 She odoriferous *Panax* did compound.
 With which th' old man not knowing, bath'd the wound.
 Then from his body, streight all anguish fled,
 And now the wound no more, though mighty, bled,
 The steel now uncompel'd follows the hand,
 And strength returns unto its old command.

Bring arms, why stay you? first *Iapix* cries:
 Inflaming courage 'gainst the enemies,
 This is no work of man, nor did this art,
 My master *Phæbus* unto me impart,
 Nor have I drawn the steel, which deep did lurk,
 A greater God sends thee to greater work.
 Then for the fight *Aeneas* earnest, ties
 His golden cuishes to his manly thighs,
 Hating delays, brandish'd his spear; this done
 Buckles his shield, and claps his corslet on,
 And then his son embracing, thus arrai'd,
 He through his beaver, sweetly kissing, said;
 Valour, true honour, learn (my boy) from me,
 Fortune from others; this right hand shall be
 In war thy shield, and shall with realms endow;
 To riper years attain'd, remember thou
 Thy friends example; let thy father's fame,
 And uncle *Hector*, to brave acts inflame.
 Thus having said, through open ports he makes,
 And mighty he, a mighty javelin shakes.
Anteus and *Mnestheus* straight a body make.
 And all the bands draw forth, the campe forsake,
 Then mighty clouds of dust obscure the field,
 And thundring feet makes the shook earth to yield.

Turnus beheld them, as the troupes did draw
 Forth from the works, and th' *Ausonian* saw,
 Straight through their bodies runs cold trembling fear,
 But before all his sister first did hear,

She knew the sound, and frighted fled again.

He hasts, leading his black band through the plain.

As when a mighty storme flies to the shore,

Through the deep sea, suspected long before

By skilful Swains, who fear it will annoy,

Their plants, their standing corn, and all destroy,

The wind as Harbingers bring th'sound to Land,

So charg'd *Æneas* with his *Trojan* band.

And close together they in bodies drew.

Tymbræus; stout *Osiris* overthrew,

Mnestheus, *Archetius*, and *Achates* sped

Bold *Epulon*, *Gyas* left *Ufens* dead:

Tolumnius the Augurer, he slew,

Who 'gainst the *Trojans* first his javelin threw;

Clamour scales heaven, now *Rutilians* yield

And swift turn dustie shoulders through the field.

Æneas scorns to fight with any here,

Who charge on foot or horse, or cast a spear;

He *Turnus* seeks alone through dustie mists,

And only him demands unto the lists.

Iuturna that *Virago* struck with fear,

Tumbles *Metiscus*, *Turnus* chariotteer

Out of his seat, and snarch'd from him the reins;

And leaves forsaken, faln upon the Plains.

Acting his part, she guides the foaming bits,

In voice, arms, shape, like to *Metiscus* sirs.

As when a swallow flies through spacious Courts

Of some rich Lord, and in vast Halls resorts,

Food seeking for her young, porches she rounds,

And novv about the chrystal fountains sounds.

Thus mounted through the foe *Iuturna* makes,

And vvith her thundring vvheels all overtakes:

Then here her brother, and novv there she shevv's,

Nor lets him fight, but far from thence she goes.

Æneas so, turns here, novv there he flies,

And *Turnus* trac'd through scatter'd enemies;

Calling as oft as him, he had in sight:

And spurs adds to his vvinged horses flight.

As oft *Iuturna* thence her chariot guides;

What shall she do, tost vvith such various tides?

Aeneas as he many plots prepares,
 At him *Messapus*, (for he had two spears)
 Cast one of them, and sent with mighty force.
Aeneas guards himself, and stops his course,
 Bending his knee, through's crest the javelin comes,
 And from his cask, quite sweeps away his plumes.
 Then for the treachery, his rage grew hot;
 When he perceiv'd his flying chariot,
 Iove, and the Altars he to witnesse calls,
 Of broken leagues, then on the slaughter falls,
 No difference makes, with all he doth ingage,
 And gives full reins to his late curbed rage.

What God can tell those slaughters? who in verse
 The funerals of the Captains can rehearse.
 Which fell by *Turnus* on th' *Ausonian* Plain,
 Or count those numbers by *Aeneas* slain?
 Could *Iove* be pleas'd to see such wars as these
 Twixt Nations that must joyne in lasting peace?

Aeneas *Sacro* slew, (this fight first staid
 The flying *Trojans*;) nor he long delaid;
 Through's breast, where fate did easiest way afford
 'Mongst his short ribs he sheaths his naked sword.
Turnus, *Amicus*, false from's Courser met
 On foot, on's brother next *Diæres* set;
 To this advancing, death he did afford
 With his long spear, that slaughters with his sword;
 Their heads cut off, he to his chariot bore,
 And hung them up, bloody with purple gore.
 He *Talo*, *Tanais*, and *Cethegus* slew,
 Three at one charge, and stern *Onytes* too
 Of th' *Echion* name, whom Dame *Peridia* bore,
 Brother from *Lycia* sent, and *Phæbus* shore;
 And young *Menates*, who in vain denide
 To go to wars: near fishy *Lernas* side
 He had his craft, and house, wealth was unknown,
 Whose father til'd a Countrey not his own.

As fires are kindled in contrary ways,
 Amongst dry woods, and sprigs of crackling bayes,
 Or when with rapid course from mountains steep
 Sound foamy streams, and hurry to the deep,

And both alike make devastations large.
So stout *Aeneas* and bold *Turnus* charge;
Their rage now boyls, and breasts unconquer'd bleed;
With their whole strength to slaughter they proceed.

Muranus here, (boasting the ancient name
Of Grandfires, who from *Latine* Princes came;)
He with a stone orethrew, and on the Plains
Measur'd his length: whom false and lost his reins,
The wheels ran ore; thick blows swift heels afford,
Of horses now unmindful of their lord.

Turnus meets *Ilus* mainly raging now,
And casts his javelin at his golden brow;
Quite through the helme it fixed in his brain:
Nor could thy valour thee protection gain,
Bold *Gracian Cretens*, from fierce *Turnus* ods:
Nor from *Aeneas* charge, could his own gods
Cupentus save; his breast to th' sword must yield,
Nor to th' wretch avail'd his brazen shield.

Thee *Aeolus*, *Laurentian* fields saw dead,
And the large Champaign thy broad shoulders spread,
Whom not the *Argive* Squadrons could destroy.
Nor stern *Achilles* who subverted *Troy*.
Here was thy place for death from *Ida* come,
Laurentian fields thy body must entombe.
Latins and *Trojans*, now are all ingag'd:
Mnestheus, *Sereestus*, and *Messapus* rag'd.

Well mounted, on bravely *Asylas* brings
Up *Tuscane* bands, and the *Arcadian* wings,
They battel joyne and strive with all their might;
No reserve left, there was a cruel fight.

The most fair mother of *Aeneas* here
Puts in his mind to th' walls he should draw near,
And straight with's Army to the City go,
Which sudden should the *Latins* overthrow.

He, as he *Turnus* sought through all the bands,
Bending each way, saw how *Laurentum* stands,
From so much troubles safe, in quiet rest.

A shape of greater war inflames his breast,
Mnestheus, *Sergestus*, and *Sereestus* stout,
Plac'd on a mount he calls, where round about

Trojans might flock, nor shields or spears they laid
Aside, whilst thus from rising ground he said,

What I command obey, this *Joves* decrees;
Nor slow move for the suddain enterprise.

This town and city, cause of all this war,
Unlesse they yield, and say they vanquish'd are,

I will destroy, and level with the ground
Their smoking spires; till *Turnus* will be found,
Must I expect? whilst he is pleas'd to fight
Vanquish'd again, must I attending wait?
Of all our woes this is the head and spring,
Sue then for peace with flames, and fire-brands bring.

This said, they chearfull into order fall,

And in a body draw unto the wall.

Straight scaling ladders were, and fire prepar'd:

Some to the gates advance, and kill the guard:

Others, all heaven with shafts and javelins cloud;

Aeneas first, raising his hand, aloud

Latinus blames: calls heaven to witnesse then,

He is compel'd to take up arms agen,

They by hostility Peace had broken twice.

Then 'mongst the people factious stirs arise;

Some for the *Trojans* bid open the gate,

And that they should march through the city straight,

And to the out-works they their King do call;

Others bring arms, and will defend the wall.

As when a swaine findes in a hollow rock,

A swarme of Bees, and fills the place with smoke:

Disturb'd they flye about their waxen seat,

And with a mighty noise their anger whet;

Smoke scales their roofs, within sad murmurs rise,

And pitchy fumes advance unto the skies.

When to the fainting *Latins* chanc'd a woe,

Which the whole city did with grief overflow.

As the Queen saw the foe draw neer the wall,

The gates beset, fire on the roofs to fall;

Nor *Turnus* nigh, the city to maintain.

Hopelesse, she thought in fight the Prince was slain.

Struck dead with woe, I am the cause, she cries,

I, I the spring of all these miseries.

Thus raving she, her bitter grief exprest;
 And desperate she rends her purple vest:
 Then on a beam, a knot for base death knit;
 Soon as the wofull *Latins* heard of it;
 (But first *Lavinia* tore her golden hair
 And rosie cheeks) they all in uproar were:
 And the whole palace rung with dismal cries,
 Hence the sad fame through the whole City flies;
 Their hearts now fail'd; amaz'd *Latinus* went,
 And regal weeds, at his wives fortune, rent;
 Then for his ruin'd town oppress'd with woes,
 Foul dust upon his silver hair he throws;
 Himself much blaming, cause he did refuse,
 And for his son did not *Aeneas* chuse,

Mean while the warrior *Turnus* did a few
 Poor straglers to the farthest plains pursue;
 And by degrees now slower, and slower he rides,
 And lesse and lesse in his swift horses prides,
 Hither to him the wind strange terror bears,
 With clamours mix'd; and to his listning ears
 The Cities confus'd noise and cries had blown.
 Ah what misfortune now disturbs the town!

Why from *Laurentum* come such sounds! This said,
 Distracted in his mind a while he staid.

His sister, who *Metiscus* shape had got,
 His charioteer, and drove his chariot,
 To him then spake: The *Trojans* there pursue
 Where victory opens now a way to you:
 Others there are that will defend the town.

Aeneas drives the *Italians* up and down,
 Thundring in arms; let us like slaughters make
 Amongst the *Trojans*, nor the field forsake,
 Since thou in strength and valour equal art.

Then *Turnus* said—

Sister, long since I knew thee, when by charms
 Thou brok'st the league, and took'st thy self up arms;
 Now Goddess, thou deceiv'st in vain: but who
 From heaven to suffer thus commanded you?
 Cam'st thou to see thy brothers cruel death?
 What safety else can fortune now bequeath?

Did not these eyes behold *Mauranus*, when
 He cal'd to me aloud, and cal'd agen?
 Then whom to me (alas) was dearer none:
 The brave man fell, by a great wound o'rethrown.
 And haplesse *Ufens* dy'd, lest he should see
 Our soul disgrace; his arms and body be
 The *Trojans* prize. Shall I here tamely stay
 Till they destroy the Town? Is that the way?
 Nor shall this arm *Drances* confute? Shall I
 Retreat, and shall this Land see *Turnus* fly?
 Is death so hard? You spirits, that dwell below,
 Oh send me aid; since heaven's declar'd my foe!
 To you my spotlesse soul not knowing t'offend,
Worthy my predecessors shall descend.

Scarce said, when *Sages* through the foe did come,
 His horse behold all over in a fume:
 In's head an arrow sticking, post he came
 Requiring aid of *Turnus* by his name,
 Great *Prince*, in thee is our last hopes, allow,
 Some aid to us; *Aeneas* thunders now
 In arms about our gates, and threatens, he
 Will now destroy the towres of *Italie*;
 And ready with destruction fire-brands flie
 About the roofs. The *Latines* fix their eye
 Only on thee; all's lost, if thou not aid.
 Nor will *Latines* longer be delaid
 Whom to call son, or with which side t'agree.
 Besides the Queen, most faithfull still to thee,
 Is dead; and frighted with her own sad fates
 Hath made her self away; only the gates
 Are by *Messapus*, and *Arinas* man'd;
 Round these, on every side thick squadrons stand,
 An iron crop glisters with swords and shields,
 Whilst thou dost drive here in forsaken fields.

Turnus amaz'd, with various objects stood
 Silent a while; great shame then boyls his blood,
 Grief with distraction mix'd, and love did call,
 Stir'd up by age, and losse of honour, all.
 Soon as his mind he recollected had,
 The walls (much griev'd) with burning eyes survai'd

And the great town did from the wheels behold,
 When he might see amongst the bulwarks roll'd
 And the dry timber up a mighty flame
 With smoke towards heaven : then to a towre it came
 Wrought with huge beams, which he himself had made,
 And had with wheels and lofty arches laid.
 Fate calls now, sister, there is no delay :
What God and hard chance bids, we must obey.
 I'll meet *Æneas*; death's worst forme I'll face ;
 Nor longer shalt thou see my great disgrace :
 Grant e're the fight I may to fury yield.

This said, from's chariot leaps into the field,
 And rush'd through foes, his sister sad forsakes,
 And swift he through the middle squadron makes.
 As a huge stone drove by a tempest's power
 From a hills top, or carried by a shower ;
 Or sliding years which time hath freed from thence,
 The mighty rock roll'd down with violence
 Bounds from the earth ; and tumbling headlong then
 With it sweeps woods, and flocks, whole herds, and men,
 So through the broken squadrons *Turnus* goes
 To th' city walls : and where the sad earth flows
 With streams of blood, where javelins cloud the skies,
 Waving his hand, with a loud voice he cries.
 No more in fight *Rutilians* *Latins* joyn,
 What e're the fortune is, it must be mine.
 I with my sword firm peace shall make. This said,
 They all retreat, and a faire space they made.

But when *Æneas* heard of *Turnus* name,
 Straight from the walls and lofty towres he came.
 And breaks off all delays, quits all designs,
 And joyful now in thundring arms he shines.
 So mighty *Ahos*, or tall *Erix* shew,
 Or antieat *Apenninus*, when with snow
 Above the star's his lofty head is crown'd,
 And doth with tempest-beaten okes resound.

Rutilians, *Trojans*, and th' *Italians*, all
 Who did maintain, and those who storm'd the wall,
 Fix'd there their eyes, and from the fight withdraw,
Latinus was amazed, when he saw

Such mighty men, born in far distant land,
Resolv'd to try it out, now hand to hand.

Soon as the field with open lists appears,
With a swift course far off they cast their spears :
They charge then with their Targets, and the ground
Doth with a grone returne the brazen sound.
Then with their swords blow after blow lay on,
Fortune and valour are conjoyn'd in one.

So in great *Syla* or *Taburnus* height
Two bulls with horns begin a cruel fight ;
Their frighted Lords retireit : the cattel stand
Silent with fear, who shall the steers command,
Whom the whole herd shall follow ; whilst the foes
Gore one another, dealing cruel blowes :
In streams of blood their necks and shoulders dround,
And with their bellowing all the woods resound.
So with their shields they at each other flie,
Whilst mighty fragor fills the ample skie.
With equal beam Jove holds the ballances,
And in each scale the various fate he layes
Of both the Princes ; who should honour have,
And whom deaths weight shall sink down to the grave.

Here *Turnus* did his arm and sword advance,
Then makes a blow, suspecting no mischance.
A shout the *Trojans* and the *Latines* made,
Both sides are rais'd ; but the perfidious blade
Breaks in the stroke, and on the earth it lies.
Flight now must aid ; more swift then winds he flies,
When a strange hilt he in his hand did find.

Fame is, when he did mount his horses joyn'd
In the first fight, and was for battel hot,
He seiz'd *Metiscus* sword, his own forgot :
And that serv'd long, whilst stragling *Trojans* fled.
But when it came to arms by *Vulcan* made,
The mortal sword like ice broke in his hand,
The pieces shining on the yellow sand.
Therefore amaz'd he flies through th'open plain,
Now here, now there ; and wheels about again.
For each side *Trojans* with a guard surround,
There did a sen, there lofty bulwarks bound.

Nor slower *Aeneas* after him, though he
 Sometimes complained of his wounded knee,
 And swiftly at the heels he follows him;
 As when a Deer inclosed with some stream,
 Or struck with terror, when the arrow sounds,
 The huntsman neer with a full cry of hounds,
 But he a thousand wayes tries for escapes,
 Frighted with nets and banks: Fierce *Umbro* gapes
 Ready to seize, and now so nigh doth get
 He bires, but cozen'd with an empty bit;
 Then clamours rise, the banks and lakes reply,
 And all the heavens thunder with the cry.

He flying then upbraids *Rutilian* bands,
 Calls each by name, and his own sword demands.
Aeneas threatens death to any one
 Dares give him aid, and to destroy the Town:
 This vows to do; at which they shake, dismay'd.
 To and agen they full five courses had:
 For no mean prize they strove, on sporting strife,
 But they for blood contend, and *Turnus* life.

Sacred to *Faunus*, here an Olive stood,
 On which those scap'd the danger of the flood,
 To the *Laurentian* God did pay their vows,
 And promis'd vests, hang on the sacred boughs.
Trojans without respect cut down this tree,
 That a clear list might for the Champions be.
 Here stuck *Aeneas* spear with violence cast,
 And in the yeelding root was fixed fast:
 The *Dardan* puls, that he with this the foe
 Might overtake, because he was too slow.

Then *Turnus* frighted prayes, O *Faunus* hear,
 And pity, and dear earth detain the spear,
 If alwayes I your honours have maintain'd,
 Which now with war the *Trojans* have prophan'd.
 Nor with vain vowes he call'd the deities aid;
 For whilst *Aeneas* struggling, was delaid
 In the soft stump, nor could the root constraine:
Juturna, in *Metiscus* form again,
 Runs in and helps her brother to his sword.

Venus with fury at the bold nymph stir'd,

Then

Then comes, and from the deep root puls the lance.
 Now brave in arms, and chear'd they both advance,
 This to his sword, that trusting to his speare,
 And for the strife of panting *Mars* prepare.

Mean while heav'n's mighty King to *Juno* said,
 As from a bright cloud they the fight survaide;
 What now remains, dear wife, when ends our odds?
Aeneas thou know'st, must sit amongst the Gods,
 And *Fates* to him have starry seats allow'd.
 What plot thus stays thee in a gloomy cloud?
 What? shall a mortal wound a God: or thou

(For to *Juturna* thy power did allow
 To bring the sword for *Daunus* sons defence,)
 To give fresh courage to the vanquish'd Prince.
 Give o're at last, to our intreaties bend,
 Nor let such eating griefe the silent spend,
 Nor with such care so often trouble me;
 Time was, when thou couldst vex by Land, and Sea
 The *Trojan* race; and kindle cruel warres:
 Houses destroy, and *Hymen* mix with jars.
 More I forbid t' attempt: such things *Jove* spoke,
 When *Juno* said, with a submissive look.

Because great *Jove* thy mind to me was known,
 Unwilling I have *Turnus* left alone,
 Nor shouldst thou see me solitary sit
 In a cold cloud, and suffer things unfit:
 But girt with flames, our squadrons to excite,
 And draw the *Trojans* to unhappy fight.
 I must confesse, pittying, I did perswade
 Woful *Juturna* to her brothers aide:
 And greater things I for his life would do,
 But not to use a dart, or bend a bow.
 This by th'inexorable *Stygian* floods
 I swear, that onely oath which tyes the Gods;
 And now I go, and leave the woful fight,
 But one thing I request, which yet no right
 Or Fate denies; for th' *Majestie* of thine,
 When with blest *Hymen*, they shall leagues conjoyne,
 (And may it be.) and *Lawes* of Peace proclaime,
 Let not the *Latins* change their ancient name,

let them be call'd *Trojans* I beseech,
yet to change their habit, nor their speech;
let it be *Latium*, and for ever be
the *Alban* fathers in great *Italie*;
let *Romans* by their valour conquer all.
Troy's slain: and with her let the name now fall.

The King of men and Gods, then smiling sayes.
Thou art *Joves* sister, *Saturns* second race;
Why in thy breast rowlst thou such floods of rage?
say by that spleen, so vainly did engage;
I am o' recome, and thou thy fate shall gain.
They shall their customes, and their speech retain;
And keep their anient name. The *Trojan* race,
Mix'd with so great a body shall give place.
I'll adde their sacred rites, and I shall make
Latins and *Trojans*, both one tongue to speak.
A race mix'd from th' *Ausonians* thou shalt see
Excelling men, and gods in pierie:
Nor any nation more in war or peace
shall honour thee. These words did *Juno* please,
And satisfide, her mind being chang'd, she flies
From the dark cloud and leaves the troubled skies.

This done; *Jove* with himself contrives to call
Juturna, from her haplesse brothers fall.

Two hellish hags there be, the *Diya* height,
Which to *Megara*, were by dismal Night
Born at a birth, and arm'd with serpents stings:
Who gave them power to use resounding wings.
These at *Joves* throne, and cruel court appear;
These stir in mortals jealousy and fear,
When the Gods king, sicknesse and death prepares,
Or wicked cities terrifies with wars.

Jove one of these, sending from heaven, enjoyns
to meet *Juturna* with ill boading signes.
She to the earth in a swift whirlwind flies;
So glides a *Parthian* arrow through the skies,
With poison arm'd, or by *Sydonian* art
Sounding through th' aire, with deadly bane, a dart:
Unknown it comes, swift through the gloomy shade;
So hasts nights daughter, and to earth she made.

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After she saw the *Trojans*, and did look
On *Turnus* bands; a small birds form she took,
Which, or on tombs, or roofs forsaken hants,
And late in shady night her sorrow chants.
Thus chang'd, the hag at *Turnus* face did charge,
And with her flapping wings she beats his targe.
Here sudden numbnesse seiz'd his limbs with fear;
Amaz'd, struck dumb, erected was his hair.

But afar off, as neer the *Diræ* drew
Her sounding wings, woful *Juturna* knew,
Tearing her flowing hair, her face infests
With her own nails, and beats her panting breasts.

How can thy sister, *Turnus*, aid thee now?
Or what is left for me, poor wretch, to do?
How shall I save thy life? which way shall I
Oppose my self against this prodigie?
Fright me no more; foul hag; now I shall go;
The iounding of your deadly wings I know:
Nor proud commands of *Iove* deceived me,
And this he gives for my virginie.
Why did he me immortal make? and why
Took he from me the happinesse to die?
Then I might give a period to this woe,
And to the shades with my dear brother go.
But I immortal am? yet wanting thee,
Nothing that's mine, shall pleasant be to me.
That earth would gape and follow me! that now
A goddesse might descend to shades below!
This said, her head with a green vaile she hides,
And with a groan beneath the river glides.
Aeneas stands, and a huge javelin shooke,
A mighty tree; and like a foe thus spoke;
What staves thee now, O *Turnus*? 'tis not flight
Must end our quarrel, but a cruel fight.
Transforme thy self into all shapes, and try
What e're thou can'st by strength or art apply.
Desire with Wings to the high Stars to glide:
And in earths hollow wombe thy self to hide.
Shaking his head, thy proud threats fear not me,
The Gods, (he said) *Iove* is myemie.

Thus having said, a ponderous stone he found,
 An ancient mighty one, which for a bonnd
 By chance thus on the neighbouring limits lay,
 And for the meers all strife did take away;
 Scarce twice six men, this to their necks could reare,
 Such men as now the earth grown old doth beare.

The Heroe running, with huge strength did throw
 Raising himself, this stone against the foe:

Nor himself running, nor yet going knew;

Or listing how his hand the huge stone threw.

His knees did tremble, and a cold blood flowes

Through all his nerves; the stone with violence goes

Through empty aire; but it fell short, nor went

Half way to give the blow, where it was sent.

As when in quiet night, sleep seiles our eye,

In vain we seem some earnest flight to try,

But in the midst we faint, our voice doth faile,

Nor speech, nor words, nor our known strength prevaile;

So *Turnus*, what so e're his valour tries,

Success the cruel Goddess he denies.

Troubled, the Town and *Rutiles* struck with feare

Standing he view'd; and trembles at the speare.

Where shall he flie, how scape the enemy,

No chariot, no *Juturna* can he see.

Aeneas aiming, did himself advance,

And at him maz'd, he throwes his fatal lance,

A stone shot from a batterer not so loud

Thunder'd, or lightning from a broken cloud.

Like a black whirl-wind he the javelin threw,

Bearing sad death; which through his armour flew,

And through seven foldings of his shield it past,

And sounding, in his groyn it fix'd at last.

The mighty *Turnus* wounded, sinks upon

His double knee; *Rutilians* gave a grone,

And all the hills the voice re-eccho round,

And the tall groves reply the mournful sound.

He suppliant then, did hands and eyes advance,

And said, I have deserv'd it, use thy chance;

But hast thou sense of a sad Parents woe?

And such thy father was; then pity shew

The twelfth Book of,

Trojan *Darius*; or if rather thou
Shouldst take my life, my corps to friends allow.
Thou hast o'recome; th' *Ausonians* me have seen
Mercy to crave; *Lavinia* is thine;
Here end debate. Then fierce *Aeneas* stands
Survaying him all o're, and staid his hands,
And at this language more and more did melt;
When on his shoulder he perceiv'd the belt
Which *Pallas's* was, the golden buckles shone,
Whom *Turnus* by a deep wound had overthrown,
And on his back the hostile ensigne had.
After those spoils with grief he had surviv'd,
Incens'd with deadly rage, shalt thou, said he,
Grac'd with my dear friends spoils escape from me?
Thus *Pallas*, *Pallas* thee an offering makes:
And on thy wicked blood revenge now takes.
Thus having said, with indignation stir'd,
He in his bosome sheaths to th'hilt his sword.
Straight numbing cold on all his body seiz'd.
And with a groane, life flies to shades displeas'd.



FINIS.

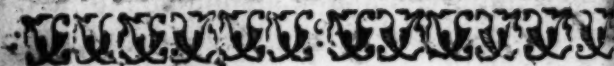
THE
WORKS

Oliver of R.
P U B L I U S
VIRGILIUS
M A R O.

John Barberius Lib. 2. coll. 1.
Translated by
JOHN OGILBY.

Claud. de Bel. Ger. & in Alethum.
Respice judicium quam grave Musa sabis!
Nec tua securum te (Maro) fama vebit.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Andrew Crook at the
Green Dragon in S. Paul's
Church-yard. 1665.



PUB. VIRGILII MARONIS
Opera, Anglicè reddit
accuratiùs:

Imprimatur;

JO: LANGLEY





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

My very good Lord,

WILLIAM

Marquiss and Earl of Hartford,
Viscount Beauchamp, and
Lord Seymour.

My LORD,



I have been the custome of the most knowing men, to dedicate their labours to persons of that quality, from whom with justice they might expect both protection and honour. Our Nation hath not been unfruitfull of such, with some difference of degrees, though, at present under a cloud: And it cannot be thought flattery, while I make humble address to your Lordship, my ambition enjoye the best; since You are not onely descended from Sacred Ancestors: (from whose influence I may derive a modest

The Epistle Dedicatory.

modest security) but endowed with those abilities of Judgment and Science, to know, and place an exemplary value upon Dedications of this nature: so that I may take that of the famous Lyrick in my just application to your Lordship:

Mæcenæ aravis edite Regibus,
O & præfidium, & dulce decus meum.

And that it might not be thought a stain to so great a Patron, I have presumed (which is the second part of my bold Undertaking) to wait on your Honour with no less than the Prince of Latin Poets; though in relation to myself, I call it but the shadow, and cold resemblance of Virgil. And although this Translation (for its hard to render weight for weight, and measure for measure) may resemble more of Thrace than Greece, having been bred in phlegmatick Regions, and among people returning to their ancient barbarity: And that our English Wooll may seem but an unworthy habit for that Mule, which from her conception was adorn'd with all the gold and Spoyles of Italy, the most glorious Mistress of the World: Yet, if your Lordship shall be pleased to smile upon the dress she now wears, it may live to be received (when time shall ripe more ornament of Sculpture and Annotations) with none of the meaneſt attempts of this nature; And the Translator, though unworthy, encouraged by Your gracious acceptance, shall most gratefully acknowledge himself

(My Lord)

The most humble Honourer

of your NAME

and VERTUE,

John Ogilby

VIRGIL'S

BUCOLICKS.

The first ECLOG.

TITYRUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sad Melibæus, banished, declares
Those miseries attend on Civil Wars:
But happy Tityrus, the safe defence
People enjoy under a settled Prince.*

TITYRUS. MELIBÆUS.

Melibæus.

Under the spreading Beech, at ease from cares,
Thou (*Tityrus*) playst on slender reeds soft airs:
We must our Land, and pleasant fields forsake,
Our Country fly: thou in cool shades dost make
The Woods fair *Amaryllis* to resound.

Tityrus.

This peace from God we (*Melibæus*) found,
(For he shall ever be my God,) a lost
Lamb from our folds shall bathe his Altars oft:
He grants my herds to range, and what I will
(Thou seest) I play upon a rural quill.

Melibæus.

I envie not, but Wonder th' art so blest'd,
Since all with *Sequestrations* are oppress'd,
Lo! I undon, away my goats must drive,
And scarce I lead, O *Tityrus*, this alive;
For 'mongst thick hazels th' hope of all my flock,
Yeaving, she lefs (ah!) on a naked rock,
Oft this mischance (had we not senseless been)
By thunder-strucken Okes I had fore-seen,
And on the hollow Elm by th' ominous Crow.
But who this God may be, pray let us know.

A 3

Tityrus.

The first Eclog.

Tityrus.

That City they call *Rome*, I did account
(Fondly) like this of ours, where Swains are wont
Yeerly with care to wean their tender lambs :
So I conceiv'd Whelps equall to their Dams,
And judg'd that Kids were as their Mothers tall;
So us'd I great things to compare with small.
But she 'bove other Cities lifts her head,
As o're the shrubs the lofty Cedars spread.

Melibæus.

What to see *Rome* didst thy journey haste?

Tityrus.

Freedom : which lookt on me, though mean, at last,
When first my downy chin the razor shav'd :
She look'd at last, and with her smile she sav'd.
When me first *Amaryllis* did possess,
And *Galatea* left; for (I'll confess)
Whilest me that *Galatea* did enjoy,
My freedom lost, no stock I did employ.
Although my folds then many off-rings spar'd;
And for th' ingrateful City I prepar'd
The Richest cheese I could, yet never brought
My right hand home again with money fraught.

Melibæus.

I muse why *Amaryllis* Gods implor'd,
For whom she keeps her tree with apples stor'd.

Tityrus was absent, *Tityrus* the Pines,
For thee the Fountains call, and tender Vines.

Tityrus.

What should I do? thralldom I must not leave,
Nor could elsewhere Gods so propitious have.
And here that Shepherd first I saw, for whom
Twice six dayes annually our altars fume :
He answering first my suit, said, Shepherds, now
Your cattell feed, and let your oxen plow.

Melibæus.

O happy man! since large enough for thee
Thou fields enjoy'st, though all thy pastures be
With stones, with plashy ferns, and rushes spread.

The first Eclog.

3

Not thy big females, in strange commons fed,
Shall suffer, nor sick cattell taint their blouds:
O happy man! here by the well-known foulds,
And sacred fountains, thou fresh air shalt take;
Then quick-sers, which our neighbouring limits make,
Whose fallow flower *Hyblaean* Bees invade,
Oft with soft murmurs shall to sleep perswade.
Then shall the Woodman under high rocks chant;
Nor thy delight, sad Stock-doves, shalt thou want,
Nor Turtles cease to grone from elmy bows.

Tityrus.

In emptie skies first nimble Deer shall browse,
The Ocean leave his naked fish on shore,
The confines wandred of both Lands before,
Parthians drink *Arar* *Germans* *Tigris* taste,
That his *Idæa* shall forsake our breast.

Melybeus.

But we must go to thirstie *Lybian* Realms,
To *Scythia*, or *Oaxes* chalkie streams,
And, from the world-divided, *Britany*.
Shall ever I again my Country see,
And my poor house which I with turf did rear.
My Seats admiring after many a year?
Shall th' impious Souldier have these new plow'd fields?
Barbarians reap this corn? what discord yeelds,
See wretched Citizens! See for whom we plow,
Set Pears, *Melbeus*, and plant Vine-yards now!
Fare-wel, my Goats; fare-wel, once happy flock,
I, stretch'd on verdant banks, you of a rock
No more shall see hang on the shrubby top;
Nor Verses sing, nor sed by me to crop
Sharp Sallows, and the spreading *Cyrbisus*.

Tityrus.

But here, this night, you may repose with us
In this green Bow'r: Here are ripe Apples, we
Soft Chesnuts have, and store of cruds there be:
The Villages do smoke, and from the tall
Mountains, far off, now larger shadows fall.

The second ECLOG.

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Coridon moans how learned men are bent
To honour those of place and high descent :
But often they like to Alexis prove,
And nothing but disdain return for love.*

Poor *Coridon* for fair *Alexis* burns,
Joy of his Lord ; nor hopes for love returns,
But yet he daily came, where a cool shade
The spreading tops of the tall *Beeches* made :
And there in these unpolish'd lines alone,
In vain, to Woods and Mountains makes his moan.
Cruel *Alexis* doth my Verse disdain,
And without pity me with scorn hath slain.
The carrel now in cooling shades abide,
And the green *Lizards* in the *Bushes* hide ;
And *Thesylis*, for *Reapers*, tyr'd with heat,
With strong herbs *Betony* doth and *Garlick* beat :
Whilest I am seeking where thou maist be found,
Amongst the shrubs hoarse *Grashoppers* resound,
Were it not better that I should have born
Proud *Amaryllis* wrath and haught y scorn ?
Were it not better for *Menalcas* smart,
Though he is brown, and thou so beauteous art ?
Sweet youth, in beauty not such trust repose ;
White blossoms fall, when black berries are chose,
Scorn'd me, *Alexis* not desires to know,
How rich in flocks and how my pails ore-flow :
My thousand *Lambs Sicilian* mountains haunt,
Summer nor Winter new-milk do I want.

The second Eclog.

5

I sing those notes which once *Amphyon* did,
 Calling his Herds to *Aracynthus* Mead :
 Nor am I so deform'd; late I beheld
 My self in the calm sea, with winds unswell'd;
 And wert thou Judge, I should not *Daphnis* fear,
 If any shadow true resemblance bear.
 O that with me thou in these homely parts
 And humble cotes would'st stay, and shoot swift Harts,
 There with a green wand drive the flocks of Goats,
 Then in the Grove wee'l imitate *Pan*'s notes,
Pan taught us joyn first many quills wvith wax,
Pan minds our sheep, and Masters of the flocks,
 Nor shalt thou e're repent this Pipe to use,
 For which *Amyntus* nothing would refuse,
 Compos'd with seven differing reeds I have,
 A Pipe, which once to me *Dametis* gave.
 And dying, said, This thee now second knows;
 At which *Amyntas*, fond, his envy shows.
 Besides, two Kids I have, I lately found
 As they vvere straying in a dangrous ground:
 Their skins with white already dapl'd be,
 Two Yeaws they suck: these I preserve for thee:
 Which *Thestylis* would fain have got, and shall,
 Since you our presents not regard at all.
 Sweet youth, draw neer: for thee whole Baskets full
 The beauteous Nymphs of unstain'd Lillies cull;
 For thee fair *Nais* gathers Violets,
 Tulips *Narcissus*, and sweet Poppy gets,
 Blossoms of *Annis* joyns, hath intermix'd
 Cassia, with other pleasant flowr's betwixt;
 Soft Cowslips with bright Marigolds are deck'd:
 I shall the tender wool-skin'd Peach select,
 And Chesnuts, which my *Amaryllis* lov'd:
 Ripe Plums I'll add, this fruit shall be approv'd.
 And you, O Laurels, cull; thou Mistle, next,
 Because, so plac'd, your smell is best commix'd.
Coridon's rude, nor doth *Alexis* grace
 His gifts, nor to thee gives *Iolas* place,

What wouldst thou, wretch! I have let tempests spoil
 My flowers, and bears my crystal fountains dry.
 Whom fly'st thou, fond? The Gods have dwelt in bowrs,
 So Paris liv'd: Let Pallas keep her towers:
 But let cool Groves above all things please us best.
 Stern Lions, Wolves; Wolves have the Goat in quest,
 The wanton Goat fresh Cythifus invites
 Thou me; Each one pursues his own delights.
 Behold, they now unyoke the weary Steer,
 And the Sun setting, larger shades appear:
 Still Love burns me: Is there no mean in Love?
 Ah Coridon! what madness doth thee move?
 On the green Elm hangs my half-pruned Vine.
 But rather now some needful task design,
 Prepare soft twigs, the limber Bul-rush winde,
 And if Alexis scorn, some other finde.

The third ECLOG.

PALÆMON.

The ARGUMENT.

These Swains present, how Verne and the Arts
 Still emulation breed in men of parts.
 But grave Palæmon doth their passions calm,
 Both praising, yet to neither gives the Palm.

MENALCAS. DAMETAS. PALÆMON.

Menalcas.

A Re these (Dametas) Melibæus sheep?

Dametas.

No: Ægon's, Ægon gave them me to keep.

Menalcas.

Still hapless flocks! whilst that Neera he
 Courts and suspects, the more affecteth me.

The third Eclog.

7

For twice this stranger hourly drains the Dams,
Robbing the *Ews* of strength, of milk the *Lambs*.

Dametas.

Henceforth such crimes more sparingly object:
We know what you did, if we would detect,
And how the hee-Goats (vex'n) look'd on the while;
And in what place: but th' easie Nymphs did smile.

Menalcas.

Sure, 'twas when I in *Mycon's* ground was took,
Pruning his Vines with an unwelcome hook.

Dametas.

Or when you *Daphnis* Bow and Arrows brake
At the old Beech, which thou so ill didst take
To see bestow'd upon the Boy from thee;
For couldst thou not do mischief, thou wouldst die.

Menalcas.

What will not Masters, when the Servants dare
So bold attempts as these? When thou didst snare
Poor *Damon's* Goat, vile Swain, did I not mark,
Though all the while at thee his Dog did bark?
And when I cry'd, Hold thief, where doth he rush?
Swain, count thy Goats, thou skulk'st behind a bush.

Dametas.

Vanquisht in singing, why should he refuse
To pay the Goat, won by my Pipe and Muse!
That Goat (if you must know) was mine, no less
Damon, who could not pay it, did confess.

Menalcas.

Thou him in singing? Hadst thou ever yet
A pipe with wax conjoyn'd? didst thou not sit
In high-ways, thou lewd Piper, and there use
On hissing quills to spoil a wretched Muse?

Dametas.

The skill that either hath, let us now try,
I'll lay this Heifer (lest thou shouldst deny,
Twice she to milking comes, and at her teats
Two Calves she feeds.) Then say, what are thy beats?

The third Eclog.

Menalcas.

I dare not from my flock a wager lay;
 I have a Sire and Step-dame, twice a day
 Both tell the *Sheep*, the *Goats* another counts:
 What you shall grant thy *Heifer* far surmounts:
 (Since thou art pleas'd to rant) *Beech* Cups I will
 Stake-down, carv'd by divine *Alcymidons* skill:
 On which with a smooth turn soft Vines he shapes,
 And with pale Ivie cloathes the spreading Grapes.
 Amidst two Signes, *Conon* —— (who's th' other then?)
 He with his Art describes Earth's Globe to men;
 What time the *Plow-men* and the *Reapers* have:
 Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I save.

Dametas.

Also for us two Cups *Alcymidon* made
 The handles round, with soft *Acanthus* laid,
Orpheus amidst, and following woods they have:
 Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I save.
 But if that well my *Heifer* thou dost weigh,
 In thy Cups praise so much thou wouldst not say.

Menalcas.

Thou shalt not scape: I'll meet where thou dar'st please,
 Call when you will. Let him be judge of these
 That next we meet; *Palamon* see before.
 I'll make thee that thou ne'r shalt challenge more,

Dametas.

Say what thou hast; in me is no delay,
 Nor shun I any. Friend *Palamon*, stay;
 No trifle's laid, thy best attention fit.

Palamon.

Begin, since now on the soft grass we sit:
 New every field, all trees now fruitful are;
 Now flourish Groves, the season is most fair.
Dametas first, *Menalcas* next rehearse,
 For still the *Muses* love alternate Verse.

Dametas.

With *Jove* begin: All things are full of *Jove*,
 He keeps our fields, and doth my Verses love,

Menal

The third Eclog.

9

Menalcas.

And *Phœbus* me; and I have for him still
His own *Eay*, and sweet blushing *Daffadil*.

Dametas.

Light *Galatea* me with fruit would win,
Then flies to th' willows; but would first be seen.

Menalcas.

My flame *Amintas* courts me oft alone,
Nor to our dogs is *Delia* better known.

Dametas.

Gifts for my Love I have, and by my search
I know the place where her swift Pigeons perch.

Menalcas.

Such as I had, choice Apples half a score
The youth I sent, to morrow I'll send more.

Dametas.

What *Galatea* oft to us did say,
You windes apart unto the Gods convey.

Menalcas.

That thou not scorn'st me, Am I better yet;
If whilest thou huntst wild Boars, I keep the Net?

Dametas.

Phyllis, *Iolas* send my birth-day 'tis;
Thy self come, when for fruit I sacrifice.

Menalcas.

Her I lov'd best, for tears (the parting) shed.
And long Fare-wel, Fare-wel *Iolas* said.

Dametas.

Stern Wolves the Stalls, winds trees, ripe fruit the flows,
Me *Amaryllis* ruins if she lows.

Menalcas.

Soft dew the Corn, low shrubs the Kids,
Small Sallow Goats, but Me *Amintas* seeds.

Dametas.

Pollis, though she be rustick, loves our Muse;
A Calf, you Muses, for your reader chuse.

Menalcas.

The third Eclog.

Menalca.

Pollio rare *Verses* makes, a Bull be fed
That strikes with horns, with feet the sand doth spread.

Dametas.

To joyes like thine, who loves thee *Pollio*, come;
For him flows honey, thorns bear *Amomum*.

Menalca.

Who hates not *Bavius*, may love *Mavius* notes;
The same may Foxes joyn, and milk hee-Goats.

Dametas.

Fly, who cull Flow'rs, and earth-born Strawberries,
For in the grass a cold Snake hidden lies.

Menalca.

Drive not your Sheep too far, nor banks draw nigh,
For now the Ram himself his fleece did drie.

Dametas.

Thy fed Kids, *Tytirus* from the river bring.
And when 'tis time, Fle wash them in the Spring.

Menalca.

Lead home the Ewes, lest heat the milk detain,
And you, as lately, press the teat in vain.

Dametas.

How poor my Bull is in a fertile field?
One Love the Herd, and the herds Lord hath kill'd.

Menalca.

Sure love is not the cause: How lean they show?
Nor what eye witch'd my tender Lambs I know.

Dametas.

Say (and my great *Apollo* be) what shore
The Skie extends three fathoms, and no more.

Menalca.

Say in what Land the names of Princes signe
The springing flowers, and *Phillis* shall be thine.

Palemon.

'Tis not in us this difference to compose:
You both deserve the praise, and each, who knows
Or fears sweet love, or hath the biter try'd.
Swains shut your Springs, the Meads are satisfy'd.

The fourth ECLOG.

POLLIO.

The Argument.

*Here Sibil is apply'd to Pollio's son,
Her Prophecies his Genethliacon:
But Christs birth he by happy error sings,
The Prince of Poets crowns the King of Kings.*

*Sicilian Muses, sing we one note higher,
All like not Tam risk nor the humble Brier;
If Woods we sing, Woods worth Consuls be:
Last times are come, Cumæa's Prophecie,
And times great Order now again is born.
The Maid returns, Saturnian Realms return:
Now from high Heaven Springs a new Progenie.
To th' Infant, chaste *Lucina*, favouring be,
Who ending iron ages, through all Lands
Shall golden plant: Thy *Phœbus* now commands,
Thou child being Consul, *Pollio* shall possess
This fame of th' Age, great Months themselves address
If any prints of our old vice remain'd,
By thee they'r void, and fear shall leave the Land;
He a Gods life shall take, with Gods shall see
Mixt *Heroes*, and himself their object be
Rule with paternal power th' appeased earth;
Which shall to thee (sweet child) undrest, bring forth
Berries, wild Ivy, and shall pay first-fruits
Of mixt *Acanthus*, with *Egyptian* roots.
The Goats themselves shall home full udders bear,
Nor shall the Herds the mighty *Lions* fear.
Flowers shall thy cradle sprout, the Serpent shall
And the deceitful herb of venom fall.*

The fourth Eclog.

In each place Roses of *Assyria* grow.
 As soon as thou the *Heroes* same shalt know,
 And thy Sire's acts, vertue thy self attain,
 The fields shall mellow wax with golden grain;
 The blushing Grape shall hang on thorns unset
 And boystrous Oke with dewy honey-sweat.
 Some steps of ancient fraud shall yet be found,
There to tempt with ships, and to surround
 Cities with walls, bids earth in furrows tear.
 A second *Typhis*, a new *Argo* bear
 Choice *Heroes*; and another War, imploy
 Again a great *Achilles* sent to *Troy*.
 Here when full years shall make thee perfect man;
 The Saylor shall forsake the Ocean;
 Nor Navigable Pines shall traffick Ware;
 But each part of the world shall all things bear;
 Nor Earth feel harrow, nor the Vine the hook,
 Nor shall his Steers the rustick tiller yolk:
 Nor Wool with various colours shall deceive.
 But in the meadows Rams shall Skarlet have.
 And changing, sometimes golden fleeces wear,
 And feeding Lambs shall native Purple bear,
 The Fates conspiring with eternal doom
 Said to their Spindle, Let such ages come.
 Attempt great honours, for the time draws near,
 Dear race of Gods, great stock of *Jupiter*.
 Behold! the world shakes on its pondrous axe,
 See Earth and Heavens immense and th' Ocean tracts,
 How all things at th' approaching age rejoyce!
 Oh that my life would last so long, and voyce,
 As would suffice thy actions to rehearse:
 Not *Orpheus* then shall vanquish me in Verse,
 Nor *Linus*, though their Parents present be;
Phœbus got this, and that *Calliope*.
 Should *Pan* with me strive, by *Arctus*' doom,
 Although a God, *Pan* should be overcome.
 Begin sweet child, with smiles thy mother know,
 Whose ten long months did with thy burden ge,

Swe

Sweet childe begin, cheer'd by no parents look,
To's board no God, t'her bed no goodness took.

The fifth E C L O G.

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Poor Swains mourn Cæsars losse, husbands may
At Princes Obsequies their sorrow pay;
And it concerns them, when the death of Kings
Oft murrains fers, and mighty famine brings.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

Menalcas.

May we not, *Mopsus*, (both being skilful met,
Thou on small Pipes to play, I Verse repeat)
Here amongst Elms commix'd with hazels sit?

Mopsus.

Thou eldest art, whom me t' obey is fit.
Whether to trembling shades light Zephyrs wave
We goe, or take some Grot; See, how yon Cave
Hath from wilde spreading Vines a Canopie!

Menalcas.

In our hills only *Amintas* strives with thee.

Mopsus.

What if t' excell *Phabus* in song he aimes?

Menalcas.

Say, *Mopsus*, if thou hast, or *Phyllis* flames,
Or *Alcons* praise, or *Codrüs* brawls begin,
And *Tityrus* shall thy feeding Kids keep in.
Ile try those straines on the green Beech I wrote,
And with alternate change did warbling note.
Then boldly bid *Amintas* strive with me.

Menal-

The fifth Eclog.

Menalcas.

As the bright *Olive* stains the *Sallow* tree,
As blushing *Roses* humble *Lavender*,
So thee before *Amyntas* we prefer.

Mopsus.

Dear Swain, no more, here is the Caves descent
The Nymphs lost *Daphnis* funeral did lament,
Witness you Hazels, Nymphs, and purling Streams,
When the sad mother rais'd the mangled limbs
Of her dear son, Gods, Stars, she cruel calls.
Not any then, oh *Daphnis*! from their stalls
The Cattel drove to cooling Springs, the flood
No herd did taste, nor touch sweet grass for food.
Rough hills, and Groves with echoes did resound
(*Daphnis*) thy death, and *Lybian* Lions groan'd:
Daphnis *Armenian* Tygers first conjoyn'd
In's Chariot, and to *Bacchus* rites design'd,
Did trembling Spears with gentle leaves combine.
As Vines the Woods adorn, as Grapes the Vine,
As Bulls the herds, as Corn the fertile field,
Thou thine didst grace: when thou to Fates didst yield,
Both *Pales* and *Apollo* left our Plain.
In furrows where we oft sow'd largest grain,
Sad Darnel, and wild Oats o'respread: and where
Purple *Narcissus* and soft Violets were,
The Thistle and rough pricking Brambles spring,
Swains strew fresh bows, shades to your fountains bring
Such honours *Daphnis* for himself did doom.
His Monument rear, and this write on his Tomb;
I *Daphnis* known in woods unto the Skie,
Kept a fair Flock, and yet more fair was I.

Menalcas.

O divine Poet! such thy Verse to me,
As to the tir'd, in grass sweet slumbers be,
Cool streams in heat the thirsty so rejoyce.
Thou, both the Pipe dost match, and Masters voyce;
O happy Swain! thou shalt his second be.
Our song whate're it is, I shall to thee.

Begin

The fifth Eclog.

45

Begin, and to the Stars thy *Daphnis* bear :
Daphnis lov'd us, *Daphnis* to th' Stars wee'l rear.

Mopsus.

What gift more welcome unto us? the Swain
Was worthy to be sung, and every strain
Stimichon lately did to us approve.

Menalcas.

Fair *Daphnis* wonders at strange courts above,
Who Clouds and Stars beneath his feet beheld.
Joy ravisht *Pan*, the woods, and every field,
The Shepherds, and the Virgin *Dryades*.
No Wolf laid wait for sheep, no nets to seise
By craft the Dear; good *Daphnis* peace did love.
The unshorn hills glad Echoes raise above
The highest Stars, Rocks in a cheerful Ode,
And shrubs *Menalcas* sound, The God, the God.
Be good and blest to thine; four Altars see,
For *Daphnis* two, and *Phœbus* two for thee!
Two Bowls with new milk frothing yearly we,
And with the fat of Olives, two deere,
Rejoycing feasts with plenteous *Bacchus* made,
If cold, with lusty fire, if hot, in shade.
Arviscan Wine, brisk *Nectar* I shall bring.
To me *Dametas* shall, and *Egon* sing,
And *Satyre* like *Alphesibœus* Dance.
These shall be ever thine; and when w' advance
Our rites to Nymphs, fields purge with th' annual rite.
Whilst Boars on hills, whilst Fish in streams delight,
Grasshoppers dew, and Thyme the Bees repast,
So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.
As Swains to *Bacchus*, and to *Ceres* pay
Their yearly vows; so they to thee shall pray.

Mopsus.

Now for such Verse, what present shall I find?
Nor murmurs of th' approaching Southern wind,
Nor shores more please me, which the waves assail;
Nor rivers gliding through a stony vale.

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

This slender Pipe we give, our love returns,
 This Corydon for fair Alexis burns.
 To this I sung, These Melibæus sheep?

Mopsus.

Take thou this hook which hardly I could keep,
 From dear Antigines who well deserv'd,
 With Knots and Brass (*Menalcas*) neatly carv'd.

The sixth ECLOG.

• SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Those Sells which promise sensuall delights,
 Soonest infect, and gain most Profelytes,
 But oft those Tenets which are held divine,
 Rise from full bellies, and heads charg'd with Wine.

First our *Thalia* plaid *Sicilian* strains
 In Verse, nor she to dwell in woods disdains,
 When Kings, and War I sung, *Apollo*, thus
 Nipping my ear, advis'd: O *Tityrus*,
 Shepherds should feed their flocks, and tune soft layes:
 Now I for thee (O *Varus*, and thy praise)
 Others, shall strive to sing, and wars rehearse.)
 On slender Reeds shall tune an humble verse.
 I Chant not things unbid; if struck with love
 Any shall read, the Shrubs, and every Grove
 Shall sing thee *Varus*; what can more ingage
Phæbus, then thy name on the Title-page?
 Say *Muses*, *Chromis* and *Mnasylus* too
 Stretch'd in a Cave, sleeping *Silenus* view
 With last nights *Bacchus* sweld (his usuall guise)
 Far off, faln from his head his Garland lies;

The sixth Eclog.

17

On a worn handle, his great bottle hung.
They went (for when the old man should have sung,
He mock'd their hopes) and with's own Chaplets bound,
With them joyn'd *Egle*, whom she timorous found,
Egle the fairest Nymph. This fraud he spies,
Whil'st she with Mulberies his Temples dies,
And smiling said, Why bind you me? Let go;
It is enough that you have seen me so:
My promis'd Verses take, they now are done;
Or otherwise I'll please: Then thus begun.

Then thou might'st see wilde beasts, and Fauns advance,
Sporting in troops, and the tall Okes to dance.
Nor so in *Phæbus* joyes *Parnassus* spire.
Smare nor *Rodope* *Orpheus* so admire.
For he sung how collected seeds did come
Of Earth, Air, Sea, through the huge vacuum,
And liquid fire: how all things first commenc'd
From these, and the worlds tender Orbe condens'd:
Then Earth grew hard, and *Nereus* did exclude,
And by degrees the forms of things indu'd.
That a new Sun did shine, the Lands admire;
And that showers fall from Clouds now mounted higher:
When first the sprouting woods began to appear,
And beasts in unknown hills graz'd here and there;
Next *Saturn's* reign, and stones that *Pyrreus* flung,
Caucasus fowl, *Prometheus* theft, he sung:
Adds *Hylas* lost, where sailors neer the Spring
Call *Hylas*, *Hylas*, till the shores did ring.
And with a white Bulls love did please the Queen
Pasiphae, happie, if no herds had been,
Unhappy maid why didst to madness yeeld?
And *Prætides* launs, with fained lowings fil'd;
Yet such foul lust, not any of the herd
Pursu'd, although their necks the yolk had fear'd.
And oft had horns sought in their tender brow,
Unhappie maid, in woods thou wander'st now,
His snowie side upon soft Daffadils laid,
Chewing the Cud, under an Oken shade:

Or

Or Courts some other in the ample Drove :
 Shut Nymphs, *Diæan* Nymphs, shut close your Grove,
 If any tracts, as he shall wandering pass,
 By chance we find, or took with verdant grass,
 Or following cattel, other Heifers call,
 And they intice him to *Gortina's* Stall.
 Next, her pleas'd with *Hesperian* fruit he shews :
 Then *Phaeton's* Sisters did with mossie inclose
 Tall Alders, raised from the ground : And sings
 Of *Gallus* wandering by *Permessian* Springs ;
 How him a Muse led to th' *Aonian* top ;
 And how to th' man, *Phæbus* whole Quire stood up.
 In divine Verse how *Linus* these exprest,
 His hair with flowers and bitter *Apium* drest.
 These Pipes the Muses give thee, take, behold !
 These ancient *Hesiods* were ; with which he could
 Singing, wild Asses from the Mountains move :
 With these thou mayst describe *Apollo's* Grove :
 Lest *Phæbus* should in any Woods more pride.
 What shall I say of *Scylla*, whose white side
 (As Fame reports) with barking Monsters bound,
 Vexing *Dulichian* Ships, ah ! in that Sound
 She trembling Sailers with her Sea hounds tears ?
 And *Tereus* limbs transform'd ? He next declares
Philomels banquets, and what gifts she brought,
 And with what speed she wretched, desarts fought ;
 And with what wings once o're her Court she flew :
 He sung all these, which blest *Eurotas* knew
 From *Phæbus* once : and bade the Laurel sing,
 And to the Stars the Vales with echo ring :
 Till night bid house their Flocks, their numbers tell,
 And from unwilling Skies the evening fell,

The seventh ECLOG.

MELIBÆUS.

The ARGUMENT.

*The vulgar like the worst, and make their choice
Not from best Language, but the loudest voyce:
And oft those men get fame, and win the prize,
Who guard with boldness weak abilities.*

CORYDON.

THYRSIS.

AS Daphnis sat under a spreading Oke,
Thyrsis and Corydon drove on the flock.
Deep Thyrsis, Corydon milch Goats did bring:
Arcadians both, in youth both flourishing,
Both match'd to sing, to answer both prepar'd,
Where whil'st soft Myrtle me from cold did guard,
The Goat chief of the flock stray'd; and I spide
Daphnis: When he beheld me, straight he cride,
Melibe, here, safe is thy Goar and Kids;
Rest in this shade, if no affair forbids;
The herds themselves, to drink here, passe the Meads;
Green Mincius herewith soft reeds Couched spreads;
Now from the sacred Oke the swarms resound,
What should I do? no Maid was to be found,
That carefully my new wean'd Lambs should watch,
When Corydon and Thyrsis sung their match.
Set for the sport, my business I laid by,
Then, both in Verse strove for the victory;
The Muse their parts alternate did divide;
Here Corydon sung, and Thyrsis thus replide.

Corydon.

*Libethrian Nymphs, our love, or grant me Verse,
As to my Codrus, who did strains rehearse*

Like

The seventh Eclog.

Like *Phæbus* : but, if such cannot be mine.
This Pipe shall hang upon the sacred Pine.

Thyrsis.

Your rising Poet crown (*Arcadian Swaines*)
With Iyie, and let spight burst *Eodrus* veins,
Or if he'll praise too much, let *Baccar* arm
My brows, lest an ill tongue your Poet harm.

Corydon.

This rough Boars head young *Mycon* doth impart
(*Delia*) to thee, and branch'd horns of th' old Hart.
Thy Statæ shall be in fine Marble plac'd,
If this thou grant, with purple buskins grac'd.

Thyrsis.

Priapus, only Cream and Cake expect
Yearly, thou our poor Gardens dost protect.
We, for a time, thee but in Marble mould :
But if our flocks increase, thou shalt be gold.

Corydon.

Galate me doth more then *Thyme* delight,
Bright *Iyie*'s not so fair, nor Swans more white;
When the fed Cattel first to stals repair ;
Come, if thou hast of *Corydon* a care.

Thyrsis.

I bitterer to thee than *Sardan* grass,
More rough then *Holm* may seem, then *Onse* more base;
If this day shews not longer then whole yeers,
Go, if y have any shame, go home, fed Steers.

Corydon.

You mossie Springs, and grass more soft then sleep,
And verdant boughs, which you with shadows keep,
In Summer save my flocks ; great heat comes now,
And pregnant Grapes swell on the glad some bough.

Thyrsis.

A hearth, fat Pine, nor ample fire we lack,
With daily smoke our Chimney peece is black :
The cold of *Boreas* here we fear no more,
Then Wolyes our Cattel, or fierce streams the shore.

Corydon.

The eighth Eclog.

21

Corydon.

ere *Junipers* and downie *Ghesnuts* be,
nd tempting *Apples* under every tree :
ll things now smile ; but if *Alexis* flie
ar Mountains, thou shalt see the rivers drie.

Thyrsis.

a scorch'd fields th' air infected herbage kills
Bacchus his viney shade denies the hills :
hen *Phyllis* comes all shall wax green again,
nd *Jove* descend in joyful showers of rain.

Corydon.

Ides poplar, *Bacchus* Vines doth grace.
air *Venus* Myrtle, and *Apollo* Baies,
Phyllis love *Hazels* ; if she these allow,
Myrtle and *Laurell* both to *Hazels* bow.

Thyrsis.

he *Ash* in woods, in Orchards *Pines* are fair,
oplar in streams, *Firrs* in high Mountains are ;
air *Lycida*, if oft thou visit me,
he lofty *Ash* and *Pine* shall bow to thee.

Melibæus.

hese I record, and *Thyrsis* vanquish'd, thus
rom that time *Corydon* ; *Corydon* for us.

The eighth ECLOG.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

The ARGUMENT.

Nothing can ease the pangs of cruel love,
Though a base object do the fancie move :
And when they feel the power of Cupids dart,
They will not stick to use the blackest Art.

DAMON ALPHESIBEUS.

A *Alphesibe*, and *Damon's* Muse we sing,
At whose contention young *Steers* wondering.

B

Forgot

The eighth Eclog.

Forgot to feed, Lynces their Verse amaze,
And in his course the flowing River staies.

Alphesibe and *Damons* Muse we sing.

Whether thou pass by great *Timavus* Spring,

Or cut *Illyrian* waves, shall once the day

Appear, when I thy victories shall display?

It shall; and I thy praise through earth rehearse,

Fit only for a *Sophoclean* verse.

These sprung from thee, in thee must end. Take layes

Begun by thy Commands; 'mongst Conquering Bayes

Suffer this Ivie round thy brows to spread.

Scarce nights cold shadows from the skie were fled,

When dew, the herds delight, had pearl'd the Mead,

On a smooth Olive, leaning, *Damon* said.

Damon.

Lucifer, rise, usher the joyful day,

Whil'st I complain, me *Nisa* doth betray

With fained love; and yet at my last hour,

The Gods (who knew I gain'd not) I implore.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Menalus never wanted murmuring Groves,

And whispering Pines: it alwayes heard the loves

Of passionate shepherds, and great *Pan*, who still

Suffer'd not Swains to have an idle quill.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Mopsus hath *Nisa*! Then all love may speed!

And now wing'd *Griphins* may with Horses breed;

And timorous Deer in following times be found

Fearless to water with the cruel Hound.

Mopsus new torches cur, now thou art wed,

Strew nuts, for thy sake *Hesper* goes to bed

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Oh nobly match'd! Whil'st thou didst all despise,

My Pipes and Goats not pleasing in thy eyes,

My hairy ey-brows, and my untrim'd beard,

Nor think'st that any God for mortals car'd.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

The eighth Eclog.

23

thee a little one, with thy mother found
once gathering mellow apples in our ground ;
was your guide, at twelve years from my birth,
and then could slender boughes reach from the earth,
soon as I saw, as soon I perished ;
alas, how great an error me misled !

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

How Love I know, *Ismarus* him hath fed,
or *Redope*, or farthest *Afrigue* bred,
amongst wild forsaken Rocks, those places cou'd
produce no Off-spring of our Stock or Bloud.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

How Love a mother taught her hand t' embroue
in her sons blood ; thou a stern mother too :
as the more rage, or the boy lesse desert ?
his stubborn, and thou cruel mother art.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Let Wolves now of themselves avoid our Flocks,
and golden Apples grow on stubborn Oaks ;
from the base Alder sprout the Daffadil,
and Amber from low Tamarisk distil :
let Swans strive with Swans, let *Tit'rus Orpheus* call,
Orpheus in Woods, *Arion* on a Whale.

And now my Pipes begin Menalean strains.

Let all parts now be Sea ; fare-wel you Woods ;
from airy Hills I'll leap into the floods :
I'll accept a dying man's last present dain.

Leave Pipes, leave off now, the Menalean strain.

Thus *Damon* : what *Alphesibe* answered, you
must relate : All cannot all things do.

Alphesibe.

Bring water, with soft wreaths the Altars dress,
rich Gums, and juicy Vervain sacrifice,

That I my Love with Magick may di'arm
Of his disdain : there only wants a Charm.

My Verse, bring from the Town, bring Daphnis home.

Charms can command the Moon down from the skie;
Circes charms chang'd *Ulysses* companie :

A cold Snake being charm'd burst in the meads.

I walk a round with these three several threads ;

'Bout th' Altars thrice I shall thy Image bear :

Odd numbers to the gods delightful are.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

Knots, *Amaryllis*, tye, of colours three ;

Then say, these bonds I knit, for *Venus* be.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

As with one fire this clay doth harder prove,

This wax more soft : So *Daphnis* with our love.

Season a cake with pitch, make *Laurel* blaze ;

Proud *Daphnis* burns me, I for him this Bays.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

So *Daphnis*, as a wearied Heifer loves,

Seeking a Steer in woods, and shade groves ;

Shee heer a stream, laid on green sedg, doth mourn,

And when night calls, regards not to return :

So may I love, and I his cure not minde.

He once a pledge, his garments left behinde,

Which now in th' entrance, Earth, I give to thee :

This pledg for *Daphnis* is engag'd to me.

Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

Mæris for me these herbs in *Pontus* chose,

And curious druggs, for there great plenty grows.

I many times, with these, have *Mæris* spide

Chang'd to a Wolf, and in the woods to hide :

From sepulchres would souls departed charm,

The ninth Eclog.

25

And corn bear standing from anothers farm.
Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

Bear th' ashes (*Amaryllis*) forth, and them
Cast o're thy head, into a running stream;
Nor look back: These for *Daphnis* I prepar'd;
Nor he doth neither gods, nor Charms regard.
Bring from the Town, my Verse, bring Daphnis home.

See, th' ashes of themselves on th' Altars blaze,
Whil'st I to bear them out did make delays.
I know not what it means: Oh, may it thrive;
And *Hylax* barks at door! Do We believe,
Or those who love Dreams to themselves still fa'n?
Now Charms forbear, Daphnis comes home again.

The ninth ECLOG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Best Princes Peace affect, and more delight
Their Subjects to preserve, than their own right:
But those who follow war, no power can awe:
Swords make oppression, just, and madnesse Law.

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

Lycidas.

Moeris, where go'st? to Town the common way?

Meris.

e, *Lycidas*, live to hear a Stranger say,
(Which we ne'r thought) who now the fields doth own
These Lands are mine: old Rustick swains be gone.

B 3

Van-

Vanquish'd and sad, since chance sways all things, we
Send him these Kids : May they unlucky be.

Lycidas.

Truly, I heard, where th' Hill begins to bend,
And with a gentle stooping to descend
Towards the brook, where th' old torn Beech doth stand
Menalcas, by his Song, had all regain'd.

Meris.

Thou heardst, and so 'twas fam'd : but our Verse pro
'Gainst Martial arms ; as the *Chaonian* Doves
When the Eagle comes ; If from the hollow tree
The ominous Crow had not premonish'd me
To cut off new debates, nor more to strive,
I, nor *Menalcas* had not been alive.

Lycidas.

Alas ! can any man so impious be ?
Menalcas, all our Joys are lost with thee.
Who shall the Nymphs record ? who with sweet flow
Strew earth, and Springs surround with shady bow
Or who such Verse I had from thee shall write,
When thou court'st *Maryllis* our delight.
Whil'st I return, dear *Tityrus* (I'll not stay)
Feed thou my Goats : and having fed convey
To watering ; and whil'st they driving are,
Look how you meet the Goat, he'll strike, beware.

Meris.

He sung to *Varus* this unpolish'd strain,
Varus, thy name (if *Mantua* ours remain,
Mantua to sad *Cremona*, ah ! too nigh)
Harmonious Swans shall carry to the skie.

Lycidas.

So from the *Cyrnean* Ewes thy Bees retreat,
So *Cythisus* extends the Cows full teat :
Begin if thou hast ought ; the Muses me
A Poet made, and I can versifie ;
And me a Poet too the Shepherds deem,
But I want confidence to credit them.
I've nought worth *Varus* yet, or *Cinnas* choice :

The ninth Eclog.

27

ur like a Goose 'mongst Swans, I make a noise.

Mæris.

nd so do I, and to my self rehearse
(Could I remember) no unworthy Verse.
ome hither *Galate*, what sport is there
mongst the streams? The purple spring is here:
he River's bank Earth decks with many a flower,
nd silver poplar hides this pleasant Bow'r,
nd tender Vine-twigs weave into a shade.
om hither, let wild floods the shores invade.

Lycidas.

What was't I heard thee sing the last fair night?
have the tune, could I the words recite.

Mæris.

Daphnis, why observ'st thou ancient signs?
Ionian *Cæsar*'s star (behold) now shines:
he star which fields with fruit and gladnesse fills,
nd colours vines upon the sunny hills.

Daphnis, set pears, thy race shall fruit enjoy.
ge all things wastes, the minde too. I, a boy,
ith song have often tir'd the Summers Sun;
ow all those strains are lost, my voice too gon:
Wolf saw *Mæris* first. *Menalcas* yet
t large to thee shall oft these lines repeat.

Mæris.

hou by delays our longings dost increase:
hrough all the Plains is spread a silent Peace,
he air is still, the middle path is here,
nd see, *Bianor*'s Tomb begins t' appear.
ere where the shepherds have their bavin's ty'd,
Mæris, let's sing, and lay thy Kids aside:
imely we'll reach the Town: and if we fear
he night should gather rain ere we come there,
inging lets go, the way shall better please:
hat I may sing, thee of thy load I'll ease.

Lycidas.

hepherd, no more: Let's do what next remains,
hen our Chief comes we'll fancie better strains.

The tenth ECLOG.

A L L O S.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Both wise and valiant men oft feel the flames
Of cruel Love, and follow wanton dames :
Yet scornful Ladies still this curse pursues,
To slight the better, and the worse to chuse.*

THis my last work, O *Arethusa*, speed
For *Gallus* (which *Lycoris* self might read)
Strains must be sung : Who *Gallus* will denie ?
So gliding under floods of *Sicilie*,
May not with thee salt *Doris* mix her stream !
Begin, let *Gallus* sad love be our Theam,
Whil' *st* flar-nos'd Goats shall crop the tender buds
To deat we sing not, answer'd by the woods.
In what woods were you, *Naiades*, what Grove,
When *Gallus* perisht by unworthy love ?
Parnassus to ps, nor *Pindus* have delay'd,
Nor you *Aonian Aganippe* stay'd.
Laurels for him, and Tam'risk tears did pay ;
And *Menalus*, whil' *st* by a Rock he lay,
With cold *Lycæus* clifts did him lament.
That sheep stand round us, we do not repent,
Nor, divine Poes, do thou flocks contemn :
The fair *Adonis*, fed sheep near the stream.
The shepherds came, dull herdsmen too made haste,
And moist *Menalcus* came from Winter waste :
All ask whence sprung this love. *Apollo* came,
And said, what madnesse *Gallus* doth inflame ?
Thy deer *Lycoris* wanders through the snows,
And through rough ways after another goes,
Sylvanus comes adorn'd with rural boughs,
Lilies and Fennel dangling on his brows.

The tenth Eclog.

29

Pan comes, *Arcadia's* God, whom we have spy'd
 With *Synople* and blushing berries dy'd.
 Betwixt extremes is there no mean? He sayes,
 Love hath regard to no such things as these.
 Not Love with tears, nor Grass with streams, nor Bees
 With thyme are satisfi'd, nor Goats with trees.
 Pensive, he said, O you *Arcadians*, chant
 About our hills; for you no cunning want.
 Oh! then my ashes shall finde peaceful rest,
 When by your quill my passions are exprest.
 I would with you a shepherds life were mine,
 To follow sheep, or prune the swelling Vine:
 Then *Phyllis* or *Amyntas* were mine own,
 Or some Love, (though, I grant, *Amyntas* brown
 Dark are the Violets, so the Bil-berrie)
 Would 'mongst soft Vines and Sallows rest with me.
Phyllis woult wreath me flowrs, *Amyntas* sing.
Lycoris, here are Meads; here the cool Spring,
 Here coverts are, and here I could with thee
 Spend my whole life. Now senselesse love doth me
 Detain 'gainst foes amongst the fierce alarms
 Of cruel *Mars* invironed with arms.
 Thou far from home (I wish it were not so)
 Seest, without me, cold *Rhine* and *Alpine* snow:
 May thee no bleak windes, nor rough tempests meet;
 Ah! may no sharp ice wound thy tender feet.
 I'll go and play in a *Chalcidick* strain,
 My notes on reeds of a *Sicilian* Swain,
 Rather in Desarts I resolve to live,
 And in the dens of savage beasts to grieve,
 There on the tender barks to carve my Love;
 And as they grow, so shall my hopes improve.
 Mean-while, commixed with the Nymphs, I'll view
Menalus; or the cruel boar pursue:
 Nor will I be with hardest frosts withstood
 With dogs to traverse the *Parthenian* Wood.
 Through rustling Groves and Rock (me thinks) I go,
 Pleas'd to shoot arrows from a *Parthian* bow.

B. 5

As s

As if this were a medicine for our Love!
 Or by mens harm *Cupid* would milder prove!
 Wood-Nymphs displease, Verses are in disgrace;
 And now again, you shady Groves give place.
 Nor can our troubles work him to a change,
 Should we drink *Hebrus* in mid-winter range
 Amongst huge frosts, and *Scythian* snow; should we,
 When on high Elms the parch'd Vines dying be,
 The Southern Flocks under hot *Cancer* move:
Love conquers all, let us give place to love.
 Let this suffice your Poet to have said,
 Whil't he a basket of fine bul-rush made:
 Muses, you shall great things for *Gallus* do,
 Whose love to me as much doth hourly grow
 As the green Alder shooteth in the Spring.
 Let us arise; shades oft hurt those who sing:
Juniper shades are to our fruit a foe;
 The evening comes, go home, my fed Kids, go.

T H

THE FIRST BOOK OF *Virgil's* GEORGICKS

The ARGUMENT.

*What times are best to sow, what natures are
Of differing grounds; what industry and care.
What huris the Corn, the Plowmans several Rules:
Who musters up innumerable tools.
Who first the World with th' Art of Tillage blest?
Summer and Winter Swains must take no rest.
Plowmen must learn the Stars; which frost and snow;
Fair and foul weather, rain and windes foreshew.
Clashing of Nobles, Tumults, and of late
Popular fury, and great Cæsars fate.*

*What makes rich grounds (Mecenas) in what signs
W^h 'Tis best to plow, and marry Elms with Vines ::
What care of sheep; with Cattel what agrees ::
And how much skill belongs to frugal Bees,
Now I shall sing. You glorious Lights, who bea
In your swift motion round the sliding year ::
Bacchus, blest Ceres, if from you we gain
For poor Chaonian acorns, golden grain,
And wine t' enrich our watery cups: and you
Fauns, who to Swains your bounty still allow ::
Together Fauns, and virgin Dryads come;
Your gifts I sing: and Neprune thou to whom
Earth triden-struck, brought forth a generous steed:
And woods protector, thou, whose snowie breed
Three hundred graze on Cæas fertile grounds.
Pan, the Flocks Guardian, leaving native bounds:
And Lycian Groves, if Menalus thou prize,
With Pallas come, who th' Olive did devise:
And the Inventor of the crooked Plow,
And thou Sylvanus and thy Cypress Bough.*

All.

All Gods our fields protect; and those who seed
 The tender grain, still cherishing our seed,
 And who from skies on Corn send plenteous rain;
 Thou *Cæsar*, whom what fear shall entertain.
 In Heaven's unknown: whether thou take the care
 Of Realms, and Cities, or the World declare
 Thee Lord of Fruit, to whom the Seasons bow,
 And with thy Mothers Myrtle wreath thy brow;
 Or rule vast waves, alone thy Deitie
 Sea-men adore, and farthest *Thule* obey,
 Or *Theris* with the Ocean purchase thee:
 Or to slow moneths a new sign added be;
 Whom *Libra*, and *Erigone* may embrace,
 Whil'st burning *Scorpio* shrinks to give thee place,
 And doth his ampler part in Heaven forsake.
 What ere thou'lt be (let not the Stygian Lake
 Accept thee Lord, nor have thou such desire:
 Although the Greeks *Elyzium* fields admire,
 Nor f. her Mother car'it, sought *Proserpine*.)
 Grant a free course, and aid my bold design;
 Pity the ignorance of Swains, with me;
 And to b' invoc'd with prayers accustom'd be.

When the warm Spring dissolves the Mountains snow,
 And the fat soil with West winds softer grows,
 Then let my Steers at plow to groan begin,
 And by the furrow my worn Coulter shine.
 The greedie Husbandman likes best that mold,
 Hath felt two Summers heat, two Winters cold:
 That mans great Harvest doth his Garners burst.
 But ere thou break the unknown fallow, first
 Observe the winds, and mark Heavens various face,
 Old custome, and the nature of the place,
 What every soyl will bear, and what refuse:
 This corne, that Vines, more kindly doth produce;
 Here, plants best thrive, and there rank herbage grows:
 Seest nor how *Saffron* *Tmolus* still bestows?
India sends Ivorie, sweet *Saba* Gummies:
 From the mak'd *Chalybs*, steel; from *Pontus* comes
 The Seyer stone, from *Epire* Mares for race;

For nature hath impos'd on every place
Eternal Laws, since first *Deucalion* hurl'd
Stones to repair the populated world,
Whence men, a hard race, sprung. Therefore go on,
And thy rich soyl with the first warming sun
Let thy strong Oxen turn, when *Phæbus* makes
Long dayes, and humid clods with ardor bakes;
If poor thy soyl, before *Arcturus* rise,
To break a shallow furrow will suffice.
Here, lest the corne should harm from weeds receive;
There, lest small moisture barren akers leave,
And let thy furrow lie each year untill'd,
And to grow hard with rest thy worn-out field:
Or where in Season thou didst Barly sow,
And pleasant pulse with dangling cods dost mow,
Where brittle stalks of woful Lupins stood,
Or slender Veches like a whispering Wood:
The field, flax, oars, and sleepe Poppie, burns,
But easie is the labour made by turns.
Nor a dry soyl with rich marle spare to seed,
And uncleans'd ashes on poor grounds to spread.
Sow with chang'd seed, Swains, rest give to the fields,
And Land left fallow no less profit yields;
From burning sterile Plains oft pleny comes,
And brittle stubble crackling fire consumes;
Whether from this new force and nourishment
The Earth receives; or else all venome spent
By fire, and forth superfluous moisture sweat;
Or many dark hid breathings lax'd by heat,
By which, fresh sap the springing corn sustains,
Or more condens'd, it binds the gaping veins,
Lest soaking showrs, or *Sol's* more potent beam,
Or *Boreas* piercing cold should wither them.
And much he helps his field, who barren mould
Breaks, harrows then: nor *Ceres* doth behold
That Husband-man from the high Heaven in vain,
And who the gleab athwart runs ore again,
Turning his plow, and crossing breaks the soyl,
Making the field obedient with his toyl.

Swains

Swains pray for winters fair, and summers wet,
 Winter dust joys the earth, and glads the wheat:
 Not *Mesia* then shall harvests boast like these,
 Nor *Phrygian* hills admire their own encrease.
 What shall I say of him hath sow'd his land,
 Then streight goes on, casts heaps of barren sand,
 And streams to's corn in flowing Rivers turns?
 And when scorch'd fields with dying herbage burns,
 From rising ground conducts a crystal lake,
 Which'mongst smooth rocks doth gentle murmurs make,
 And bubbling forth, refresh the parched field.
 Or those, lest too large ears the stalk should yeeld,
 The ranck corne, and soft stemme eat down again,
 When first it hides the earth; and those who draine,
 With thirstie sand the plasnes in their ground,
 Most when in doubtful months the floods abound,
 Whence slimie mud hath cover'd all the Vale,
 Making the ditches a hot steam exhale.
 But yet (for all mens toyle and Oxens pains,
 Skilful in tillage) the *Strymonian* Cranes,
 Geese, and shade harme, or bitter *Succorie*.
 Nor was *Jove* pleas'd tillage should easie be:
 And first commands with art to plough the soyle,
 On mortal hearts imposing care, and toyle;
 Nor lets dull sloth benumb men where he reigns.
 Before *Jove's* time, no ploughman till'd the plains,
 None mark'd out *limits* or a *meer* set forth;
 But all in common: then the liberal earth
 Without compulsion brought each kind of grain.
 He first black *Se* pents arm'd with deadly bane;
 Commands stern Wolves to prey, the Sea to swell;
 From Leaves shakes Honey, and did Fire conceal:
 To Wine, then Rivers, gave a stricter bound,
 That several arts by labour might be found;
 And men in furrows seek the grain that sell,
 And hidden Fire from veins of flint compel.
 Then *Alder-Boats* first swom, then *Mariners*
 Gave names and told the number of the Stars:

The *Pleiades*, *Hyades*, and the *Northern Bear*.
 Then Birds they catch with Lime, and Beasts in snare,
 And with their Dogs, the mighty Woods beset.
 This strikes broad Rivers with his casting Net;
 At Sea his humid Lines another draws:
 Then force of Ir'n, and blades of grating Saws:
 (For first they Wedges to soft Wood did use)
 Then came strange Arts, fierce labour all subdues.
 Inforc'd by bold Necessity, and Want,
 First, *Ceres* mortals taught the earth to Plant:
 When Mast, and Acorns sacred Groves supply'd,
 And *Dodon's* Forrest nourishment deny'd.
 Then was more sweat for Corn, lest mildews spoil:
 The Grain, and Thistles over-run the soyle:
 The crop then fails, destructive weeds appear,
 Briers and Burs suppress the golden ear:
 Then hapless Darnel, and Wild oats command;
 Unless with rakes thou daily break thy land,
 Fright birds with noise, and cut the shade boughs
 Off thy dark ground, and call for rain with vows,
 Thou shalt in vain see others store increase,
 When shaken Okes thy hunger must appease.

The hardy Plowmans tools we next must know
 Which wanting, we can neither reap nor sow.
 A heave plow of crooked oke, a share,
 And with slow wheels th' *Esufine* mothers carre,
 Sledges and flails, rakes ponderous enough,
 Fine osier Baskets, countrey householdstuffe,
 Hurdles, and last, *Iacchus* mystick Van;
 All which, If th'art a careful husband-man,
 Remember to provide, if the divine
 Glorie of tillage thou intendest thine.
 Soon in the woods with mighty labour hew
 An Elm, and form it to a crooked Plow.
 To this a Teem beneath of eight foot cut;
 To th' double back two Ears, and Dentals put;
 Ofloty Beech your Plowtail? but the ycak,

Let that be from the gentle Teile tree took,
Which from behinde should the deep turnings guide,
And Oke with hanging in the Chimney tride.

Here many ancient rules I could declare,
Unlesse thou shunst, and scorn'st so mean a care.
With a great Rowler first, thy Barn-floor lay,
Smooth'd with the hand, confirm'd with binding clay,
Lest grass spring up, or it should dustie grow,
Then many mischiefs chance; for oft below
The little Mouse her store hath and abode :
And the blinde Mole her bed; in holes the Toad
Is found; much vermine from the earth are born,
The Weezel plunders the great heap of corn,
And the Ant searing age and want to come.
Observe when first the nut begins to bloom,
Gracing the woods, bending the fragrant tree :
If they exceed, such thy increase shall be,
And with great heat a mighty harvest found;
But if with swelling leaves the shades abound,
Then thou shalt thrash a chaffie stalk in vain.
I have seen many to annoint their grain
With Nyter first, then Lees of Oyl to spread,
That husks deceitful should have larger seed :
Then with soft fire they swell the hasten'd grain;
Seed long pick'd I have seen, and culd with pain,
And yet degenerate; unless yearly we
The largest choose. *Each thing by destiny*
So hastens to grow worse and backward goes,
As one against the stream his Vessel rowes,
Who if by chance his arm a little slack,
The Boat in the swift channel hurries back;
They observations from the Stars should make,
Mark rising Kids, and note the glittering Snake,
As those who homewards through rough Pantus trade,
And straights of narrow Hellespont assaid.
When *Libra* in just ballances shall weigh
Darkness with Light, and shadowes with the day,
Then exercise your Steers, and Barly sow,

Till too extreame the cruell Winter grow.
Flax, Poppie then cover with earth, and plough
Whil st the Clouds hang and thirsty groundds allow.
Beans sow in Spring: then *clave* grasse rich earth takes,
And *Millet* then your Annuall care awakes,
When *Taurus* golden horns open the year,
And *Syrins* leaves to other Stars the Sphear:
But if for Wheat and stronger Corn thy ground;
Thou exercise, and but a Crop propound;
First, let the *Eastern Pleiades* go down,
And the bright Star of *Ariadnes* Crown:
Commit dew-seed to furrows then, and here
Trust earth with hope of the ensuing year.
Many begin ere *Maia* sets, but them
Expected corn mocks with an empty Stem.
Wouldst thou thy ground should *Vetch*, and *Fessels* bear,
Nor shalt despise *Egyptian Lentils* care?
Boots fall no obscure sign will shew?
Begin and sowing to mid. winter sow.
Therefore the golden Sun in equall lines
The great Orb governs, through the Worlds twelve signs.
Five Zones the heavens infold, one still is bear
With scorching beam and burnt with mighty heat:
On either hand th'extreams extend their track.
Bound still with cruel ice, with tempests black:
Between the midst, and these, two more there are,
Which seats the Gods for mortals did prepare:
Through both of these a passage doth divide,
Through which the signs in oblique order glide.
As to *Ryphean* hils the world ascends,
So to the South of *Lybia* down it bends:
To us the Pole is elevated still,
But Ghosts see them beneath, and dismal hell:
Here in huge bendings glides the winding Snake,
And like a River doth Meanders make
Through both the *Bears* incircling them about,
Who to be dipt in th'Oceans billows, doubt.
Here, (as they say) either is lasting night,

And

And gloomy shade for ever hindring light :
 Or else from us to them *Aurora* speeds
 Ushering the day : and when with panting Steeds
 The *Orient* breaths on us; there Purple night
 Ascending adds late Tapers to the light.
 Hence from no doubtful signs we Seasons know
 What time is best to Reap, and when to Sow,
 And when the faithles Sea we may again
 Row with tough Oares, when venture to the Main
 An armed Fleet, or fell the lofty Pines.
 Nor vain we mark setting and rising signs,
 Which in four Seasons th' equall year divide.
 But if cold shows force Swains within to bide,
 Much work asks haste, which 'gainst the weather's fair
 Is to be done : to whet the blunted share,
 And of a tree to make a hollow bark,
 To measure Corn or else their Sheep to mark;
 These sharpen Forks and Stakes, the tender Vine
 Others infold with bonds of *Amarine* :
 And some with *Rubean* twigs, neat baskets binde,]
 Now dry their corn at fire, and then they grinde.

Some works on Holidayes are to be done :
 To draw out water, no Religion
 Nor Law forbids us ; nor to hedge our Corn,
 And Snares to lay for Birds, to burn the Thorn,
 To wash the bleating Flocks in curing Floods.
 The driver of the slow *Ass* often loads
 His Back with Oyl, or Fruit, or else doth fetch
 From Town a handmill, or black mass of Pitch.

The Moon grants severall days should be employ'd
 Luckie for severall Works : The first, avoid :
 Hell, and the Furies then were born ; and Earth
 Gave mighty *Typhon*, and the Gyants birth,
 Which covenanting Brethren thrice assay
 To pull down Heaven, *Pelion* on *Ossa* lay :
 On *Ossa* green *Olympus* to have thrown ;
 Thrice *Jove* with thunder cast those mountains down.

The seventeenth day is best to plant the Vine,

Oxen to break, threds to the Web to joyn :
The ninth is best for flight, and bad for theeves,
Cold night to many works perfection gives ;
Or at Sun rise, when fall the early dewes :
Night. to mow Stubble, or dry Meadows, choose :
For suppling moisture wants not in the night.
Some by late fires will watch, and Winter light,
Sharpening a Stake, mean while his task, though long,
His dear wife shortens with a pleasing Song,
Running her sounding Shuttle through her Frame,
Or she decocts sweet Must with gentle flame,
And scums with leaves froth from the boyling Pot.
But blushing *Ceres* best at noon is cut;
Amidst the heat, the dry corn thrashes best.
Plow and sow naked, Winter is for rest :
Then Husbandmen enjoy what they did gaine,
And with glad Feasts each other entertain :
The Geniall time invites, and frees from care ;
As Wealthy Ships, when mur'd within the Bar,
The Sailers on the Sterns fresh Garlands ser,
But you may Mast, and Lawrell Berries get,
With Oyl and bleeding Myrtle then, and snare,
Cranes by the feet, and nets for Bucks prepare,
Course timorous Hares, shoot fallow Dear, or swing
With hempen whip the *Balearian* sling,
When Snow lies deep, when Ice the River bars.
What shall I say of the Autumnall Stars,
When lesser heat gives day a swifter wing;
Which must be watch'd? so must the showrie Spring.
Oft I have seen, when corn from golden lands,
Ready to house, just when the strawie bands
Should binde the sheaves, in war the windes contend,
And from the root the yellow harvest rend;
The tempest with so black a whirlwinde flew,
And the light straw, and flying stubble blew.
Oft from the skie a mighty deluge pours
And black storms muster with condensed showers.
Clouds from sea gather, the arch'd skies resound,

And